

October 27, 1965

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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HOW TO LIVE WITH A HOUSE

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by U.S. expert Laurin Magee

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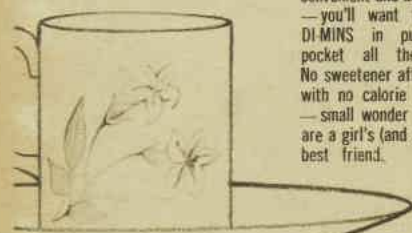
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WORTH REPORTING

WE always thought mornings conformed to a pretty routine pattern.

Either you were a person who faced the day with a smile or you invariably put your left foot on the floor first and didn't want to be bothered until after coffee and a shower.

But evidently the early-morning drill has unexpected variety—like the Englishman who hangs by his hands from a beam in his garage for 15 minutes each morning to calm his nerves.

A combination of Duke Ellington (full volume) and an electric shaver is another man's everyday way of shutting out the household furor.

Two London financiers have another approach to it. They pull up every morning outside a grocer's on their way to the city.

No chit-chat, only silent service. The grocer brings them a half bottle of champagne. Too early for dicker-ing over a cheque—they pay up at the end of the week.

Who is it?



• No, you're wrong. It's Diane Cilento, turned brunette for her new film, "The Agony and the Ecstasy," with Rex Harrison and Charlton Heston.

OUR COVER

• View from the drawing-room into the main entrance hall of Mr. and Mrs. John Teague's home in Toorak, Victoria, shows two of Mrs. Teague's most treasured possessions. The camphorwood sea chest belonged to her great-uncle, who was a P. and O. captain; among the papers in a secret drawer she found a receipt from Fortnum and Mason, London, for "fine old Scotch whiskey" at 12/6 per dozen bottles. The ruby chandelier is one of the rarest pieces among her collection of Venetian glass. Mrs. Teague has collected her antique furniture and glass for many years at auction rooms and junk shops. Picture by Brian Ferguson.

Big job at the Fair

TRIPS are such routine to Belgian economist Simone van Dommele that she has difficulty recalling the places she has visited this year—Vienna, San Francisco, Paris, Utrecht, Sweden.

Miss van Dommele is the only woman among the 19 directors of overseas exhibits at the Sydney Trade Fair.

"If a trip doesn't last several weeks, I really forget it," she said.

With seven assistants, Miss van Dommele organises about 30 fairs a year.

Nine years ago when she entered the Fairs and Commercial Exhibition Department of the Belgian Foreign Trade Office, a senior man told her, "Don't imagine you'll ever be sent abroad—it's not work for a woman."

But she was sent abroad after three months. Two years ago she was made director of the department.

The Belgian exhibit in Sydney represents a £280,000 government investment.

"If results are good, we haven't spent the money for nothing," said Miss van Dommele.

"You know, Belgium is Australia's ninth largest customer, and we are hoping to sell more of our goods here, too."



• Simone van Dommele

Journalism award

THE second annual journalism award will be made by the Australian Medical Association early next year for the two best medical stories appearing in the Australian Press in 1965.

The AMA will present the National Press Award to recognise journalism that contributes to better public understanding of health and medicine in Australia.

The prize in each category ("best feature" and "best news story") will be £100 and a special commemorative plaque struck by the AMA.

Entries should be sent before January 10, 1966, to the general secretary, Australian Medical Association, 77 Arundel Street, Glebe, N.S.W.



baby
just
grewed
and
grewed!

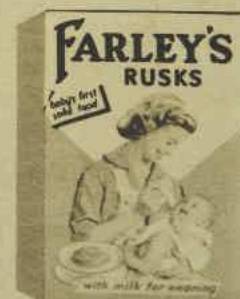
Like Topsy, That's what happens when you put Farley's into your darling's diet. Baby sleeps well, enjoys meals and—though the poppet doesn't know it—thrives fast on Farley's health-building nutrients.

Made from cereal, sugar, fat, minerals and vitamins (including Vitamins B1 and B2) Farley's is a complete, delicious diet supplement to natural and formula feeding. Farley's can be fed to baby at each vital stage of development. As a pre-solid around the 3 month mark. As a soft food when baby is on 3 meals daily, and as a solid body-builder after teeth have arrived.

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That's the joy of it. Baby's first solid food is the fastest to prepare. Just mix Farley's and water in a feeding dish, then add warm milk. The texture is as smooth as can be. It's easily digested, and doesn't baby love it! That's why you won't have any bother feeding Farley's. For baby's sake—and yours—ask for Farley's. The famous infant food that's recommended and sold in over 50 countries.

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PILGRIM OF PEACE



POPE PAUL meets President Johnson during the historic visit to New York — he was the first Pope to set foot in America. At left is his private secretary. Earlier His Holiness addressed the General Assembly of the United Nations, and made a fervent appeal for peace everywhere. "No more war—war never again," he urged. "If you wish to be brothers, let the arms drop from your hands." It was one of the most dramatic peace missions in the history of the world. Mr. Johnson looks in good health in this picture, although he had arranged to go into hospital three days later for a gall-bladder operation. The operation was successful.

NEXT WEEK

★ There are more than 40 marvellous ideas and recipes in our colorful 16-page lift-out book . . .

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM YOUR KITCHEN



Here, Santa's reindeer are pulling a sleigh loaded with candy. And that's just *one* pretty present; just wait till you see all the brightly packaged biscuits, sweets, cakes, puddings, jams, and preserves that YOU can make — easily!

And:

★ Smart, cool, comfortable: that's what you'll be in our collection of

Summer crochet and handknits

There are dresses, suits . . . like the one (with bag to match) at right.



And:

★ A reader (who knows) advises "*Don't leave your husband*" . . . and she explains WHY, too.

And:

★ Here is Max . . . They belong to the Ku Ku family



. . . and Lady Godiva!

— and we have a pattern for the funny, cuddly Ku Ku dolls (they are the newest craze!).



And:



★ In color . . .

THE SHEERS FLOAT INTO FASHION

At 52, a university course

HISTORY IS HER HOBBY

By BERENICE CRAIG

● There must be red faces when one or two staff members of the University of Melbourne stop to recall their first meeting with Agnes Paton Bell.

"I THINK they thought I was just a little soft in the head," she said, describing the encounter with a reminiscent chuckle.

At the time, Mrs. Bell was 52. She thought she might embark on an Arts course and had come to see if this were possible.

Mrs. Bell won't reveal just how long ago that was.

"There is an old saying that if you tell your age after you turn 70 you've lost your femininity," she counters with another chuckle.

But in five years she took her Arts degree, with honors, and followed it with a thesis on aesthetics which made her a Master of Arts, again with honors.

She turned her attention to Australian history, and her book, "Melbourne: John Batman's Village," has just been published.

Early Caulfield

Before this her home suburb of Caulfield in Melbourne celebrated its centenary and she wrote the story of its early history to commemorate the event.

She is now engaged on research for another book, a biography of actress Marie Augusta Brundage, known as Mrs. Coppins, in Melbourne's early days.

In the charming Scots burr she has never lost, despite 46 years in Melbourne ("we Scots don't lose much, we hold on to what we have," she says), Mrs. Bell explained that her age was the main reason why she began an entirely new career.

"My two children, Gavin and Nan, had grown up and I wondered how I was going to fill the great vacuum in my life," she said.

"There is another old saying, 'We must live until we die,' and I come from a family noted for its longevity."

"I knew I had to do something intellectual and something entirely of my own."

In her native Scotland, Mrs. Bell completed her secondary education at the Hamilton Academy, near Glasgow, gained her Higher



AUTHOR Agnes Paton Bell in her study. At left, she visits her husband, George, in his workshop. "Our hobbies," she says, "are solitary ones, but in many ways that is a wonderful idea."

Leaving Certificate, and trained as a primary teacher.

At first, Melbourne University doubted that this certificate would count as matriculation.

However, Mrs. Bell wrote to the Secretary of Education in Scotland. To her amazement her school reports were produced after all the years and she was told she could attend any university in the British Commonwealth.

"When I went to Melbourne University to swear I was over 13 and therefore able to begin a course, the young man had to walk away to hide his laughter," she said.

During her first year Mrs. Bell took only one subject. Her advice to any other middle-aged woman who has similar plans is to follow suit.

Insisting that she has done nothing more than thousands of others could do if they used their inbuilt resources of energy, she suggests a gradual beginning.

Fendal estate

"One subject a year gives you time to organise your house, your family if necessary, and your own mind to this new situation," she said.

"If you set yourself too much to do, you get tired and discouraged and probably wouldn't go on with it."

Mrs. Bell thinks her interest in history stems from the fact that her early life was affected by ancient laws.

Her father, William Templeton, J.P., was Laird of Torland and she was born on a small feudal, entailed estate of eleven acres comprising the village of Ashgill and Torland Farm in the Valley of the Clyde.

"My father's three older brothers ran away to America and left him with the estate when he was only 20," Mrs. Bell said.

"An entailed estate is one which belongs to the sovereign. In our case this was William the Conqueror, originally."

"Dues were payable to the overlord or sovereign's representative (ours was the Duke of Hamilton) and to the Church. We also owed the Crown scutage, either men or money in case of war."

"With a family of six children, this put my parents among what you would call the genteel poor. First my father had to get permission to sell the farm, and eventually he paid to break the entail."

Her family were horrified when she married an Australian, George Bell (treasurer of the Melbourne Harbor Trust until his retirement ten years ago), whom she met when he was on leave in Scotland from the A.I.F. during World War I.

"They were convinced Australians were barbarians and I had brought disgrace on them all," she laughed.

"However, I was a suffra-

gette in Scotland, and when I came to Melbourne in 1919 I was astonished to find women were already franchised.

"I went back to Scotland in 1927 and thought it was terrible. I am a much more loyal Australian than Scot."

Mrs. Bell works at her writing only in the mornings. In the charming small home, in the suburb of Elsternwick, which she and her husband bought after their children married, she has an upstairs study with a wide view across to Port Phillip Bay.

"Sitting alone up there sifting out research work and composing it into a story gives me the happiest moments of my life. I love the work and find it completely satisfying," she said.

Woodworker

Mr. Bell has his own absorbing hobby. In a small workshop adjoining the garage he spends hours at woodwork, making many useful and ornamental things for the house.

"We meet for cups of tea in the morning, a sherry in the afternoon, and meals," said Mrs. Bell.

But both can find plenty of time for their family, friends, and grandchildren.

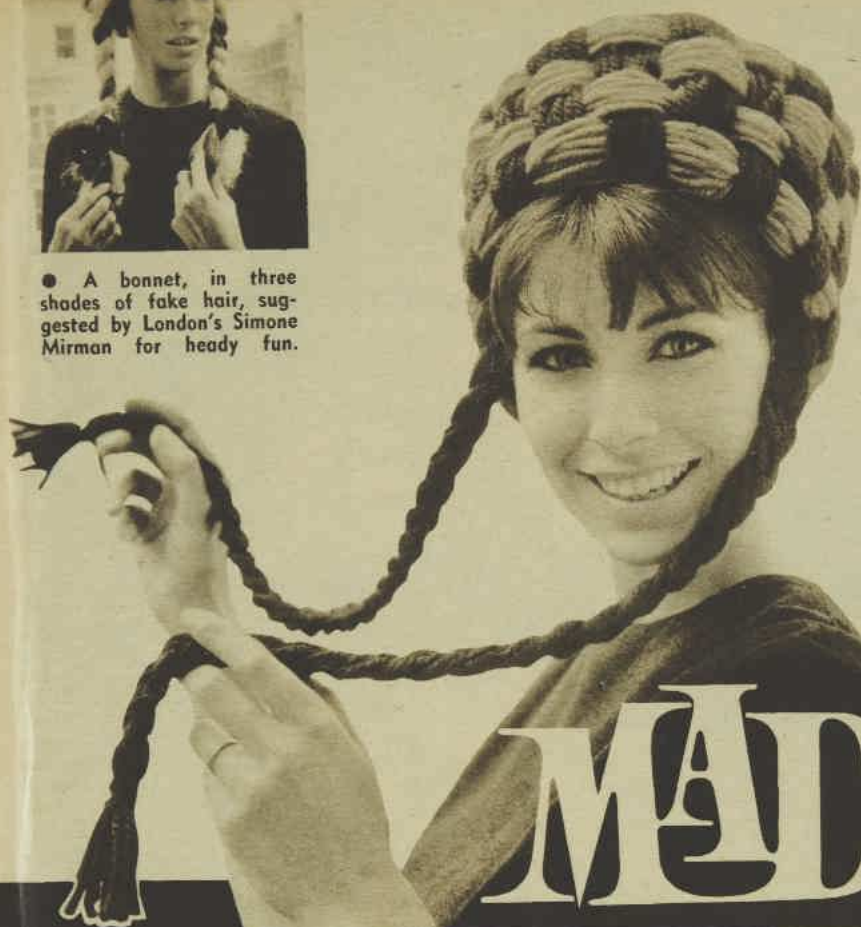
Their son, Gavin, who is on the administrative staff of a large industrial firm in Melbourne, has a boy, Richard, aged 14, and a daughter, Suzanne, who is 11.

Daughter Nan, who was the first woman at Melbourne University to gain a postgraduate diploma in psychological medicine, is married to Leighton West, a doctor of dentistry, and they have a son, Richard, aged two.

Fantasy in head fashions . . .



● A bonnet, in three shades of fake hair, suggested by London's Simone Mirman for heady fun.



● Another bonnet made of wool with swinging wool plaits.



● Spider-like hat made of mink tails (above) for luxury nonsense on a dull day.

MAD HATS

● Whatever has happened to hats? If you think they're no longer in, or that wigs should look natural, perhaps you should think again.

When milliner Simone Mirman presented her autumn-winter collection in London recently, she included hats which looked like wigs, which looked like hats, which looked like hair, which looked like hats, which

Pictured here are some samples showing the shape of hats to come.

● A hat made to look like a wig is how Simone Mirman described this orange-petalled wig (below) with black crown.



● Want to look like Cleopatra? Here's an answer in green wool.





Shining hair, so beautifully held ...it's the loveliness of Gossamer

Gossamer keeps your hair beautifully in place without stickiness or lacquer. There's no dulling film with new Gossamer . . . it's diamond bright to keep your hair shining. Gossamer accents

the natural beauty of your hair with lustrous highlights. Gossamer brushes right out leaving your hair with a just-washed feeling. Everything you want a hair spray to do, Gossamer does best.



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SPECIAL**

Large size Gossamer
Usually 16/6

**SPECIAL PRICE
ONLY 12/11
SAVE 3/7**

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When Mother drove through Europe

("People were absolutely wonderful," they said)

● Mrs. Eileen Russell, of Mont Albert, and her four daughters were prepared for everything when they toured Britain and the Continent in a Dormobile for 14 weeks recently, but their only mishap was one puncture, in Ireland.

MAYBE they were lucky; but, lucky or not, the Russells are firmly convinced that this is the only way to travel.

From a financial point of view it is easy to see why. Mrs. Russell took £1000 (£800 sterling) with her. (Her husband paid the ship passages there and back.)

For that amount of money she and the girls saw England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Monaco, and France and still had enough to bring back lots of souvenirs and presents.

For London-born Eileen Russell it was all the fulfilment of a cherished ambition.

"Ever since I came to Melbourne 18 years ago I have been saving to go back home for a trip, and this was the year for it," she said.

Her husband, Air-Commodore R. C. Russell, had recently retired from full-time work as principal chaplain (Presbyterian) in the RAAF. (He is still occupied part-time.)

The girls, Adrienne (16), Alexis (14), and Alison (10), were at stages when the break away from home would not affect their studies too much.

Two-year-old Andrea presented no problems.

As Mrs. Russell said, it seemed like now or never.

As it turned out, however, the Air-Commodore could not accompany them. He stayed home with his elderly mother, who has since died.

Seven-year-old Graeme Russell decided to keep Dad company. So the women went and the men held the fort.

Graeme is the possessor of 110 postcards from countries his mother and sisters visited and also extra pounds in weight put on under his father's care.

Air-Commodore and Mrs. Russell wrote to each other every day.

She set out with her daughters on March 3. She had planned her trip in de-

By
**MARGARET
BERKELEY**

tail, with the return home set for September, and everything went like clock-work.

Until she got to England, Mrs. Russell had driven only a medium-sized family car in Melbourne suburbs—not even very far afield in Melbourne.

The Dormobile she drove round Britain and Europe was a van with a lift-up roof containing two bunks. The seats formed a double bed.

Armed with maps and road guides, Mrs. Russell and the girls set out.

They were insured—both personally and for their baggage—from the moment they left home at Mont Albert until they stepped inside its welcoming doors again.

"We were even insured against my falling sick and going to hospital," Mrs. Rus-



AT HOME, Mrs. Eileen Russell and her daughters look through Adrienne's trip book, which she wrote up every night.

sell said. "This greatly eased my mind on the trip."

The hire of the van for 14 weeks' travelling plus insurance for the six months' trip away cost £350 sterling.

Mrs. Russell could write a text-book now on how to travel economically.

"There was a two-burner stove in the Dormobile and I did all the cooking. Catering was easy in Britain—fish and chips were a great stand-



boiled water for drinking and the kids had soft drinks," Mrs. Russell said.

They had sleeping-bags and rugs. They took a tent, but used it only four times, in very hot weather on the Continent.

"Most of the time it rained," Mrs. Russell said.

In England washing and drying machines in laundrettes easily solved their laundry problems. On the Continent they managed as best they could and hung things to dry in the van.

The girls wore slacks and jumpers, Mrs. Russell skirts and twinsets. "We amazed ourselves at how we managed," she said.

Every time they crossed a border—in Europe practically every other day—they had to change their money. But they got used to this.

"In the end I could send Alison shopping with the foreign coins and she would come back with the right change," Mrs. Russell said.

They slept each night at a different caravan park, except in Paris, where they spent two nights in the caravan park in the Bois de Boulogne.

"In Paris I drove the Dormobile everywhere for two solid days with the kids sitting in the back yelling as I coped with the traffic," Mrs. Russell said with a reminiscent smile.

The traffic was hair-raising—but we were

"On the Continent I used my stock of tinned foods, mostly Australian. We bought fresh fruit and vegetables when we could.

"We always had one main meal a day. There was always tinned meat, eggs, and also bacon, which was good everywhere."

They had no illnesses, except for Andrea's cold in Liverpool and small tummy upset in Ireland.

"On the Continent we

ABOVE: In the shadow of Mount Snowdon in Wales (from left), Alexis, Adrienne, and Alison Russell, with little Andrea in front. LEFT: At Heidelberg, West Germany.

bigger than they were, and the drivers used to lean out of their windows and whistle at the girls."

Intrepid as she is, Mrs. Russell admitted that they had felt very lonely on their first night on the Continent after they crossed from Harwick to the Hook.

"But the second day we began travelling, and met so many friendly people that it was quite all right. People were absolutely wonderful," she said.

Everywhere they parked for the night the girls made friends. Their scanty knowledge of languages was no hindrance.

Andrea, particularly, always found some children to play with in the caravan

Ireland and 8/- to 10/- a night on the Continent.

Petrol was expensive—7/1 sterling a gallon in France, 4/3 in Switzerland, 5/3 in Britain and Ireland. The van did 24 miles to the gallon.

A highlight of the trip for Adrienne was meeting a pen-friend, Christine McBride, at Newton Stuart, in Scotland.

And for all the girls except Andrea, who chose that particular day to develop her cold, a visit to The Cavern in Liverpool paid dividends in murky atmosphere and ear-splitting Beatle-type sounds.

To hear Mrs. Russell, Adrienne, Alexis, and Alison talking about their journey is a bit like listening to a fairytale. Such a recital of wonderful moments!

They stood on the bridge at Avignon, walked through the university town of Heidelberg, looked at the palace at Monaco, and popped into the Casino there.

First snow

The girls saw their first snow at Innsbruck, and all of them, including Mrs. Russell, kissed the Blarney Stone at Blarney Castle in Ireland.

They saw the leaning tower of Pisa—"had to see that while it still stood," Mrs. Russell said—and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Luxembourg, and Venice and Florence and Fontainebleau and—

You wonder how Adrienne can settle down to thinking about the mothercraft nursing course she begins in November, how Alexis can push along with her business course, and Alison with her schoolwork in fifth grade at Surrey Hills State School.

Even more you wonder how Mrs. Russell, the vagabond of the freeways, can settle down to her routine shopping excursions from Mont Albert to Box Hill shopping centre!



STAY - AT - HOMES Air-Commodore Russell and Graeme, 7.

parks, and was saying "thank you" in German and French as to the manner born.

Mrs. Russell, with some French and a little German, found it easy to manage, because most people she met had some English. The older girls made friends with some German boys and were able to carry on conversation of sorts.

Caravan parks, Mrs. Russell explained, cost roughly 5/- a night in Britain and

75,000 PEOPLE WENT
ON THE OPENING DAY

Strolling round



ON THE FRONT TERRACE are some of the 75,000 people who inspected Roselands the day it opened. The terrace pools and mill-stream, still under development, will be a feature of the shopping centre's four acres of landscaping. This garden will have three large connecting pools at different levels, a bridge, a turning water-wheel, and fountains, and to provide summer shade and a lush green atmosphere plane trees, broad-leaved paper barks, maples, and poplars have been planted. Altogether at Roselands there will be 1200 trees and evergreen shrubs and 110,000 square feet of lawn, and, naturally, many, many roses in tubs at the main entrance and on the terrace. The clown in this picture was Phil St. Leon, of Little Bay — 10ft. high, on stilts.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

Roselands

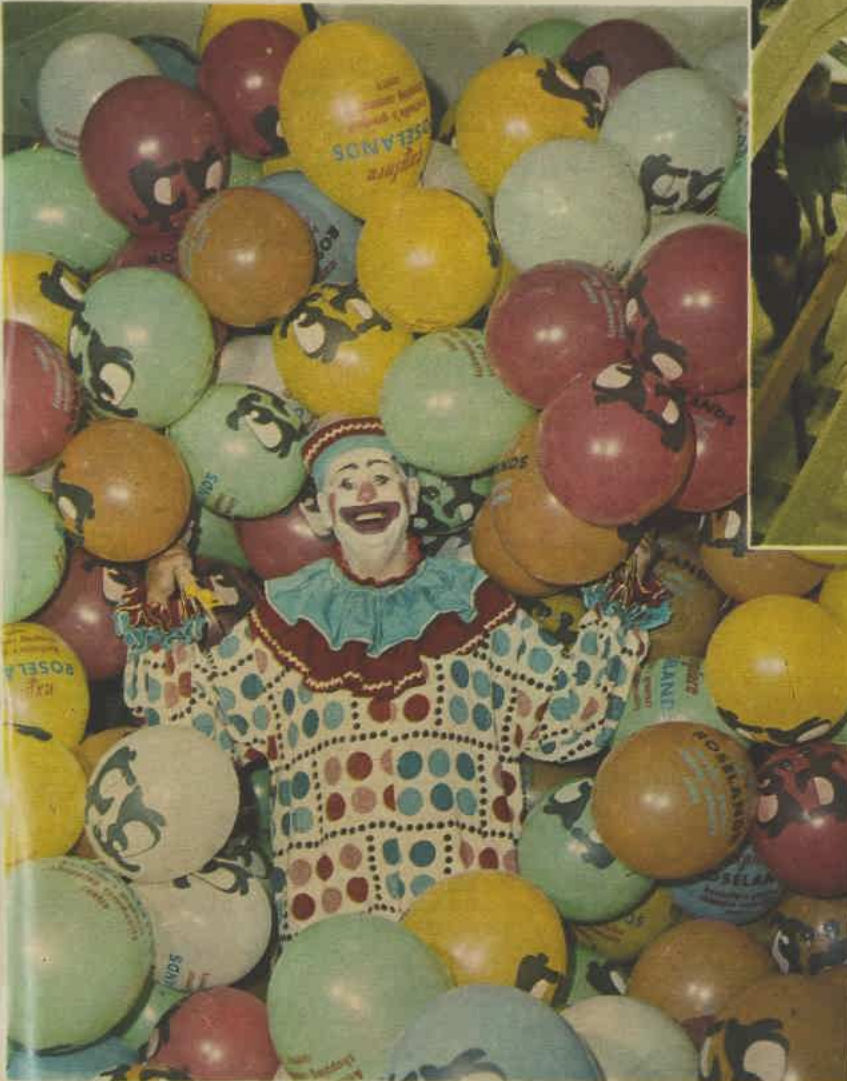
● One woman spent all morning riding the escalators. "I just want to keep looking at it all," she explained.

An elderly man sat on a bench most of the afternoon looking down on to the central court. He was tired after walking in the morning, but he still wanted to see it all. From his bench he could see all three floors . . .

It was opening day at Roselands — Sydney's £6-million shopping-community centre, ten miles south-west of the G.P.O.—and everybody wanted to have a look.



LOOKING DOWN from the Gallery level across the escalators, which are capable of moving 64,000 people each hour, Roselands is built compactly under one roof and on three levels. As a result of this careful planning a shopper is only a few minutes' walk from the nearest escalator to any of the 90 shops and services. There are also lifts, with panels over the doors lighting up at each stop to show passengers the departments and shops located on that level.



MARCO THE CLOWN took part in the opening-day festivities. His job was to get laughs and give balloons. Blowing up 10,000 balloons was quite an effort, but two young employees helped, using a vacuum cleaner. "Imagine if we'd had to blow them up ourselves," said Marco.

CHILD-MINDING CENTRE, at right, is a feature of Roselands. Children under six can be left there, and mothers who are anxious about them can glance up at almost any point and see them on a screen, for a television camera relays the picture on closed circuit throughout the shopping area. Babies as well as toddlers are looked after by Matron C. Johnson (right) and six trained mothercraft nurses. There's an hourly charge, and meals are given if desired.





Pretty young mother Mrs. Marcia Frazer of Pacific Highway, Artarmon, N.S.W., is brimming with vitality, enjoys every moment of her busy life. Read about her All-Bran energy plan here!

How All-Bran helps me enjoy life more:

"Now it's fun keeping up with the children!"

A Full Life. Meet Marcia Frazer, a vital young housewife who fits about 25 hours' gay living into every day. Besides looking after her two small children, Mrs. Frazer loves to play tennis and swim, and despite her crowded day looks forward to entertaining in her lovely home. What is the source of all her energy? Marcia says it's her All-Bran breakfast plan.

Her Energy Plan. "Now that I eat All-Bran, nothing seems to tire me. I always have plenty of energy," says Marcia. Yet 5 years ago she was feeling tired and listless, everything seemed to be too much trouble. "A friend suggested I try All-Bran," she recalls, "and in a week I felt absolutely wonderful . . . it was unbeliev-

able! Naturally I've kept on eating All-Bran, and have felt marvellously fit ever since. Just half a cup of crisp All-Bran each morning with some stewed fruit, or sprinkled over another Kellogg's cereal, that's my energy plan!"

How All-Bran for Breakfast helps You! All-Bran isn't a medicine or a drug. It's the safe natural way to maintain regularity. A crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal that is rich in the vital "bulk" your system must have to function properly. When you enjoy All-Bran for breakfast you're helping to make sure of a balanced diet, helping yourself to new energy and vitality. Try it for yourself—prove how All-Bran can help you (like Marcia), enjoy life more.



ALL-BRAN by Kellogg's
by far the nicest way to stay regular

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K954

SOCIAL ROUNDAABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

ALTHOUGH summer is just beginning I'm told that members of the Palm Beach Surf Life Saving Club are working overtime already—but not in the water.

Headed by Bob Pritchard (whose main helpers are Geoff Ferguson and Phillip King) they're madly busy arranging the annual luncheon and art show at the Pacific Club which marks the opening of the season and raises funds for the surf club.

(And I did hear a whisper that they are hoping to raise enough money this year to replace their boat with a new aluminium one.)

Members of the Pacific Club house committee, under Mrs. L. J. Davis, provide the delicious luncheon, which is served on the terraced lawns at the back of the club before the 400 guests go indoors to make their choice of paintings.

The party is on October 24 and the last working bee, to put up stands and hang paintings, is to be the day before, October 23.

HE was tall, dark, and handsome. She was slim, attractive, and such a good sport, for she came up laughing and full of fun after he had dumped her fully clothed into the surf. The scene, Palm Beach. The actors? Googie Withers and Luciano Pavarotti, who was enjoying a day as the guest of Googie and John McCallum, with other members of the opera company, before it left for Brisbane. One onlooker who recognised them said Googie looked just as glamorous and undisturbed after the ducking as she did before.

I'M hoping for fine weather on November 6 or 7 so I can motor up to Bringley for the inspection of one of the district's most beautiful old colonial homes, "Maryland." The owners, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Annette Thomson, have the most wonderful collection of antiques I'm told, and one piece that sounds worth the day's trip to see is a 300-year-old sideboard. Proceeds from the two-day inspection (when 3000 people are expected) will go to the local Rotary Club's Community Service Project and the Cobbitty Pony Club.

VISITORS from Honolulu Mr. and Mrs. John Allen (she was Rosemary O'Loan) are having a busy time introducing their baby son, Dugald (who was born in Hawaii last year), to their friends and relatives. For their stay in Sydney (they're not sure how long it will be) they've taken a flat at Kirribilli.

BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan White leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, after their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Margaret Glasgow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Derek Glasgow, of Kensington. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. Rupert White, of Walmer, and Mrs. Mary White, of Edgecliff.



INTERESTING visitors in town for ten days are Professor and Mrs. Nicholas Torok, from Chicago, who are staying with Dr. and Mrs. John Laszlo, at Bellevue Hill, before going on to Tokyo, where Professor Torok will deliver a paper at a medical conference. It is a reunion for Professor Torok and Dr. Laszlo who haven't seen each other since they were in Budapest eighteen years ago.

A FIRST grandchild for Mr. and Mrs. Clive Ogilvy was born to their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Ogilvy, at Berrima District Hospital on October 11. The baby is to be called Melinda.

I BELIEVE there was lots of talk about overseas countries at the twenty-first birthday party Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. E. J. Moseley gave for their daughter, Helen, at their home at Kingston, Canberra. Helen leaves on New Year's Eve with June Renton, also of Canberra, for a three years' stay abroad.

MEMBERS of the Press speaking with Lady Casey at Admiralty House during the official visit to Sydney were intrigued to hear her speak of her aunt (a Miss Ada Ryan), who was married to Admiral Lord Charles Scott and lived at Admiralty House when it was a naval establishment. "I'm so conscious of her, swishing around the corners in her long skirts," said Lady Casey. The Caseys enjoyed the views so much Lady Casey said the blinds upstairs at Admiralty House were never pulled down during their stay.

DATE for your diary . . . Carousel Committee's tenth birthday dinner dance at Menzies Hotel on November 5. Proceeds will go to the Kuring-gai Truby King Mobile Clinic.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans, with their junior attendants, Catherine Osborne, of "Grantham Park," Bungendore, and Michael Allen, after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride was Miss Tina McFarlane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hector McFarlane, of "Milly Milly," Young. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Evans, of "Yendooya," Warwick.



ABOVE. Mr. Barry Stern, Mrs. John Lawson, Mr. Jerry Vanbeek, and Mr. Lawson (left to right) had a basket luncheon on the lawn opposite the entrance to Retford Hall. Despite the drought, the shrubs and trees in the lovely garden were in full bloom.

AT RIGHT. Host Mr. James Fairfax (centre) and Mrs. Ignacy Listwan, president of the Cornucopia Committee, which arranged the day at Boweral, chatted outside the house with Sir Lorimer Dods, the honorary director of the Children's Medical Research Foundation.



A DAY AT RETFORD PARK

● Retford Park, former home of the Hordern family, now owned by Mr. James Fairfax, was opened for a private inspection to aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation.



COLORFUL Chinese scrolls on the walls of the main bedroom, which has a Chinese decor, formed a background for Mrs. Peter Baillieu, of "Milton Park," Boweral, and Mr. Dick Keep. The other four spacious bedrooms upstairs are beautifully furnished in shades of powder-blue, crimson, old gold, and olive-green.



THREESOME. Mr. and Mrs. Neville Christie and Mrs. John Excell (centre) found a sulky on the back lawn a convenient resting place while they waited to hear the talk given by Mr. Leslie Walford on the interior of the house, which he designed.



ABOVE. A delicate antique plate was admired by Mr. and Mrs. Bayne Geikie in the sitting-room, which has a Drysdale painting set in an intricately carved natural wood mantelpiece. A wonderful collection of Australian contemporary art is scattered throughout the many rooms of the house.



AT LEFT. An exciting Donald Friend mural which covers one whole wall of the dining-room was one of the main talking points during the inspection. Committee members Mrs. R. Hertzberg, her daughter, Clio, and Mrs. Marjorie Armstrong (left to right) were photographed in front of the mural.

● Most exciting event in a "garden doctor's" career

A rose - from the King



DR. SHEWELL-COOPER.

● English gardening expert Dr. Wilfred Shewell-Cooper, MBE, was walking in the royal gardens with King George VI and Queen Elizabeth when the monarch presented him with a rose.

"IT'S not often you get a rose presented to you by a king," said Dr. Shewell-Cooper. "That night I pressed it, and I've still got it."

Dr. Shewell-Cooper at this time was writing a book, at the King's request, about the royal gardeners.

"The Queen Mum," he said, "always has a spray of something scented in her buttonhole."

"On this occasion, the King picked her a rose, but she was already wearing a sprig."

"He turned to me and said, 'Go on, Shewell-Cooper, you wear it.'"

For the book, "The Royal Gardeners," the King himself corrected the proofs.

Dr. Shewell-Cooper regards it as the most exciting event of his career.

"We prepared a questionnaire for the King and Queen — their favorite flower, color, that sort of thing," he said, "and King George gave me a letter to all the groundsmen and gardeners saying they were to answer all my questions frankly and fully."

Dr. Shewell-Cooper is in Australia for three weeks with his wife, who is gardening editor of the London "Daily Sketch" newspaper, and was born in Lithgow, N.S.W.

Dr. Shewell-Cooper believes in using only natural substances as fertilisers, and in disturbing the earth as little as possible: no cultivation. The earthworms, he says, will do this.

Saw vision

He has written 62 gardening books about his revolutionary theories.

Describing how he came to adopt his revolutionary gardening theories, the doctor says, "I was perfectly normal. Then I saw this vision — and changed."

"I could see awful soil erosion, the leaves falling to form a carpet, the worms coming up to pull the leaves down. I could see the complete circle of growth."

The British Army unknowingly gave him his first

opportunity to use these "organic" methods, putting him in charge of a food-growing project.

"The Army said that every bit of land the soldiers used must grow food."

"I gave out seeds for an eighth of an acre exactly, and a plan showing how to plant them — a row of carrots here, and so on."

"If they had an acre, they did it all eight times."

The gardening was done with Dr. Shewell-Cooper's new theories, described in his "The A.B.C. of Soils."

"That's the book that has revolutionised gardening! It's those ideas that grip the people," he exclaimed.

"The soil is man's heritage, and he is only its keeper for the years that he's here."

"You can have your tea. All God asks back in the soil are the used tea-leaves."

"Life comes from the soil,

By
JUDE AINSWORTH

and if you treat it properly the plants will be healthy."

"I haven't done any digging or forking for 15 years. We never cultivate."

"We put organic matter on the ground, and leave it. Our experiments show that the worms do the work, without cultivation. If you cultivate, they remain inert."

Dr. Shewell-Cooper told me there was no previous interest in gardening in his family.

"It was born in me. At the age of five I started to collect and press flowers."

"Fortunately, I had a governess who was interested and helped me."

After working as a gardener he won a horticulture scholarship at the University of London, took two degrees.

He taught for 20 years at various agricultural colleges.

In 1950, Dr. and Mrs. Shewell-Cooper bought Prior's Hall, 45 miles from London, and set up 15 acres of experimental gardens.

The old mansion, built in 1603, was shaped in the form of a letter "E" to honor the first Queen Elizabeth.

"Five years ago we wanted to move nearer London, so we bought Arkley Manor, 11

miles out. Now more of my readers — what you might call my fan club — can see the gardens."

"If you write a book that says you grow dahlias this way or that way, they come and see if you do!"

The work in their 7½-acre garden is done by Dr. and Mrs. Shewell-Cooper, their elder son, Ramsay, and three assistants.

Men training to become professional gardeners often work at Arkley Manor to learn the organic methods.

Less work

Dr. Shewell-Cooper begins the morning with family prayers, then dictates answers to advice-seeking letters, as many as 300 a day.

After elevenses, he inspects the gardens and gives directions for work.

In the afternoon he spends three or four hours dictating his current book, or makes an advisory trip through a client's gardens.

Most of his work is correcting mistakes.

"You get there and you think it's hopeless," he said. "Then you meditate, and it develops, until gradually the thing falls into shape."

"I've been called in by most of the stately homes. I've done all Lord De L'Isle's place."

"My method entails fewer gardeners, less work."

The Arkley Manor gardens are often shown on television.

"We find that the women are the gardeners in England," he said. "The men may do the hard work, the mowing, and so on, but the bulk of the thoughtfulness, interest, and planning comes from the women."

Dr. Shewell-Cooper has travelled on the Continent and in Canada, lecturing and advising.

The governments of Austria, Corsica, and France have honored him, and he has advised on horticulture in Sicily and Bulgaria.

"I would call myself a 'garden doctor,'" he said, "and God has made me a good diagnostician."

"Your doctor can say 'What's wrong with you?' But I have a more difficult job. I can't ask the plants."

NORTHERN TERRITORY ROMANCE

By JUDY OPITZ

● This is the story of an Englishwoman who unexpectedly found happiness in what she calls Australia's Top End — the primitive, beautiful country of billabongs, buffalo, barramundi, and crocodiles, 100 miles from Darwin . . .

THE day I stepped off the plane at Darwin Airport, lured by the thought of sunshine after a bleak Melbourne winter, I didn't know my luck was leading me to the land of my choice and the man of my choice.

I had been two years in Australia as a rather unsatisfactory migrant. I couldn't seem to settle.

In spite of friends in the south insisting that Australia was the only country to live in, and that I was a fool to go home to England, I booked my passage back.

A month before sailing I decided to have a last look at a different side of Australia, and flew to Darwin.

The balmy air, as I got off the plane that evening, started a feeling that here I might find the happiness that had eluded me.

Over the dinner table at my hotel next evening I talked to a man I had noticed previously dressed in immaculate white moleskins and African-type safari hat, like a big-game hunter.

He was Allan Stewart, who operated a hunting lodge at Nourlangie, 100 miles from Darwin.

When he flew back to his camp I joined his party of hunting guests.

On safari in this harsh, beautiful but fascinating part of Australia, the feeling that this might be the place to put down my roots grew stronger. Also, I had now met Tom.

Tom was filling in time as a guide while planning his next move.

Meanwhile, he was teaching me how to fish for barramundi and shoot buffalo.

I will never forget the thrill of the tug on the end of the line that produced an absolute whopper of a fish.

But my first excited, trembling shot at a buffalo had me in tears.

The shot was ill-placed and damaging. Fortunately, the buff didn't charge. It limped off, grunting in agony. Tom followed it up and ended its miseries.

That finished shooting animals for me. I haven't lifted a rifle since.

But even an inactive part in a crocodile shoot is an experience.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JUDY OPITZ was born June Rose Rowley, in London, granddaughter of the 8th Viscount Molesworth on her mother's side, a descendant of Catherine the Great of Russia on her father's. She says some of Catherine's jewellery is in family possession.

Mrs. Opitz was in the WAAF during the war, driving ambulances and chaffering aircrews. She later spent two years in the theatre, mainly touring with "Annie Get Your Gun," understudying Annie.

"I didn't like stage life much," she says, "and went back to driving for a car-hire firm."

She first set out for Australia on an overland bus service via India, but got jaundice and had to return to England. A year later, she sailed as a migrant, worked as a shorthand-typist in Perth and Melbourne before her happily fateful flight to Darwin. Judy's husband, Tom, was born on a farm on Ayres Peninsula, S.A., lived most of his life in the bush, saw war service in the islands. His grandfather came to Australia from Prussia.



PIONEER storekeepers Tom and Judy Opitz (above left) at Cooinda. Above: Judy astride a 14ft. crocodile shot at a "daylight" camp.



There are two ways of going after crocs. One is by boat, a silent glide with muffled oars down the billabong.

There is no moon, no light, apart from the piercing beam of a torch directed every now and then by one of the guides across the water and along the mangrove edges.

A fish jumps noisily, a night bird flies overhead with whirring wings, a creak sounds as someone shifts his weight in the boat.

The light beams on again, and 20ft. ahead two red lights reflect back. Crocodile's eyes!

The boat glides to within 3ft. of the eyes before the hunter in the bows shoots between them.

The croc turns belly upwards and starts to sink.

The guide leans nonchalantly over the side of the boat, seizes the croc by its (one hopes) lifeless arm, and hauls it on board.

To catch crocs by daylight, you camp by a billabong where there are croc slides in the mud, and sit around and wait for one to appear.

Having decided to make the Top End my home, I flew to Melbourne to pack up my flat, quit my job, and cancel my passage.

Homecoming

I no longer thought of England as home. It was like coming home when for the second time I stepped off the plane at Darwin Airport, with Tom to meet me.

Allan Stewart employed me at Nourlangie as secretary and co-hostess with his other hostess, Barbara, a delightful New Zealand girl.

On days off I saw more of the rugged, beautiful country, teeming with wildlife: the palm-fringed, sandy-beached billabongs alive with fish; the paperbark glades with muddy wallows which were the favorite haunt of buffalo; the vivid birds everywhere.

One spot in particular became the favorite of Tom and myself — the Jim Jim Waterhole, where I caught my biggest barramundi.

It was also a favored spot with fishermen in the know.

Tom and I visualised a store and camping ground there, where visitors could

replenish their stores and refuel their vehicles and where, later, meals and motel accommodation would be available to those who wanted to give tents the go-by for a few days.

The obvious site for a store was at the Jim Jim Crossing, which carries the only track from the bitumen — the Stuart Highway — to Arnhemland.

This crossing becomes a raging torrent in the wet season, and much of the surrounding area is flooded.

This meant we would have to build high up on stilts, and leave the store during the Wet.

Before we could start building, however, we had to get land tenure, and this took some time.

It was as a bride of a few months that I headed Jim Jim-wards again, Tom leading in a lorry loaded with cement, a brick machine, a kerosine fridge, motor-boat, a chest of drawers, and innumerable boxes of small possessions.

I followed in my faithful car, weighed down with camping gear, cat, dog, and two-burner gas stove.

We had decided to call our land "Cooinda," an aboriginal word meaning "Happy Place," which we hoped it would be.

A week or two after leaving Darwin, Cooinda Store was in operation. It was a tent with a bamboo-framed recess where customers could have cool drinks.

While I was storekeeping, Tom was building. The pile of bricks he made in the one-man brick machine grew daily until he had enough to start building the piers on which the store would rest.

At the height of the season we really seemed to be supplying a need for the many tourists.

Some of the old hands, however, who had yearly visited the Jim Jim were resentful that the land they considered "theirs" should have been leased.

Others were grateful that they now had no worries about running out of fuel 100 miles from the nearest pump.

When the clouds gathered ominously, heralding the start of the wet season, we shut up shop, removed the

BILLABONG at the end of the Wet. Tom Opitz (above) tests the Jim Jim Crossing to see whether the waters have receded enough for vehicles.

JUDY OPITZ (right) and her first fish, a barramundi weighing 40lb. It put up such a struggle that her husband had to help her to bring it in.



MAGPIE GEESE wheel over the treetops along the beautiful bush track near Nourlangie.

tents, and retired to the higher ground for six months.

Rationing for six months took a bit of planning, but we didn't run out of anything except breakfast cereal. Our tame wallaby had taken a fancy to them, and I hadn't put her on the ration strength.

We couldn't get out, of course, as we had no airstrip. Neither did we have a two-way radio. This was the most nerve-racking part, wondering what would happen if some illness or accident befell us.

Our nearest good neighbor was Allan, at Nourlangie, nearly 20 miles away, with most of the road under water.

During our six months' isolation, we made bricks and cleared land for the pineapple, banana, and papaw plantations.

Our vegetable garden was not an entire success, as a buffalo took a fancy to lying nightly in the tomato patch, and the wallaby nibbled little holes in the rockmelons and pumpkins.

We could have shot the buff, but we came to welcome his friendly presence, and we didn't begrudge the wallaby her nibbles, as she gave us so much pleasurable affection.

She was completely free to come and go, but she seemed to enjoy more time in our company than with her many fellow-wallabies.

Her favorite sleeping place at night was at the foot of our bed, although sometimes she liked to curl up in the crook of my arm with her head under my chin.

There would be loud complaints from Tom when he got slapped across the face by her long tail as she settled down.

As the wet season progressed, water in the billabong rose, and we could take the boat through about three miles of the now connected chain of waterholes to the store site.

The water at the crossing itself was a rushing mass,

but it lapped gently around the store piers about 4½ft. deep at its peak.

Soon the knock'em down rains brought the end of the Wet, and we moved back to the store to get busy with tourists again.

They started to straggle through, first in four-wheel-drive vehicles, then in conventional ones after the track had been graded, as it always is every season.

Now, with the ever-increasing volume of tourists succumbing to the lure of the North, we look forward to busy and happy years ahead.

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WOOLWORTHS

**WOOLWORTHS
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A chuckle with spaghetti and porpoises

By NAN MUSGROVE

● TCN9 comes on to your screen with a deep-throated chuckle this week. Highlights are McHale and his navy up to their eyes in spaghetti in Italy, and Lucille Ball up to her eyes in porpoises.

BOTH "McHale's Navy" (Sundays, 7.30 p.m.) and "The Lucy Show" (Mondays, at 8.30 p.m.) start new season's shows this week with new locations.

McHale and his gavy make their promised move to Italy, and Lucy moves from Connecticut to California.

I think Lucille Ball should get a special laugh award—she is so terribly funny, and I hear that the first show, in which she visits the Marineland porpoises (they are, more correctly, dolphins), is a side-splitter.

McHale's war — Italian style—may not be very different, but I think it should make the comedy fresher, more spontaneous.

Ernest Borgnine, welcoming the change, said the show

care of that. Just use your heart and head."

Joe Flynn, who is McHale's most unfavorable man, Captain Binghamton, is happy about the move, too, and he is realistic about it.

"It will either mean another three-year run for 'McHale's Navy,' or it will destroy the show and it will end this year."

She goes — in a puff of smoke

LATEST arrival on the TV screen is a genie out of a bottle. She made her appearance on ATN7 last week in the new series "I Dream of Jeannie."

TV's genie is Jeannie, who must have the most incredible role yet on TV.

Jeannie is played by Barbara Eden, a wide-eyed blonde, and is a fantasy from the Arabian nights in gauzy harem trousers and a wonderful 1965 hairdo.

She lives in a bottle, where she has been for some 2000 years until she is accidentally released from it by American astronaut Tony Nelson (Larry Hagman).

Tony finds the bottle on a desert island on which he lands after his spaceship is unable to complete its orbit.

Jeannie, on whom he wishes the gift of speaking perfect colloquial English (except she uses "thee" and "thou"), conjures up a helicopter to take him back to Cape Kennedy.

The only trouble is that Jeannie, back in her bottle hidden in Tony's gear, goes along, too. This means Tony has big trouble.

Tony is engaged to marry the general's daughter, who finds it hard to accept Jeannie appearing and disappearing round Tony's apartment in a cloud of white smoke.

Jeannie is young, lovely,



SPLASH the dolphin "laughs" when Lucy goes splash into his pool at Marineland, U.S.A.

and grateful to Tony for liberating her. She can't understand his attitude, and goes in and out of his bedroom as smoke under the door.

Tony's peculiar behaviour caused by his dilemma with Jeannie is believed by doctors on the Cape to have been brought on by the rigors of space travel. Tony's fiancée and the general are both upset, and life is hard for Tony.

There are not many new tricks Jeannie can pull on its viewers. We are used to Martians and witches, and having their situations used as a kind of frame for clever

Television

camera tricks and instant amazing happenings that aren't amazing at all when you are over 21.

The premiere of "Jeannie," I'm sorry to say, made me miss an episode of Dick Van Dyke. Jeannie is unlikely to be the cause of this again.

A James Bond-type Western

"THE Wild, Wild West," ATN7's other big, new offering this week, was more my dish than Jeannie.

"The Wild, Wild West" is a Western with gimmicks starring Bob Conrads as James T. West, special secret agent for American President Grant — which puts the series in the picturesque days of the West.

It is a bit of a shock to find Conrads as a kind of Western James Bond instead of a swimming detective, as he was for so long in "Hawaiian Eye," but he's an effective Westerner.

I think Conrads is a very lucky young man, if the first episode is a guide. He has as his support Ross Martin, who is his helpmate and a master of disguise.

The story was good, with comic overtones, and it was well produced and cast. I think perhaps the support may one day out-act the star, but James T. West gets the best lines, and no doubt the biggest pay cheque.

Mr. West hasn't caught up with the latest electronic gimmicks yet, but he has some good ones.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

Airline grew from three little planes

● The career of United Airlines vice-president Mr. Homer J. Merchant pretty well parallels the development of commercial flying in the U.S.

IN 1928, two years after the Government turned over air transport to private commercial control, Mr. Merchant started "selling" airmail.

Mr. Merchant explained: "I made 100 calls a day. I'd start at the top of a building and go into every office on the way down, asking the businessmen if they'd ever thought of using airmail."

"I was working for Western Air Express, one of the first commercial lines. We had an old Liberty-engine Douglas airplane, left over from World War I, and flew from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City."

"We took the mail, plus a passenger sitting in the open cockpit with helmet, goggles, and a flying suit. It took seven hours for 700 miles."

United was formed in 1933 from three smaller airlines, Mr. Merchant, who is "604," said, "Three little planes, I've seen it grow from that!"

During that time he has flown "about three million miles."

Mr. Merchant visited Sydney and Melbourne with two other United executives, Mr. Jackson F. Long and Mr. Paul W. Shoemaker.

United carries 55,000 passengers on an average busy day, and logs a billion passenger miles over the U.S. and Canada in a month.

It stresses client service to attract customers.

"Only 12 percent of Americans fly, and more than half of those are businessmen who fly frequently," Mr. Merchant explained.



● Homer J. Merchant

Research has proved that people who have never travelled by air worry about small details; even fear that they won't be able to manage to book in at a hotel.

So his staff attempts to anticipate these worries.

Some travellers are nervous about finding their seat on an aircraft, so United has name-cards printed in gold on every seat.

"Our passengers also are given two clips of matches, with their name printed on the covers in gold, and a liqueur," said Mr. Merchant.

"We have a special menu for small fry."

The special menu includes youngsters' favorites — hot dogs, hamburgers, potato chips, peanut butter and jam sandwiches, a cookie jar, chocolate milk. Coloring books keep children amused.

Adult passengers are entertained, too — the entertainment including first-run movies on long flights.

— Jude Ainsworth



McHALE (Ernest Borgnine) is now in Italy.

in the Pacific had got to the point where they really didn't have to rehearse.

"In our mind's eye we almost directed ourselves," he said. "One director said, 'Just give 'em their head.'"

Ernie describes the new McHale's as "light and fluffy."

"I don't think you have to gag it up so much to be funny. The situation takes

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the Week

Mamma once said, "It seems to be a disgrace today to be old. But before you gripe about growing old, think of the many who have been denied this privilege. I would like to see young people be kinder, show a little more respect to their elders. But maybe that's too much to hope for. It seems the only advantage of being old is that you are beyond being told that you are getting old. But just remember this, dear friends . . ."

Mamma's moral: Life can be pretty grim when you reach 80 — especially if there's a motor-cycle cap just behind you.

HOME-PLANNING LECTURE TIMES

● Laurin Magee, U.S. home-planning expert, will give two lectures in Sydney on "How to Live With a House."

WELL-KNOWN TGN9 personality Miss Elaine White will introduce Miss Magee.

The lectures will be at Sydney Town Hall on November 1 and 3 at 10 a.m.

Tickets, 2/-. will be available at the Town Hall, or can be obtained in advance at Legacy, 169 Elizabeth Street; The Australian Gas Light Co., 477-487 Pitt Street; British Paints Macquarie Color Service, 32 York Street;

and Monier Pty. Ltd., Monier Square, Villawood.

In all cases, presentation of the coupon below will reduce the admission price to 1/-. All proceeds from admission charges will go to Legacy.

LAURIN MAGEE LECTURES

"How to Live With a House."

Admission on presentation of this coupon, 1/-.

LIVE HIGH, says ROBERT CARRIER

• Cookery expert to visit Australia

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff



ROBERT CARRIER cooks a leg of pork on the built-in barbecue in his London home. "There isn't a stove made with enough space to move the saucepans about," he said, "so I had this built." The house has two kitchens.

ROBERT CARRIER, the famous cookery expert who will visit Australia in November to launch his latest cookbook, "The Robert Carrier Cookbook," leads a fascinating life travelling abroad in search of new dishes and entertaining at home around those he creates.

He hopes to find some interesting ones in Australia.

"It will be a voyage of discovery," said Bob, who has made a fine art of giving a new sophistication to recipes as old as time. "I know nothing about Australian dishes, except kangaroo-tail soup. They have been sadly neglected by food and travel writers."

Tall, touching 40, full of vitality and enthusiasm, Robert Carrier was born in America, works in London, relaxes in France. He loves life, good food, and living in splendor. He is food editor of "Vogue" and the "Sunday Times" color supplement,

with an estimated readership of about seven million.

His cookbooks are best-sellers. One, "Great Dishes of the World," has been translated into five languages.

He has a fine old house of noble proportions (actually two knocked into one) in the up-and-coming London district of Islington, which architects are pulling back from a slum.

Cooking's fun

In one half of the house he lives in the style to which his cooking accustoms him. The other half is his secretariat, reached by communicating corridors and concealed doors, a whole world of "hush" away from the aromatic smells of herbs and the robust belching of steam from his built-in barbecue in the first half.

Meeting Robert Carrier is an enlivening experience. He is almost overwhelmingly enthusiastic, and when he talks about cooking he puts so much into the telling that you feel you are hearing it all for the first time.

For him cooking is fun. In fact, one writer described him as being to food what

the Beatles are to entertainment. And because he loves having fun with food he threw a gigantic party to announce that he had finished his new cookbook.

For this he cooked an enormous Provencal Daube with 25lb. of meat, plus all the etceteras. A daube is a cut of beef braised in a stock with red wine and herbs.

For that sort of entertaining he has a kitchen on the same floor as his dining-room. It contains a set of four gas-rings set into a white ceramic-tile slab, and has two ovens built at eye-level.

The kitchen is not large, but everything is conveniently placed. For testing recipes, and working out new ones for his magazine features and books, he has a second kitchen downstairs. This is much larger, with everything on a grander scale from chopping-block to ovens — also at eye-level.

Robert Carrier's astonishing rise to fame as a writer about food is comparatively recent. In fact, he embarked on this career by accident.

"It seems unbelievable now that I should have got my first break because some guests arrived late for a small dinner party I was giving," he told me. "One of the early arrivals was Mrs. Eileen Dickson, then editor of 'Harper's Bazaar.'"

"She admired my calm manner as we waited half an hour, an hour, then an hour and a quarter. 'Surely,' she said, 'you must be concerned that the dinner will spoil with all this waiting.'"

Enthusiastic

"Her admiration turned to fascination as she listened to my unruffled assurances that the lobster—first course, followed by pheasant — would not spoil. She began to draw me out on how they were cooked. Then she suggested that I write an article for her."

He was an instant success with "Harper's Bazaar" readers. They liked his enthusiastic approach and his rich way of treating good, simple food.

Although Robert Carrier embarked on a cooking career by accident, he had a thorough grounding.

"I began cooking," he told

me, "when I was four years old. I used to fry eggs for my friends and serve them with miracle whip (bottled mayonnaise). I have loved food from that day. Loving food and life, I find, makes cooking come easily."

His father was a dab hand at a campfire and taught him to cook the fish they caught on weekend camping trips.

"I learned classic New England dishes from my Yankee grandmother, and the love of earthy casseroles of fish and meat from my German-born mother," the son recalled.

Pancakes, too, are part of his American heritage.

"The delights of the pancake are endless if you think of it with imagination. It's easy to make once you get the hang of it, and inexpensive to serve if you don't go overboard for blini with caviar."

(Blini: small buckwheat pancakes made with yeast.)

"And with the basic ingredients always on hand in the larder, pancakes are a boon for the hostess with unexpected guests. Experiment with fillings."

French way

France set the seal on Robert Carrier's enjoyment of good food. He had his first taste of French cooking in Paris during the war when he was with the American Services.

After the war he stayed in France for six years as Director of Dramatic Programs to America, producing and writing programs designed to bring French thought, living, and personalities into American homes.

This brought him into touch with leading restaurateurs, chefs, and gourmets.

One of these new acquaintances was Curnonsky, "prince" of French gastronomes, who made sure the young American was invited to all the best food-and-drink gatherings. FINE, a restaurateur at St. Tropez, taught him the wonderful cooking of Provence, and Naomi, a Cordon Bleu cook who answered his advertisement for a daily, taught him French home cooking.

"Ah, the delightful dishes Naomi showed me," he said.

IN THE TEST KITCHEN, in the basement. Robert Carrier's own good food gave him a heavy figure, which he dieted down by two stone, and now he is preparing a book setting out the (decidedly pleasant) diet he developed.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 27, 1965





THE DINING-ROOM in Robert Carrier's home has murals by Ray Alderson. The opaline and silver-gilt chandeliers belong to the 1830s (the same age as the house) and cost £500.

"One specialty was Coq au Vin à la Beaujolaise, a tender chicken sautéed until golden in butter and olive oil with a few lardons of bacon, and with tiny white onions and button mushrooms."

(Lardons are strips of pork fat or green bacon diced and sautéed and added to the dish.)

Lesson in Italy

Robert Carrier learned Italian cooking when he was in Rome hoping for a bit part in the Audrey Hepburn film "Roman Holiday."

"My money was running out, so I moved into a cheaper *pensione*, and met the wonderful Signora Francesca, who was noted for her cooking," he said.

She cooked for him. Then, as his funds dwindled to bedrock, he asked her for simple jobs—cutting up vegetables, stirring saucepans.

"I was a sort of cook's laborer, but learned the patience it takes to make the golden dough for tagliatelle, and the deft skill needed to chop meats finely enough for the stuffings in cannelloni and ravioli."

Bob later got a part in a musical review, with which he toured Italy and Sicily, and was able to try the myriad regional specialties of the Italian cuisine.

He speaks of rice as "ambrosia" and makes you long for enough time to do as the Italians do: "Dribble it through the fingers grain by grain, stirring gently with a

wooden spoon and adding a piece of fresh beef marrow to the butter in which the rice is cooked for Risotto à la Milanaise."

Robert Carrier takes his career seriously. He rises early and works hard through the morning.

First he goes to the local markets and does the day's shopping. Then, back in his testing kitchen, the work of cooking, writing, more cooking, testing, writing goes on.

"I like to start writing as early as possible," he told me, "before the telephones begin to ring."

He has two stalwart helpers in his kitchen, a Greek boy, named Yani, and Rene, a West Indian. In the secretariat he has a typist and a middle-aged literary

man who does research for him into recipes of bygone days.

Rare books

Robert Carrier also collects cookbooks. They line one wall in his London house, and he recently spent £3000 sterling at Sotheby's buying rare cookbooks.

Although he is an American who has adopted England, his third love is, naturally, France.

He loves to relax at his beautiful holiday home at St. Tropez, undisturbed by work, publishers, answering letters, or working out new recipes. Here he goes all Provençal.

In the kitchen on the top floor he cooks for his friends. Around the kitchen is the

terrace where a barbecue is fitted into an old Provençal stove. By cooking *haute cuisine* and serving from colorful Provençal dishes he can entertain large numbers without help.

He says of the food of Provence: "It's the stuff to eat when you want to have fun."

Now he is planning a cookbook which will contain recipes from every important restaurant in France.

Robert Carrier believes that the ease of modern travel is widening culinary horizons.

"In fact," he said, "we find that glamorous dishes are no more complicated than the familiar ones we are so often tempted to fall back upon."

His trip to Australia is part of a long travel program he has planned, to find dishes he can take back and give what he calls "that touch of sophistication that makes eating so pleasurable."

"I want to work hard in a number of different places, learning all there is to know about food and how to cook and enjoy it. That is why I am sure I shall like Australia, the barbecues, life in the outback, and so on. It all sounds fantastic."

In spite of his knowledge of food and his exalted position in the world of cooking, Robert Carrier is modest.

"I do hope my new book will be a success," he said. "You know, a good recipe makes you a friend for life."



Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding . . .
that's why Nestlé's make so many
different infant foods.

You probably did not know that there are ten different Infant and Baby Foods made at Nestlé's. Each for a special feeding need. Your doctor is familiar with them all. For your baby's personal needs he will suggest the infant food that is special for him. Through the years Nestlé's have learned the vital essentials of infant dietary care and have, through their research and experience, filled so many different infant feeding needs.

Lactogen, Liquid Lactogen, Pelargon, Nestogen, Arobon, Nestamel, Maltogen, Nesmida, Strained Baby Foods, Junior Baby Foods.

Babies are very special people—that's why they need very special care



NLS1152-65

Celtic blessings

A FEW months ago readers sent in Irish blessings, so you may like to hear of the greeting given my husband and myself when visiting relatives in north-west Scotland. We were greeted thus: "Joy and happiness come with ye." When we were leaving we were farewelled by each person adding, "May joy and happiness go with ye." A lovely greeting and farewell wish!

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Kelso, Eraring, N.S.W.

THE following Scottish wish was written in my autograph book years ago:

May the best ye've ever seen be the worst ye'll ever see. May the moose ne'er leave your pantry wi' a teardrop in its e'e.

May your lum keep blithely reekin' till you're auld enough to dee.*

May ye aye be just as happy as I wish ye noo tae be.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Hodgson, Padstow, N.S.W.

THIS is what my friends wished me when I left Ireland 12 years ago:

Good luck to you wherever you are!

May Saint Patrick himself be your guiding star,

May your friends be true, your purse be sound,

May blessings come from near and far,

And good health attend you wherever you are.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Nendel, Medina, W.A.

MY father taught me this old Scottish grace as a child:

Some hae meat and canna eat,

And some wad eat that want it.

But we hae meat and we can eat,

And sae the Lord be thankit.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Carryer, Sandy Bay, Tas.

* A reeking lum — a smoking chimney.



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Worlds apart

"IS this a dream world?" think I, reading of ladies choosing between chiffon gowns and hand-crocheted pants for first nights at the theatre. Just a cocky's wife, with a fuel stove to coax and clean, acres of peas to be picked over, boys on horseback to get off to school, and snakes to kill as the necessity arises, I can find no use for harem pyjamas. Oh well, back to the grindstone!

£1/1/- to "Mary" (name supplied), Macksville, N.S.W.

Always an entrant

FOR years and years I have been entering all the competitions within my scope and buying raffle tickets for all local causes. Yet I have NEVER won anything at all. I feel I have to continue despite my lack of success — because of the challenge it gives me, and the feeling of anticipation it gives to ordinary living. Do prizes go to a certain type of folk who are lucky that way, or has anyone kept on like me, and then eventually won something?

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Kelsey, Redcliffe, Qld.

Lonely or ill-matched?

AT a gathering of women, all middle-aged and married, we were discussing the tragedy of lonely elderly spinsters, many of whom had given up their youth to caring for elderly parents. Some of us thought that it would be better to be unhappily married than to be single and lonely when one is old, for there would probably be children to compensate. Others thought it better to be an old maid than to be unhappily married. What are the views of other readers?

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Knowles, Bayswater, W.A.

Help in deafness

A RECENT letter from a lady who had the misfortune to be deaf prompts me to pay a tribute to the work of the Commonwealth Acoustic Laboratory, which has branches in every State. Our youngest child is almost totally deaf, and we certainly could not afford to buy her an aid. However, after tests at the laboratory, we have been lent a hearing aid. The batteries for it are provided free, and the laboratory continues to test the child's hearing at intervals to make any necessary adjustments.

£1/1/- to "Aid" (name supplied), Charters Towers, Qld.

Grandfather's cure

I WAS interested to read the letter headed "Gum-leaf Relief." Quite a few years ago, when my grandfather was alive, he always told us to boil eucalyptus leaves and then drink the water as the best cure he knew for asthma. I couldn't recommend it, not having tried it myself.

£1/1/- to "Non-believer" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

"I save my breath"

FOR 18 years I taught her. She is now attending modelling class and telling me each week about skin care, etc. I listen attentively to what I've been telling her for years. However, there is one difference. Now she listens and pays for it — while I save my breath.

£1/1/- to "Complacent" (name supplied), Blair Athol, S.A.

Bad-language problem

LAST week my six-year-old son came home from school and began swearing. Should I be cross with him or just ignore it? I would like to hear other readers' views.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. C. Butler, Maffra, Vic.

Figure of authority

MY small grandson, aged four, was told by his mother to eat his orange at the kitchen table and not on a lounge chair. He asked me why, and when I told him, "Because Mummy is the boss," he replied, "No she isn't, God is."

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. E. Woodrow, Woody Point, Qld.

A song and a sup

READING the letter "So Like a Husband!" I was reminded of the time when (myself largely anticipating) my lunch guests and I had hurriedly to leave our house, which was threatened by a town fire. My husband, firefighting elsewhere, eventually arrived and asked, "Where's the uke, and what about some lunch?"

£1/1/- to "Browned Off" (name supplied), Riverton, W.A.

DOROTHY DRAIN is on holidays. Her verse will appear again on her return.

Read this true story:



"my 'nerves' were even affecting my health..."

"About 8 months ago I started to feel very nervy and run-down. Everything was too much trouble and even trifles upset me. In the end, my 'nerves' were even affecting my health. My husband and I both knew about Sanatogen, so we decided the sooner I got started on it the better. After even a few weeks of Sanatogen I began to feel a lot better. Then after a full course I felt 100% fit again, and still do. It's certainly a wonderful product."

MRS. I. HEWITT, ALBION.

Sanatogen can help you, too

If you are feeling "nervy", run-down or tense, start on a course of Sanatogen today. After even a week you will begin to respond to its strengthening effect. But this is important; continue on Sanatogen for the full course of eight weeks. For just as it takes time for "nerves" to develop, so it takes time for your body to assimilate the essential protein concentrate and glycerophosphate it contains. However, after a full course of Sanatogen, "nerves", tension, and that "run-down" feeling will have disappeared. You will feel completely well again, able to cope with and enjoy everything that life has to offer.



Sanatogen

an investment in good health

At chemists only: 10/6, 19/6, 37/6

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Ross Campbell writes...

I WAS in the kitchen when Denis, 6, looked in from next door.

"Is your mother home?" he said to me. "My mother said could she lend us some sugar."

When he referred to my mother he meant my wife. In Denis's age-group a married woman is a mother, and that's that.

In the same way Wendy Dodds asked my wife: "Does your father take you to the pictures?", meaning me. (The answer was: "Not often.")

The same line of thinking is extended to famous persons. I have heard it said that the Queen is the Duke of Edinburgh's mother, and that he is the Queen's father.

People do not need children to be a mother or father. As soon as they are married they qualify.

No harm comes from this simple view of family relationships as a rule. But once it caused me embarrassment.

WHO'S WHO?

A couple named Plodworth came to live near us. One of my daughters pointed out to me Mrs. Plodworth, who had grey hair, as "Mr. Plodworth's mother."

Later, I met her and asked how her son was getting on. The conversation that followed was painful.

The mother-father language makes it hard to explain certain things, such as divorce.

I was asked questions about a newspaper picture which showed a movie star with her current husband and two daughters by previous husbands.

My explanation went like this: "No, the lady's father is not the little girl's father. They had different fathers, but the lady got tired of those fathers and she got a new father."

Sooner or later, children become acquainted with the terms "wife"

and "husband." They don't usually like them.

I saw it happen once at a wedding. When the bride and groom came out after the ceremony a girl onlooker said: "Is he her father now?" Her elder sister replied: "Don't be silly. He's her husband."

The little girl repeated the word "husband" and laughed. She found it ridiculous, and I am inclined to agree.

A man never gets used to being called a husband. I don't think a woman enjoys being called a wife, either. Certainly she hates to be called a housewife.

It might be pleasanter to use the juvenile terms and treat the whole thing as a game of mothers and fathers. "Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded mother?" "I do."

One local broadcaster has practically come round to this. She addresses her audience as "Mums and Dads," and gets away with it.

*In a word, this
St. Mark
nightie value is
shattering!*

25/11 EA.

Slightly higher some country areas

We're used to unusually fine value at Woolworths, but even we were staggered at the low price tag on these luxurious nighties of filmy soft Luxalon . . . for here is the same styling (many with expensive overlays), the same extravagant trimmings, the same fine finish as nighties costing upwards of 39/11 elsewhere. Hosts of delicate colours, many styles. All one joyful low price. SSW to OS.



WOOLWORTHS



Money back cheerfully unless completely satisfied.

VARIETY STORES & SUPERMARKETS

THE STONE FARMHOUSE

A poem from Tasmania



• "Woodburn," Mangalore, Tas., where the writer lived for some time.

NOW I am all alone—the country stillness
Soothes, like a benediction, my tired mind.
Dear old stone house, whose eyes look to the mountains,
Your ruggedness and mine are of a kind.
"You must be lonely here," they scoffed, "too lonely.
Oil lamps and ghosts and snowy winter nights
Are not for you, a woman of the city"—
How can they understand my new delights?

Lonely? With house and garden, lambs and chickens,
The homely, fragrant round of country days?
Snowbound? My cats and books make good companions,
Snug by the kitchen stove, where gum-logs blaze.
My gentle ghost belongs to lamps and hoop-skirts,
Colonial heroine of long ago,
I feel her near me in the spacious farmhouse,
She walks the garden where her flowers still grow.
The flagstoned kitchen, worn by many footsteps,
Was scrubbed by busy hands that still found time
In between babies, cooking, sewing, farm chores,
To plant spring bulbs and coax a rose to climb
In bridal garlands over the veranda.
Violets she planted, and forget-me-nots,
Lilacs and jasmine from an English garden,
Apple trees grown from seeds in little pots.

By sailing-ship and bullock-dray she journeyed,
Bore children in the wilderness, alone;
High in the blue bushranger-haunted mountains,
From a small cabin, grew a house of stone.
Her willow plates, her tinkly old piano,
Her patchwork quilt, lined with her wedding dress,
I treasure still, and feel a sweet communion
With Lydia, my gentle ancestress.
And sometimes, when I climb the cedar staircase,
Her pink-flowered lamp lighting me up to bed,
I hear a silken rustling, smell her perfume,
Catch one brief glimpse of her fair, braided head.

Frogs chant and curlews cry in moonlit paddocks
(Sounds every homesick countrywoman knows);
Did Lydia feel — as I feel — that this old house
Spreads strong, warm arms to hold me, loved and close?

—NOEL RAIT



**make yours
the hair he loves...**

Always... your hair soft as a kiss
...yet held flawlessly in place.
Never sticky or stiff, only crystal clear
Helene Curtis "Spray Net"
gives touchable hair.
"Spray Net" holds through
a crowded day into an
exciting evening.
So when he caresses
your hair it falls
softly, perfectly back
into place.
You only know
"Spray Net" is there
by the way it holds
your hair.
He only knows
you're always so
wonderful to touch.



Be the girl
with the touchable hair with
New Helene Curtis "Spray Net"
The world's largest-selling hair spray.
Regular or new hard-to-hold formulations,
soft hold for casual styles. All from 9/11

New concentrated "Spray Net" outlasts all other hair sprays

1100/68

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more happy ideas from

Addis

Over 100 of the very best things for you and your home are made by Addis. Addis gives you special care in design, more glamour, longest-lasting quality. Be happy — buy Addis.



THIS IS FUN!

The Capri bath-brush has shake-dry nylon bristles. Pink, blue, green, primrose, sophisticated black, 11/-



PRETTY DISGUISE

Toilet brush hides inside a pretty plastic bell. Brush can't drip, flash-dries, bristles stay firm and hygienic. In ten charming colour combinations. Set, 21/9.



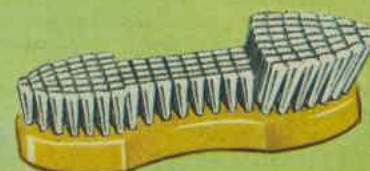
STIMULATING

Set your skin a-glowing with an Addis 'Stimulating' bath brush. Bristles are bouncy nylon, brush has extra-long handle with detachable head, 21/6. Addis 'Grippy' nail brush for spick and span nails, 3/-



FOR HOT OR COLD

Unbreakable drinking beakers. 6 gay colours, 6/6 set.



A SUPER SCRUB-BRUSH

Nylon tufts keep bath, tiles, spotless. 8/6.

HIGHLIGHTS from the PARIS AUTUMN COLLECTIONS

Later, the designs,
here and overleaf,
will be available
through our Vogue
pattern service.

● Short white crepe evening dress (below) has easy-fit lines and a "strangle" neckline. Guy Laroche design.

● St. Laurent's stark shift (right) features a modern art design in jersey. It is worn under a straight coat.



PLANNED ELEGANCE, often portrayed in a matched ensemble, is one of the best fashions to come out of the Paris autumn collections. The ensemble can be a dress and jacket or dress and coat.

The chic autumn coat has skinny lines and easy raglan sleeves. A suit jacket can be belted or beltless.

A shift-like silhouette was again big news. The shift can be soft and easy or crisp and stark. St. Laurent triumphed with his stark shift, where color is mixed with more color in shapes taken from modern French paintings.

Skirts in all collections remained short, often ultra short.

Paris showed a new neckline labelled "strangle." It is high and turtle-shaped. The "strangle" is seen mostly after twilight and is allied with a bodice-top that bares the shoulders.

A bow was the most-seen trim.

The hood, in fur, fabric, and feathers, often replaced hats.

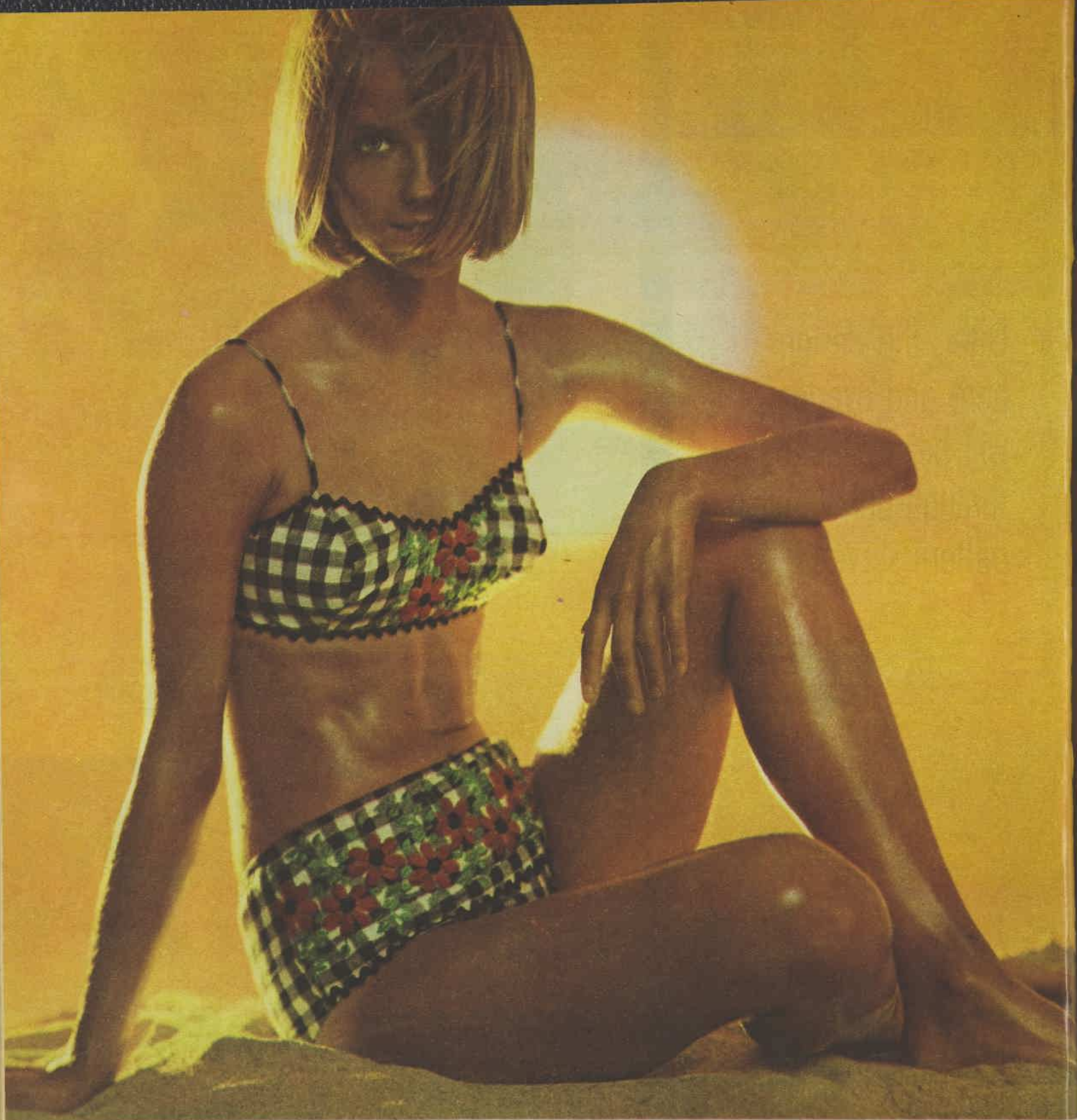
Black and white, grey, red, and vivid green were the most-seen day colors. Pure white and pure black come out at night.

In autumn fashions, short-skirted evening dress was newer than a skirt dropped to ankle or floor.

— BETTY KEEP

● Green tweed dress and jacket ensemble from Lanvin (right). The jacket is short, with softly rounded fronts. The dress has a self belt tying in a bow low on the hipline.





COL 1311

The Great Cole Scandal Suit Story

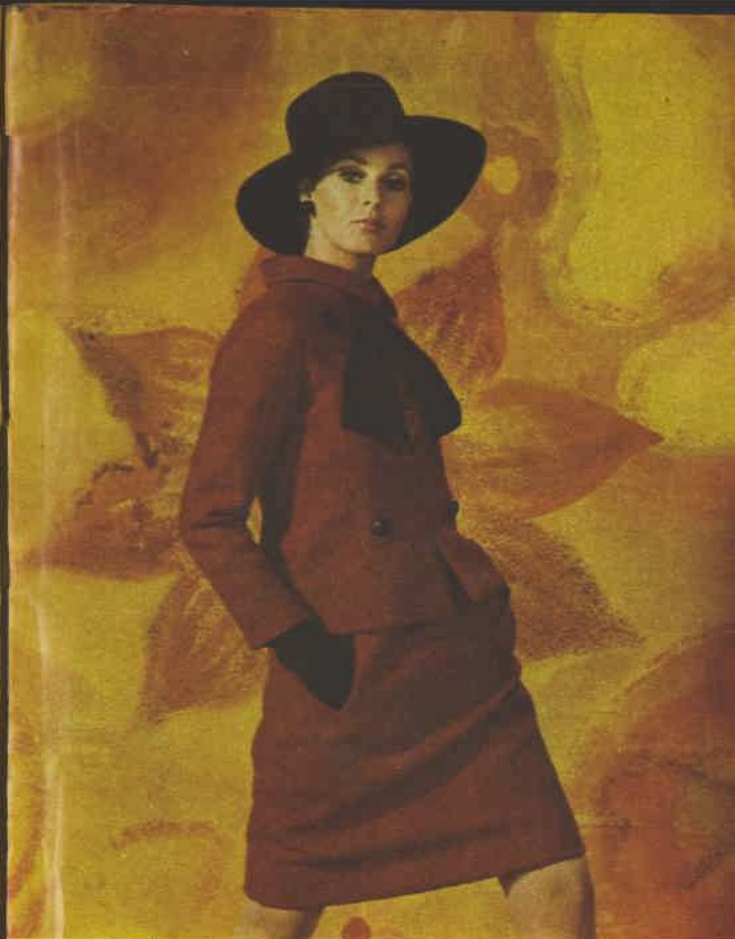
Brilliant red daisies are a scandalous scorch of colour around your hips. Black adds a courageous edge, and you're in 'Checkerboard', just one of the brave but not bare Cole of California collection of sun fashions.

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Cole have collected imported Dan River cottons for sundresses, for tiny bikinis with matching cover-ups, and nylon and Lycra for swimsuits that dare you to be courageous.

'Checkerboard'. £5.19.11

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 27, 1965



**More highlights
from the Paris
autumn collections**

● Christian Dior's dark red tweed suit (left), worn with a wide-brimmed black felt hat and black accessories. The unbelted jacket is finished with an artist's bow; the skirt has pockets in the side seams.

● Dark grey flannel one-piece dress (above) from the Nina Ricci autumn collection. In direct contrast to the semi-fit shift, the design hugs and flatters the figure. The dress is finished with a side-slanted bow.



● Pearl grey gabardine coat from Christian Dior (left) has the new raglan sleeve. The straight, slender lines of the design narrow to the knee. Note the hood; it's a new Paris accessory.

● Black and white speckled tweed suit (above), with wide black suede belt slotted through the short, double-breasted jacket. The skirt is straight. The hat is in black suede.

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● This week's fashion mail included many design requests suitable for formal occasions. I chose two queries to answer. One is from a bride-to-be in Melbourne, and the other from a young woman wishing to make a full-length evening dress.

HERE is part of the Melbourne reader's letter:

"Could you let me have a design and pattern for a short evening dress and

matching jacket? The material I have chosen is brocade, and the occasion is a small family wedding. I am the bride-to-be. My size is 34in. bust."

Illustrated below is the design I suggest. The dress has an easy skirt, gathered to a fitted bodice at the waistline; the bodice is finished with shoestring straps. The jacket is semi-fitted and has a notched collar. The ensemble is a

special Vogue couturier design by Michael of London. Under the illustration is the price of the pattern, with other details.

Here is part of the letter from the reader who wants a design for a chiffon evening dress:

"I PAINTED MY KITCHEN WITHIN TWO HOURS!"

"With Electromiser, painting's just as easy as using a hair-spray. Plug-in to any household power-point, press the trigger and Electromiser does the painting—big areas in no time—walls, ceilings, cupboards. With Electromiser there's no paint to spill — it's clean work! Fun, too!"

Electromiser can paint a house in a single week-end! And Electromiser has other household and garden uses. Just as effective with insecticides, weed killer, garden sprays.



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1/3 CHEAPER

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Department
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(Power Tools Dept.)
Carries a full
90-day warranty.

Electromiser's just won't dent when it comes to painting hard-to-get at places. Places like wall-light surrounds, lattice-work, etc. No experience necessary to turn in a professional looking job with Electromiser. Light, easy to use. Electromiser can do 101 different jobs — and all for the price of one!

Whatever your spraying job, Electromiser will do it quickly, efficiently, economically. Sturdily built, Electromiser will give many years of faithful service, requiring but little care and maintenance.

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PRICE OF
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PAINT
ELECTRICALLY!



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1437.— Dress and jacket in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18. Vogue couture design, price 14/- includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

"Could you help me with a pattern for a chiffon evening frock — just something soft and pretty? I intend beading the bodice and have a criss-cross motif to follow. My size is 14."

The evening dress I have chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated at far right. The soft blouson bodice is joined to a full skirt. The beading is optional (and the beading transfer is not available). If you wish to order the pattern, full details are given beside the illustration.

"I have lots of clothes, but nothing in my wardrobe seems to match. Would it be possible to give me some hints about establishing a better wardrobe plan?"

A well-balanced wardrobe depends on a woman's occupation (this includes housewife and mother), what becomes her type, and her main activities. List your main activities, and have one only outfit for each occasion. Make this a long-term project. Buy what you can afford now, and save and plan for the others in the near future.

"I have bought myself a beautiful white leather coat and now can't decide the correct color for the shoes to go with it."

Consider black shoes, because black and white is very new this season. Or you might do as Paris does and team your coat with white leather boots.

"Should I wear a large or small hat to a 6 p.m. wedding?"

A small hat would be best. A cap of blossoms would be a pretty choice.

"I am 5ft. 11in. tall, and, as I am always taller than my escort, I wondered if I could wear low heels with formal clothes."

Shoes with a tiny heel, and this includes those designed for evening wear, are very much in fashion.

"I have developed small pads of fat on my waist. Can you suggest a dress to camouflage this?"

A figure-skimming shift. But how about some exercises to help remove the pads?

"Could you advise me about clothes to wear to a 5 p.m. wedding? Would a linen suit be correct, or should I wear a dressier outfit? I would also like to know if colored or white accessories are smart and if a hat is necessary."

In my opinion — but it does depend largely on the formality of the wedding — the correct choice is a cocktail dress. This can be interpreted as a short dress made in flowery silk, chiffon, or perhaps lace. Don't wear a hat, but do wear some type of hair arrangement. A bow or a bow finished with a flower or ornament is currently popular. Whatever your material and color choice happen to be, wear pale beige shoes, hand-

bag, and gloves — leave white accessories to the bride.

"What type of trousers would look best on a dumpy figure?"

In my opinion, a woman with a dumpy figure should not wear trousers of any type.

"What do you consider the best type of shoes to disguise large feet?"

A plain court shoe will help to make large feet less conspicuous.

"I seem to have a lot of drab colors in my wardrobe — they mainly consist of beige, grey, and brown. Would you suggest some lighter colors to combine with these shades to give a brighter look for the new season?"

Chalk-white will give a wonderful lift to the colors you mention. For instance, a white pique cravat, collar, or jabot can just work miracles. Pink is another color you might consider as an accent. It is a terrific flatterer for neutral

colors. Red is again appearing as a high-fashion color and it combines well with grey or beige. Don't wear red with brown.

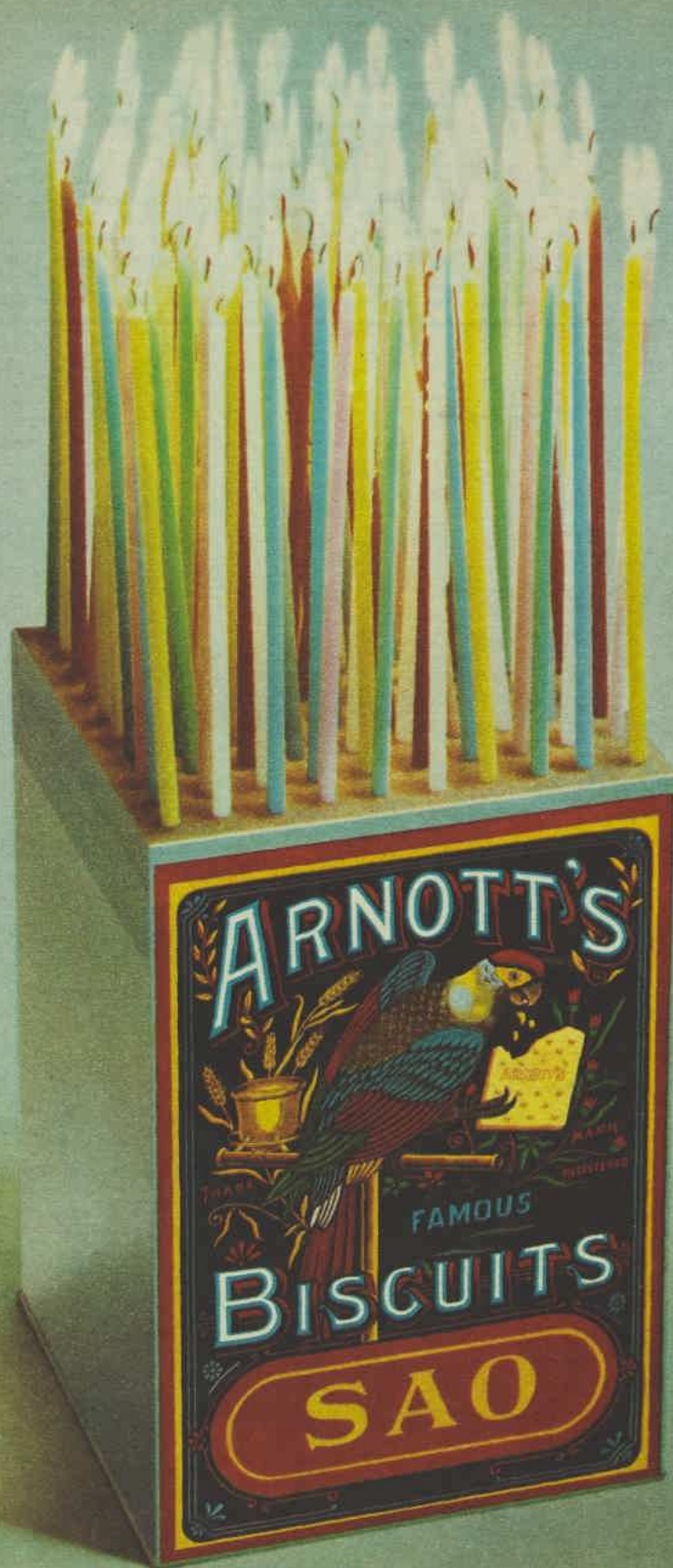
6315. — Floor-length evening dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust. Vogue pattern 6315, the price 8/6 includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



He may not know the name of the things that keep him happy all day. But you do: Johnson's.

1. Johnson's Baby Powder absorbs moisture, keeps skin cool and fresh after a bath.
2. Johnson's Baby Oil helps prevent cradle cap, stops sensitive skin area from drying.
3. Johnson's Baby Cream softens and soothes — is medicated to help prevent nappy rash.
4. Johnson's Cotton Buds clean a baby's ear, his eye corner, his nose — and between his toes.
5. Johnson's Baby Shampoo gets hair singing-clean, but does it without stinging or burning eyes.
6. Johnson's Baby Soap has the special mildness a baby's skin needs — lathers quickly, rinses easily.

Johnson & Johnson



It's Arnott's 100th Birthday

Our story begins in the Spring of 1865 when young William Arnott opened a bakery in Hunter Street, Newcastle, N.S.W. He baked cakes, pasties, bread and biscuits for the townspeople, and ship's biscuits for vessels calling at the port for coal and supplies.

This was the humble beginning of Arnott's.

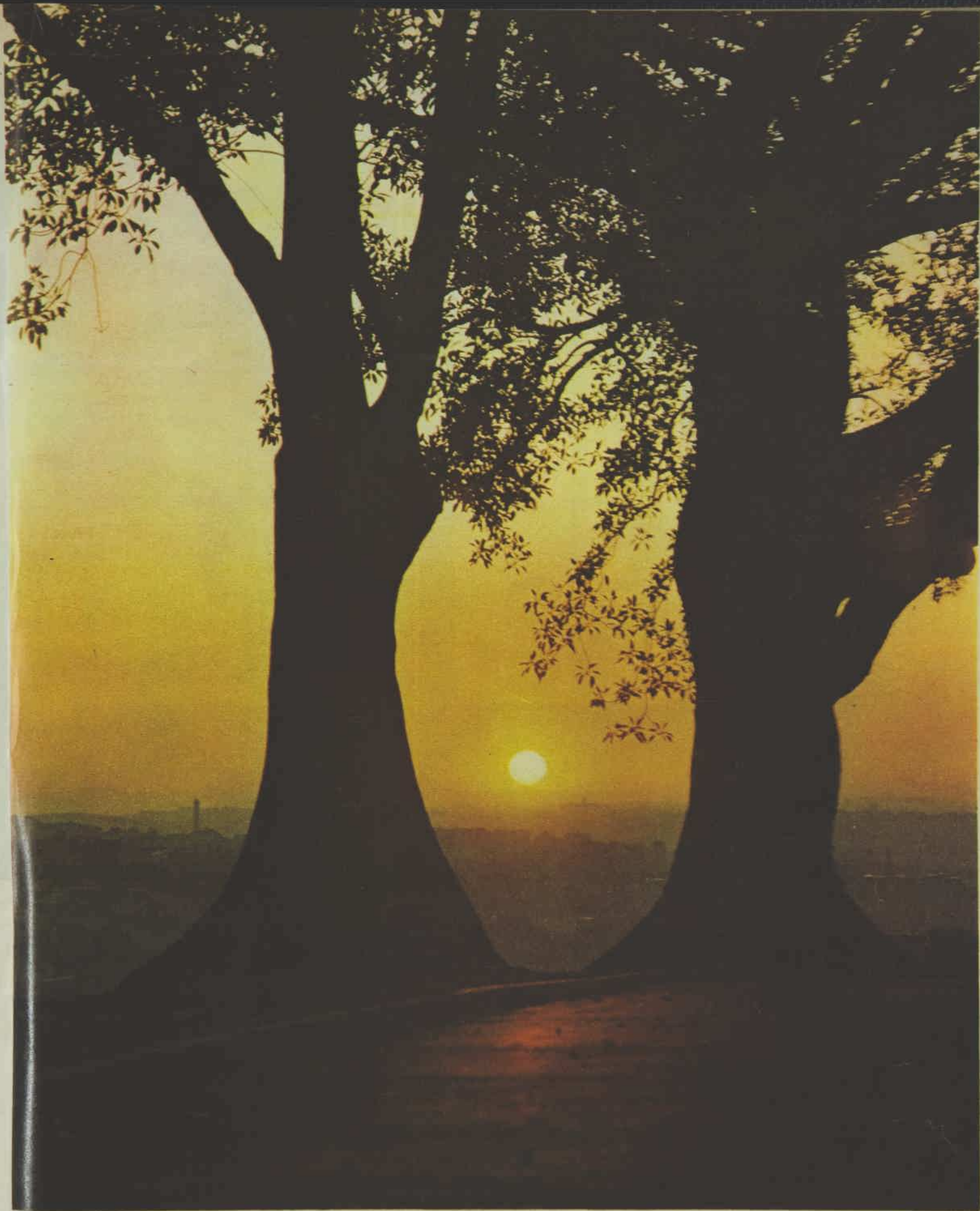
The reputation of William Arnott's wares spread rapidly until they were sought after all over New South Wales —

especially his tasty biscuits. Today, Arnott's biscuits, with all their wide variety, are famous throughout Australia and beyond.

The standards of quality sought by William Arnott one hundred years ago still guide our endeavours today.

On this occasion we would like to thank the many people who have helped us as we have grown, and those who maintain and carry forward with modern techniques, our founder's ideals.

There is no Substitute for Quality



CITY BY SUNSET

Picture by Mr. Eric Ray, of Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 27, 1965

FRAMED between the old trunks of Moreton Bay figs on Observatory Hill, Sydney, a languid, haze-softened sun lowers itself quietly over Balmain and Darling Harbor in the magic hour of sunset . . . and at the same time, only 100 yards from where this photograph was taken, the mounting roar of homebound traffic gathers force as the peak-hour rush opens out across the Sydney Harbor Bridge.

**BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA**



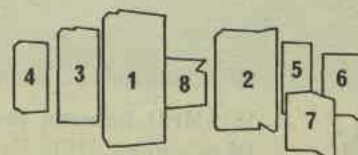
Frigidaire premiere (you've never had a better choice)

Fifty million products manufactured in 50 years.

Now, in '66 Frigidaire brings new glamour to its already famous refrigerators - with a comprehensive line of beautiful, feature-full models from 3 to 14.5 cu. ft.! Refrigerators, true combination two door freezer-refrigerators and food freezers. Choose from manual, push button and Cyclamatic* defrosts. You've never had a better choice. See Frigidaire's new styling, better features, including the exclusive "Flip-quick Ice Ejector", and quality workmanship in this all-new Frigidaire line. Check prices and sum up values. You'll see why this is the world's best-selling brand . . . why you needn't look further than Frigidaire—a product of General Motors Holdens.



FRIGIDAIRE
The world's most wanted appliance



1. Custom Deluxe Two Door Cold Pantry '14'

Model CDC 146. A true combination refrigerator-freezer because each compartment is refrigerated separately! An advanced concept in style and design for '66. Frigidaire offers you a colour choice of Aztec Copper (illustrated), Sunny Yellow, Mayfair Pink, as well as Snowcrest White. Features! Everything, from automatic Cyclamatic* defrost, a "Flip-quick" Ice Ejector, to a heated butter compartment. These are just a few. For dependable long-term frozen food storage there's the full-width 100 lb. freezer . . . and for day-to-day use there's a meat tender with capacity of 10½ lbs. The Cold Pantry '14' will give you beauty and elegance . . . a lasting source of pride in your home.



of all new '66 models -you'll never make a wiser one!)

2. Custom Deluxe Cyclamatic® Freezer-refrigerator

Model CDC 126. The ideal larger family refrigerator, quality made to give a lifetime of service with completely automatic defrosting; this 12 cu.ft. model includes ample frozen food storage, heated butter compartment, gliding Hydrator for fruit and vegetables, "Flip-quick" Ice Ejector, magnetic door seal, acid-resistant porcelain enamel finish inside.

3. Deluxe Press-button Defrost Refrigerator

Model DX 126. Another big family-style refrigerator. Giant 12.1 cu.ft. capacity—and it

defrosts at the press of a button. Has all the other great Frigidaire features for '66 including magnetic door seal, 10½ lb. meat tender, full width gliding Hydrator for fruit and vegetables, four full width storage shelves.

4. Deluxe 10 Press-button Defrost Refrigerator

Model DX 106. The most popular of all family sizes with ample capacity for all kinds of foods. Gives you additional features like 10½ lb. meat tender, chill drawer for flat meat cuts, four full-width door storage shelves, gliding Hydrator for fruit and vegetables, acid-resistant porcelain enamel interior, durable baked-on enamel exterior.

5. Super 10 Press-button Defrost Refrigerator

Model SX 106. Another popular family-size 10 cu.ft. model. Amongst a host of features you'll find a full-width freezer, that will hold up to 35 lb. of frozen food, a gliding Hydrator for fruit and vegetables, chill drawer for 10½ lb. of flat meat cuts, three full-width shelves and one half shelf, magnetic door seal and acid-resistant porcelain enamel interior.

6. Super 9 Refrigerator

Model S 96. Here's a compact model with loads of storage space. Full-width food freezer, chill drawer for 10½ lb. flat meat cuts, generous shelf space for everything, magnetic door seal,

acid-resistant porcelain enamel interior finish, durable baked-on exterior finish.

7. Super 3 Refrigerator

Model ME 34. A winner for the small flat, the den, ideal for storing drinks. Over 3 cu.ft. capacity and it's all usable space. Full-width freezer, door shelves, magnetic door seal, spacious shelf area . . . and much more.

8. Chest type Food Freezer

Model HF 130. Huge 446 lb. capacity . . . keeps frozen food safe and helps with your budget. Reach-in fingertip storage, two slide-aside storage baskets, magnetic seal lid. Also available to fit in vertical spaces is the 10 cu. ft. upright model UF 105.



If you're losing touch... Use your head.

If he looks around just a little too long.

If he arrives just those few minutes late.

If he doesn't comment on your hair any more, it's time you took time off for NEW STEINER STARCOL.

The moment you gently lather Steiner Starcol into a subtly perfumed foam, you'll start getting back in touch. Minutes later, when you rinse your hair, the colour will be there—lustrous and natural.

Starcol tones your hair to your own full colour or darkens it to a positive richness. There's no mousey in-between with Starcol colours. Colours like deep blue, blue black, black (the blackest), mid brown, light brown, dark brown and shimmering sheer copper.

So next time he seems a little remote, out of touch, use every hair on your beautiful head.

Starcol Permanent Hair Colouriser 13/6

Steiner



Carrie

By IRENA DICKMAN

THE Demonceaux house had been built in the Victorian age, its towers and cupolas and lion-topped gateposts doing justice, if not mercy, to the florid architecture of the period. It had stood in its own park then and carriages had spanked up the long golden-gravelled drive, and there had been ponies for Demonceaux children to ride.

But that was a long time ago. The parkland had been sold, and little slummy houses crept up to the walls of the house like a dirty, encroaching tide. It looked ridiculous now, knee-deep in two-up and two-down Jerry buildings, like an outmoded old lady in old-fashioned clothes, ignoring the peerings of rude little boys.

Gerald Demonceaux did not think the house ridiculous. He loved it because it was his family home and, most of all, because it was Victorian. Gerald cultivated all things Victorian, a man born too late, out of the time that would have suited him best.

Perhaps it was because he had disliked his father — it had been mutual — and so had clung to his grandfather, who embodied that age of great security and male dominance.

Sometimes, secretly, when the maid had gone home, all alone in the house he loved, he would put on a Victorian velvet smoking jacket with a quilted silk lining, and a velvet smoking cap to match, playing at being a Victorian, within those Victorian walls.

Once a boy — one of the Cannon Street children — had climbed up and looked in the window and had fallen down, hooting and shrieking with laughter, and the boys had run after Gerald, cat-calling for a long time afterwards every time he went out, which wasn't very often.

They were the terror of his life, those boys, screaming names at him, breaking his windows, putting rats in his letterbox. They called him a crazy old man, but he knew that he was neither old nor crazy. Eccentric, perhaps, by his own studied design. His family didn't bother him if they thought him to be eccentric: and 55 could hardly be called old, in anybody's language.

No, he didn't go out much, but one evening, after weeks inside the house, he went out and married a woman he had never seen before. It happened because he was a gentleman.

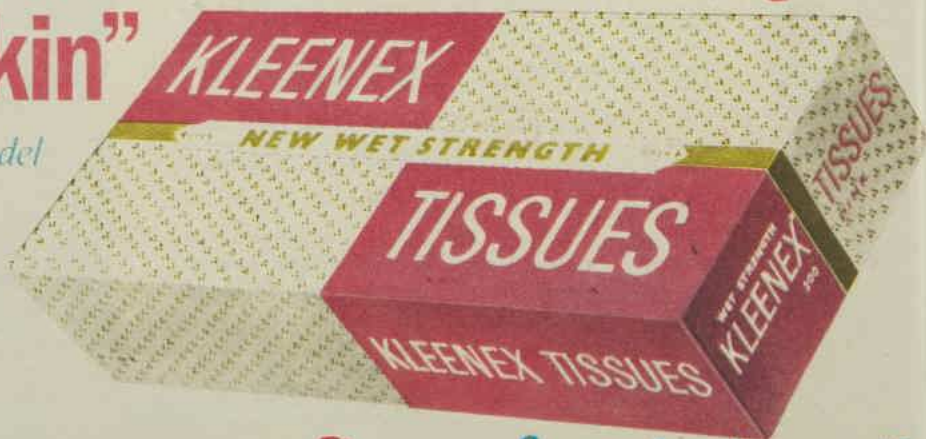
To page 80

*Gerald Demonceaux chivalrously escorted
Carrie Sheen along the dimly lit street.*



"I use Kleenex tissues because they're so kind to my skin"

says Suzanne de la Motte top fashion model



Only Kleenex tissues have super softness & wet strength

KK 158 In pink, yellow, aqua, lilac, white. Pocket pack, 100's, 200's, 300's.

*Registered Trade Mark Kimberly-Clark Corp.
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 27, 1965

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

A dramatic short novel

By G. M. GLASKIN

They were ready for hardships on the way but their plight became desperate as they faced the prospect of being lost in a seemingly never-ending desert

ILLUSTRATED
BY MILLS

WHEN an end to the road confronted them once more, they both thought it was only the end of their patience they had come to as well. It would still be some time before either of them realised they had come almost to the end of their endurance.

He pulled up the station wagon at what seemed to be the same incredible disappearance of the road into an infinity of bush. They still referred to it as "bush" from their city environment, although it was very nearly desert. On the map it was designated "Cattle Country" with cattle-stations marked here and there, anything from 20 to 50 miles or more apart.

The huge tract of desert was not supposed to start until another 50 miles or so farther to the south, and, so far as they knew, they had kept to the road — or track, rather — also dotted on the map to lead to the next township, still nearly a hundred miles away. But in this enormous country a hundred miles was equivalent to only a mile in the city. And the city was nearly a thousand miles away.

"There can't be all this much of Australia to get lost in," he said, more to cheer her up than to say anything hopeful. He was beginning to think that

To page 54

Every week Hoover Keymatic saves you enough hot water for five baths!



Hoover Keymatic uses less hot water than any other automatic washer. Tests carried out by an independent test organisation prove this. With a Keymatic doing the weekly wash, you save enough hot water for five hot baths. With the average automatic washer, every week these five hot baths go down the drain. And with some automatics, every drop of water in your hot water service is gobbled up! But not with Keymatic — it's the hot water miser.

Week after week, precious gallons stay in your hot water service — and a tidy sum of money stays in your purse every washday. Hoover's greater efficiency gives you a cleaner wash *and* lets you save on hot and cold water. And with a special easy-to-operate suds saver, you even save on washing powders. Month after month, you keep saving money with Keymatic — simply because it costs less to run.



The Only Automatic with Two Entirely

1. Vigorous washing action. You could really pour oil on your husband's best shirt — if you had a Keymatic! Its exclusive washing action has extra washing power, gets almost impossibly dirty washes spotless. And Keymatic deep-rinses, gives you the cleanest and safest rinses of all.



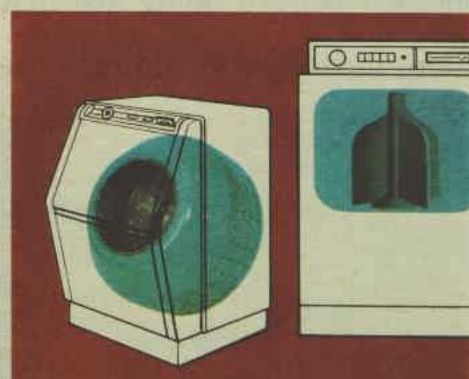
Different Washing Actions.

2. Gentle washing action. Keymatic's gentle washing action can actually wash a rose without harming the petals — proof that your most delicate garments are safe in Keymatic. Keymatic eases out soil with the same gentle care as hand washing, then spins dry—drier than any other automatic.



No other leading automatic washes more.

An actual test at an independent testing centre proved that Keymatic washes 21 dresses spotless in *one load*. Other leading automatics may look bigger — but they can't wash more than compact Keymatic! Independent tests also found Keymatic the easiest automatic to use. One simple control—the unique Keyplate. No settings—no dials—no dramas! Eight different wash programmes on the Keyplate take perfect care of every fabric.



Keymatic is big inside — where it counts. Other machines look bigger than Keymatic — but Keymatic is big inside — where it should be. Look into a Keymatic. You'll find a unique tilted tub and recessed pulsator that actually gives you *more* washing space where you need it — inside the tub. There's so many advantages with Keymatic: it has its own heater, is simple to install, moves on casters and saves space. And the big advantage... it's made dependable and durable by Hoover — makers of the world famous Hoover vacuum cleaners.

Hoover Keymatic

FULLY AUTOMATIC WASHER



Act of Rebellion

By AUDRIE MANLEY-TUCKER

THE day began badly; squally, with puffs of rain blown through the wind, and a sulky sky. Elinor, sweeping up the broken pieces of a wedding-present cup, reflected that there was nothing like a dull, blustery day for rubbing the bloom from a six-month-old marriage.

David came downstairs, yawning, and hid himself behind the morning paper. Elinor counted slowly up to ten.

"I'll make your birthday cake today," she said with determined cheerfulness.

"Um?" He appeared from behind the newspaper.

"Your cake, darling. It's your birthday next week."

"Twenty-eight." He looked at her wryly.

"Don't you think I'm a bit old for that sort of thing?"

"Everyone has a cake — iced and decorated. It's a Kenley family tradition, isn't it?"

His mother would bake it if she didn't, Elinor thought bitterly. If only there was just one thing that Mrs. Kenley did not do efficiently.

"I've got a new recipe I thought I'd try," she said brightly.

"You don't hit it off too well with the electric cooker," he pointed out.

"Not yet, but I'm learning. I was brought up on an old-fashioned gas cooker, remember. I knew all its tricks and temperament. I didn't bargain for an all-electric flat when we got married."

The flat his mother had heard about, of course. The cooker was a present from her. So was the big, glossy cookery book that arrived with it.

"As a matter of fact," David said casually, "I've got the cake recipe. Mother gave it to me last week, said you might be needing it."

That was all she needed. The small red glow of resentment became a flame.

"I'll be using my own recipe."

"This is the family recipe," he replied with a finality that suggested the matter was settled.

"I don't care what recipe it is! I'm going to bake my own cake from my own recipe! No one can cook like your mother, run committees, or arrange flowers the way she does, and everyone from your father downwards thinks she's utterly wonderful, but—"

He stood up and frowned down at her from his six foot two inches.

She knew she was being childish and that didn't help at all.

She was an uncertain cook, the hem on her dining-room curtains was slightly crooked, and she couldn't mend a fuse. But she loved David to distraction and was haunted by an image of perfection that made her feel totally inadequate.

"Please yourself," he said coldly.

"Oh!" she raged. "If I make it my way, you'll eat it with a long-suffering air and damn it with a faint praise! Why don't you let your mother make it for you?"

"Good heavens, what's the matter with you this morning?" he exploded. "My mother was thoughtful enough to dig out the recipe for you!"

"You mean she thought I didn't know how to make a cake!"

To page 46

"Why doesn't your mother make the cake?" Elinor asked David.

FOUND

the secret
of
true whiteness



Fab has a new high-energy detergent formula which works without let-up till all your whites are whiter . . . makes them look like new again. New Fab holds the secret of true whiteness and puts the proof right on the line. Buy it—see for yourself.

U198A





Six-thirty

With mixed feelings, both girls
waited as time passed on . . .
an appealing short short story

By JEAN COOPER

THE girl put down her yellow umbrella as she came under the awning, and she shook it discreetly, being careful not to splatter me. "Goll-ee, it's wet," she said.

"Do you mind if I wait near you? Mum worries when I wait alone at night. She always tells me to stand near a woman . . . a respectable woman." She smiled, showing perfect teeth. "I guess you qualify." Her glance took in my conservative fawn mackintosh and brown umbrella, the undoubted respectability of my 29 years.

She glanced at her watch. "I'm waiting for my fiancé. I always wait for him here on McWhirter's corner. He can't come before six-thirty. I just window-shop until he arrives, then we have a sandwich and coffee at Nick's and go on to a film. We're seeing 'Joy in the Morning' tonight. Have you seen it?"

I shook my head. "Not yet," I said. "My—my friend is terribly busy just now. He has to work nearly every night."

"I know. It's dreadful, isn't it?" the girl sympathised. "Sometimes my fiancé has to work back. Not that I expect to see him every night," she explained "but it's such a long day for him, poor dear."

She turned to the brightly lit window and stared at the display of kitchenware. The flashing neons made kaleidoscopic patterns on her glistening yellow raincoat. She pushed a wet strand of hair from her eyes.

I peered dejectedly up and down Brunswick Street, across to Wickham Street.

"Just look!" the girl said. "The very canister set I'm wanting. There . . . that turquoise one. I'm going to have a turquoise-and-white kitchen. We've even seen floor tiles to match, and I'm telling everyone at home so that they'll give me things to match. Mum and Auntie Dolly — do you know what they are actually doing? Crocheting around tea-towels for me. Imagine that."

"They are so thrilled about helping me get my things together. Auntie Dolly is wonderful. Yesterday she made a checked breakfast cloth with pockets in the opposite corners, and a napkin in each pocket. I love it," she said simply.

I glanced at the clock over the tram control tower at the corner of Brunswick Street. Six-twenty. Ten more minutes, I told myself. Ten minutes, then, if he doesn't come, I'll go home. Not to be disappointed if he does not come, I reminded myself. You have no way of knowing that he will go home this way today. It's just a hunch, a nagging need for reassurance. Five days and nights now, and no word at all from him, not even a phone call.

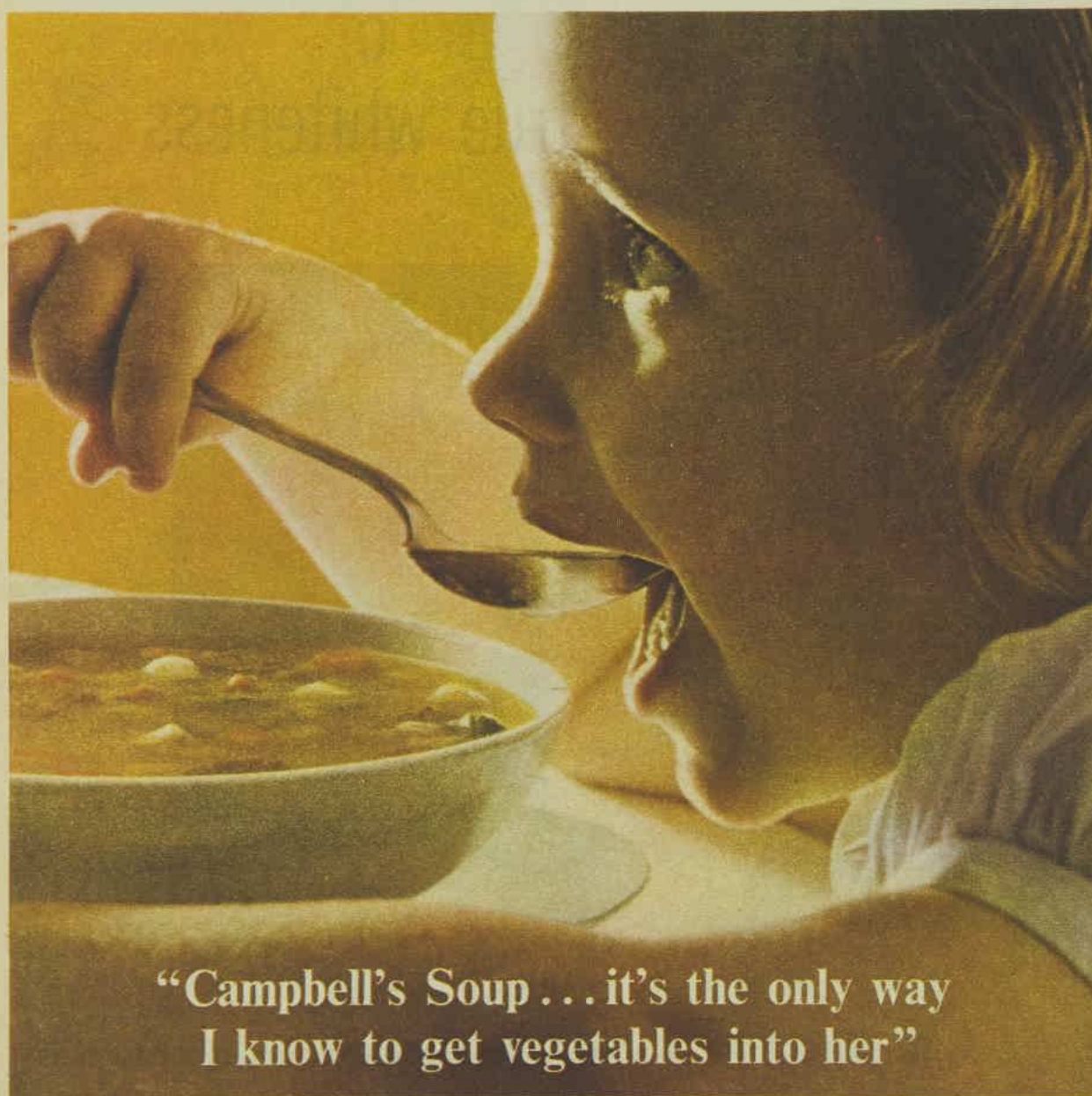
"You waiting for someone, too?" the girl asked.

"My—friend. Six-thirty," I said. No longer than six-thirty, definitely not a minute longer. I looked again down Wickham Street, up Brunswick Street, peering through the slanting rain and the reflection of the neons, eliminating that tall man, and that one and that one.

Twenty minutes' wait tonight, a mere atom of time compared to the hours I have waited for him in the past two years; waiting for him to say he loves me; waiting for him to realise I love him; waiting for him to come, to phone. Nine minutes now. I can afford nine more minutes.

"I want some of those anodised patty tins," the girl said.

"Mum says they last a lifetime. Imagine that. I'll have them when we celebrate our golden wedding. Maybe I'll get a set at my shower tea. Julie, that's my friend, she's going to be my bridesmaid; and she's giving a shower tea for me. She has it all planned and the wedding's not even decided yet."



"Campbell's Soup . . . it's the only way
I know to get vegetables into her"

Mothers often say this with Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup in mind. If you have any reluctant vegetable-eaters in your family up to the age of 80 or so, serve this soup and watch it disappear. Six wholesome vegetables, tender chunks of beef, nourishing beef broth...soup *this* good just has to be Campbell's!

Campbell's Soups

made to a recipe—not just a price!



Also try Vegetable and Chicken Vegetable soups

*Reg'd trade mark

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 27, 1965

The girl hugged herself in a shiver of anticipation.

"You planning?" she asked. "I mean, are you engaged or anything? To your friend, I mean, the one you're waiting for?"

"Soon," I lied. "Quite soon now."

Double her joy, I told myself. You will halve it if you tell her you are in love with a perennial bachelor and that you have waited two years for him, and for five whole days you haven't had even a phone call from him.

"Gee, that's wonderful," said the girl.

She fingered her ring unconsciously. "We've been engaged a fortnight. Mum and Aunt Dolly are wonderful, all the things they are doing for me. We're having lilac and green in the bedroom, turquoise in the kitchen. We haven't decided about the rest of the house yet. What colors do you like?"

"Well, I . . ."

"Let me guess," said the girl. She screwed up her eyes, pretending to be psychic and her happy mouth quirked into a smile. "Blue," she said. "That would be your color. Wedgwood-blue for utility things and greeny-blue p'raps in the bedroom. Right?"

"Right. How did you know?"

"I just know," she said wisely. "Mum says I've always loved colors. Do you know what I like doing? Sitting in a bus, say, and right opposite is a girl or a woman in awful clothes. Well, I pretend I'm in charge of re-outfitting her. I start by choosing a color, then a style; shoes, hat, bag, the lot, and before you know it she's practically a Dior model she looks so nice. In my imagination that is," said the girl wryly.

"Me," I said. "What would you do with me?" I was utterly tired of quiet colors, conservative styles. I longed suddenly to be young and vibrant and in love like this girl.

"Clear blue," said the girl instantly. "I'd put you in a bright blue raincoat with a very white umbrella. No hat. Just let your hair blow. It's pretty, what I can see of it. Take off your hat."

Take it off, I told myself. The Brunswick Street clock showed the hands at six-twenty six. Four minutes. Plenty of time to humor the girl. But turn first, I told myself, to look up Wickham Street, up and down Brunswick Street. I looked. He was not coming. I took off my hat.

"There, I told you. It is pretty. Definitely a blue raincoat with your eyes and that hair. I know, and red rainboots." I twisted my sensibly clad feet self-consciously.

"Color's just wonderful to lift you out of the doldrums," said the girl sagely. I reached up to put my hat on. "Leave it off, the rain is making your hair curl. Oh, oh, the very thing."

She fumbled in her bag. "Look. Exactly right." She brought out a blue chiffon scarf. "You'll never believe this, but I bought it at lunch-time today. Oh, I'd love you to have it, will you? Please? I guess I'm so happy nowadays I want everyone else to be, too. Just for once let me see the effect of my mental dressing. Please?"

Her eyes were as appealing as a puppy's. I took the scarf hesitantly.

"Let me put it on for you," said the girl.

"There, you look just fine." I turned to catch my reflection in the dark part of the store window, then remembered with a jolt that a whole minute must have passed since I last looked for him.

I looked and my heart leapt. He was coming.

"He's coming. Here's my fiance now," said the girl suddenly, and startled I followed her gaze. Her eyes were on him also. Jealousy scalded, blinded me. Five days without a phone call; before that excuses about working back. Two-

timing. Double-cross. Deceit. Broken, broken heart. He and this girl-child. I could hardly breathe. I longed to rush from that place but I was paralysed.

He and others waited for the policeman's signal to cross, and then he came hurrying with his head down against the driving rain. Beside me the girl stood quite still, yet she seemed to dance in joyful eagerness. My eyes were blurred with tears.

"I'll have to go," said the girl happily. "It was nice meeting you. Paul," she said, reaching out to a young man — not him, not my love; "my fiance. I don't know your name," she added shyly to me.

I smiled and murmured my name, mutely fingering the scarf in appreciation. She took her Paul's arm and they turned and went up the wet pavement.

Then he was beside me.

"Mari, darling! Where did you spring from? It's almost as if you knew. I phoned you at work but you'd left, then I tried the flat but there was no answer. Suddenly I had to see you. Suddenly I realised we're wasting time. I want to ask you to marry me; will you? Will you?"

His words tumbled over each other. "I've done more thinking in this past week than I have in a whole lifetime. I had to be sure, for both of us. Tonight I suddenly knew, and here, I bump into you like this!"

My hand was in his, my shaking sensibly gloved hand. The other held my plain felt hat and the brown umbrella and utilitarian purse. He did not see them.

"Your scarf," he said, "is as blue as your eyes. Let me take you home."

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Sapphire and Diamond Cluster, £350. Pearl Ring, Diamond Shoulders, £42/10/-.

Living colour in gemstones with the brilliant fire of diamonds

Precious gemstones of flawless colour depth and rare quality, the ultimate in beauty and magnificence when combined with fine diamonds in unique designs by Prouds own jewellers. In every Prouds store throughout Australia, you will see sapphires, emeralds, rubies and pearls, together with every type of precious gem this earth offers—set with artistry and meticulous care. You are welcome just to call and view Prouds famous collection, the largest variety of fine gemstones values in Australia . . . each piece with added security of Prouds guarantee.

Ask for Prouds Diamond Ring Book.

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Prouds diamonds

King-Pitt Streets, also Hotel Australia, 25-4021. Bourke Street, Melbourne, 63-6961. Also Gaunts (63-6767), Cnr. Adelaide-Edward Streets, Brisbane, 2-2646 and Rundle Street, Adelaide, 23-5438. There are Prouds stores also in Newcastle, 2-2709; Chadstone, 56-4343; Ballarat, 2-5461; Hobart, 3-2347; Canberra, 4-3916; Launceston, 2-3865; Sydney Suburban stores are at Chatswood, 41-5635; Caringbah, 52-0641; Dee Why, 98-0245 and, Eastwood, 85-4274. Also Suva, Fiji.



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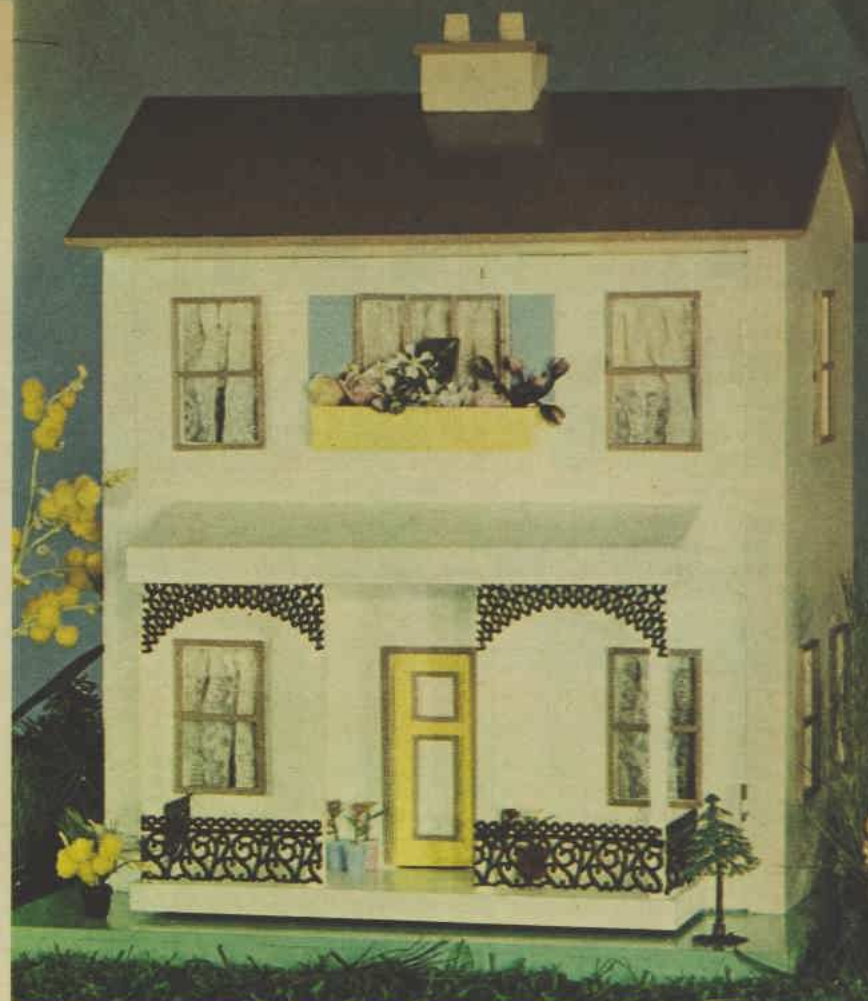


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SO EASY...SO RAPID

Doll's house with Victorian charm



TWO-STORY DOLL'S HOUSE, above, in late-Victorian style, is inexpensive to make, approximately £3/3/-.

IT'S FUN to decorate a doll's house. Interior at left shows curtains made from scraps, furniture bought at toy shops.

● This beautiful doll's house would be an ideal Christmas gift for a little girl. It was made at home by a handyman at a cost of approximately three guineas.

OUR doll's house is in the traditional two-storey style beloved by little girls. It has cast-iron veranda trimmings, in keeping with its late-Victorian style, miniature flower pots, and even two chimney pots made of toothpaste tubes.

The gay and colorful house is easy to build, even for an inexperienced handyman. Materials are obtainable at hardware stores and timber yards.

The house on this page was made of 5-ply marine-grade plywood, and several lengths of timber which were bought at a timber yard to use as framing.

Window shutters on the five front windows were made of scraps of laminated plastic edge strips.

Plastic doilies, bought at a chainstore, cut to shape and painted black, made the pretty cast-iron veranda trimmings that give the house

its late-Victorian character and charm.

Furniture for the home was bought at toy shops. The curtains and pelmets were sewn from colorful scrap materials, chosen to tone in with the overall color scheme. Chandeliers in the living-room and bathroom were once glittering evening-dress buttons.

The paintings on the living-room wall are small pieces of gay material pasted on to white paper, edged with black.

The flower box and front door were both painted bright yellow, which stands out against the beige roof and white-painted house.

The wallpapers in the bathroom and kitchen were originally colorful gift wrapping papers.

Wall-to-wall carpeting in the living-room and bedrooms and the red linoleum in the kitchen were all laid from scraps.

Sketches overleaf show how to cut out, assemble, and make the doll's house.

MATERIALS REQUIRED

● Below is a list of the materials you will need to build the doll's house.

Piece of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. plywood 3ft. by 4ft. 8in. minimum.
Piece of Pacific maple 9ft. of $\frac{9}{16}$ in. by $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Piece of Pacific maple 10ft. of $\frac{5}{16}$ in. by $\frac{5}{16}$ in.
Six pieces of 3ft.-long $\frac{1}{4}$ in.-square balsa.
One pair $\frac{1}{2}$ in. butt hinges (brass).
One pair $\frac{1}{4}$ in. butt hinges (brass).
Panel pins, glue, plastic wood, and paint.
Plastic doilies (for cast iron), two toothpaste tube tops (for chimney pots).
Approximate cost of materials is £3/3/-.

TO CUT OUT

Mark each part out on the sheet of plywood using a carpenter's rule, T-square, and 30deg. set-square.

Ensure that this is done accurately, and using a sharp pencil double-check that each size is correct and parts are square.

A little extra trouble taken at this stage will help when it comes to assembling the house.

Parts cut accurately to size and square should fit together, needing only a light sandpaper along edges to remove any ragged edges left by the saw.

Mark name and "top" on each part before cutting.

Cut all parts from the sheet with a sharp fine-tooth saw. Window and door openings can be cut with a sharp paring chisel—a $\frac{1}{4}$ in. or $\frac{1}{2}$ in. chisel is suitable. To cut window or door openings,

place a board under the ply and cut through by striking the chisel with a mallet. Any

slight irregularities in the openings will be concealed by the window frames.

TO ASSEMBLE

Before nailing or starting to assemble, it is advisable to mark out position of walls on base.

Important: All joints should be glued with woodworking glue before nailing with a small tack hammer. Half-inch panel pins should be used throughout for all nailing.

Step 1. Cut $\frac{3}{16}$ in. x $\frac{1}{2}$ in. timber to size to make framework for base, glue and nail to underside of base.

2. Cut and fit $\frac{9}{16}$ in. x $\frac{1}{2}$ in. uprights to inside front face of left-hand and right-hand sides. Note how uprights are housed out to take beam.

3. Nail kitchen and lounge floors to base. Leave $\frac{1}{2}$ in. gap between floor sections for partition wall. Note how corners of floors are cut out to clear uprights.

4. Nail back and two sides to base. Nails can be driven through base from under-

neath. Sides are also nailed through into floor sections.

5. Nail kitchen-lounge partition wall in position.

6. Nail upper partitions to bedroom-bathroom floor and slip floor in position.

7. Check that floor is level and nail to sides.

8. Nail beam across the top of opening.

9. Measure size of opening for hinged front and cut front to size. (Allow approx. $\frac{1}{8}$ in. clearance between bottom of front and base, also allow approx. $\frac{1}{16}$ in. clearance on sides and top.)

10. Attach door to front wall with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. brass butt hinges (hinges go on inside of house).

11. Fit $\frac{5}{16}$ in. square beading to underside of porch floor and nail to front wall.

12. Make up porch roof and window box and nail to front wall.

13. Cut veranda posts to length and nail in position.

14. Chamfer edges of roof at ridge line, using a sharp plane.

15. Make up chimney and fix to one half of roof.

At this stage, before roof and front are fitted, it is advisable to undercoat the complete structure. House, front, and base can be given final coat. Remember all nail heads should be punched below surface and holes filled with plastic wood.

The complete structure should be lightly sandpapered before painting.

16. Nail roof to house walls. Roof can now be given final coat of paint.

17. Fit hinged front to uprights with $\frac{1}{4}$ in. brass butt hinges.

18. Prepare long lengths of balsa ($\frac{1}{4}$ in. square) by painting. Do this by wiping with a cloth dipped in paint. When dry, cut to length and make up window frames using glue.

Window frames on the house shown on this page were halved at the corners and intersections with a razor blade. All frames were pre-fabricated and left to dry before fixing to house. Frames were kept square while drying by placing over rectangular template drawn on a piece of paper.

19. Glue frames to walls; these can be held in position by using paper clips.

20. Drill a small hole in chimney pots (toothpaste tops) and screw to top of chimney.

21. Glue window shutters to front wall.

22. Paint plastic doilies (ours were dipped into a tray of paint, drained, and excess paint removed by blowing).

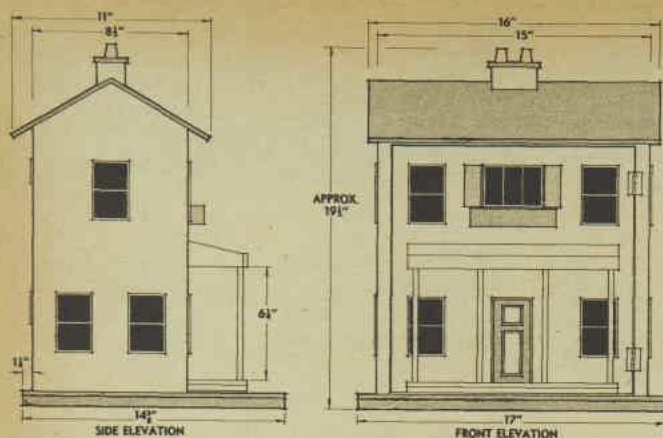
23. Cut plastic doilies for cast iron. After piercing plastic first with panel pins (cut no longer than $\frac{3}{16}$ in.), fix to posts.

Note: A small piece of $\frac{5}{16}$ in. beading has been fixed under windows to front wall and along porch floor to enable "cast iron" to be fixed across ends of porch.

Strips of beading have also been fixed along front edges of floor to retain carpet. These pieces of beading are not shown in drawings.

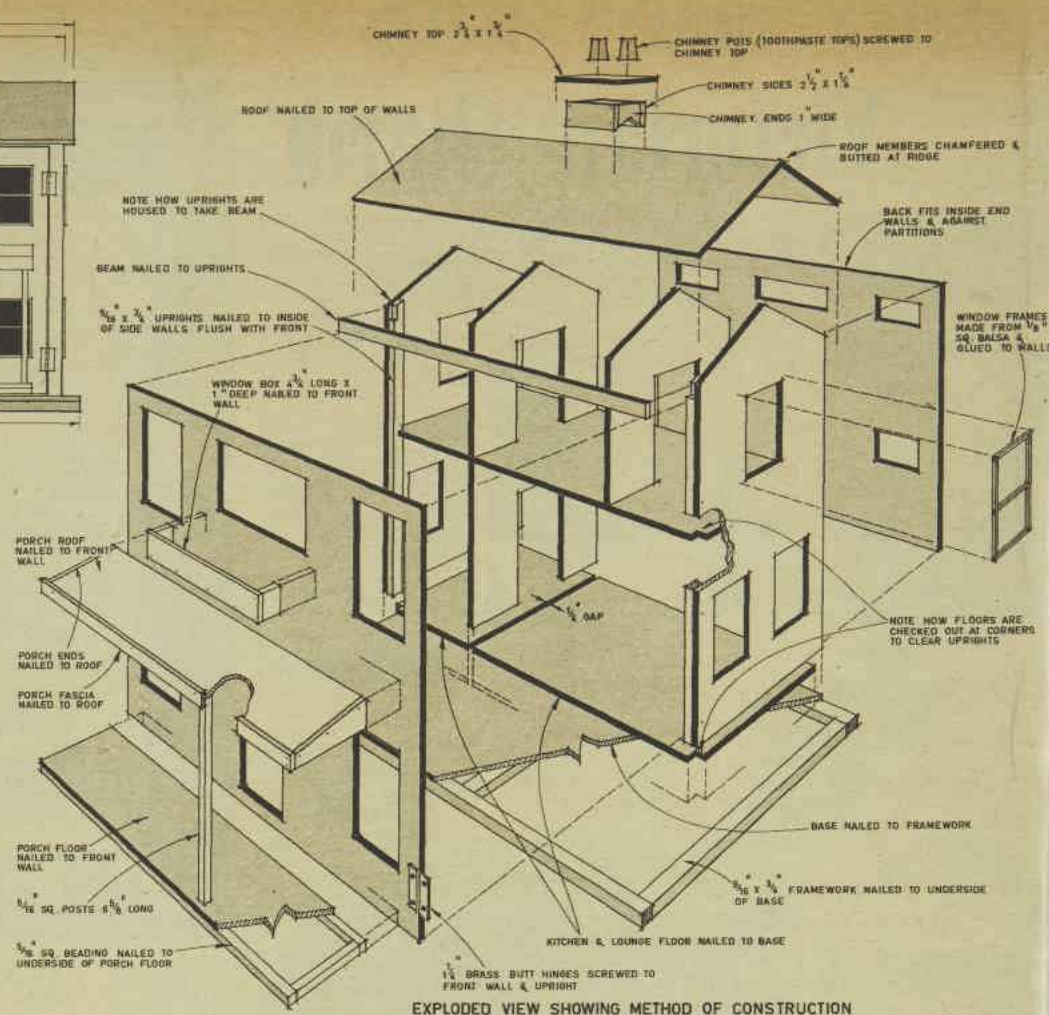
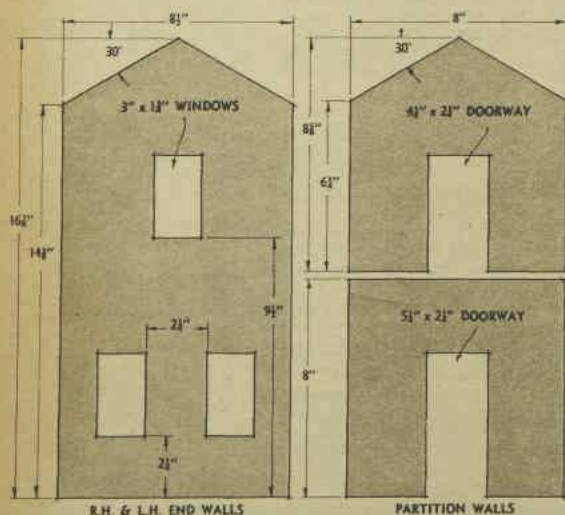
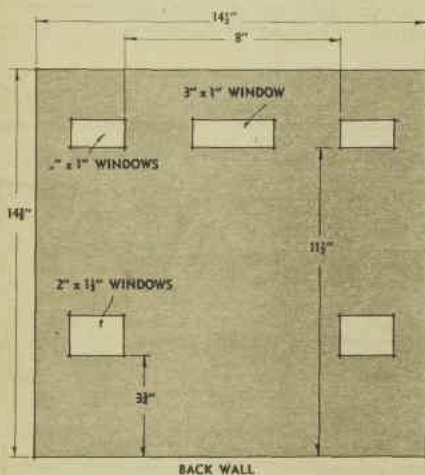
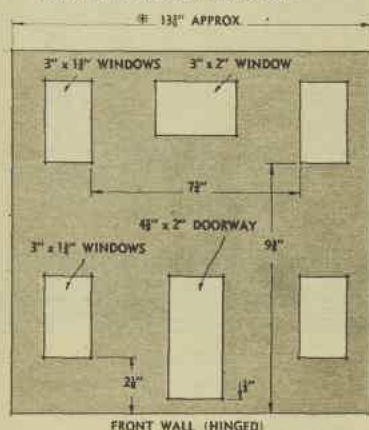
Continued overleaf

DIAGRAMS FOR DOLL'S HOUSE SHOWN ON PREVIOUS PAGE



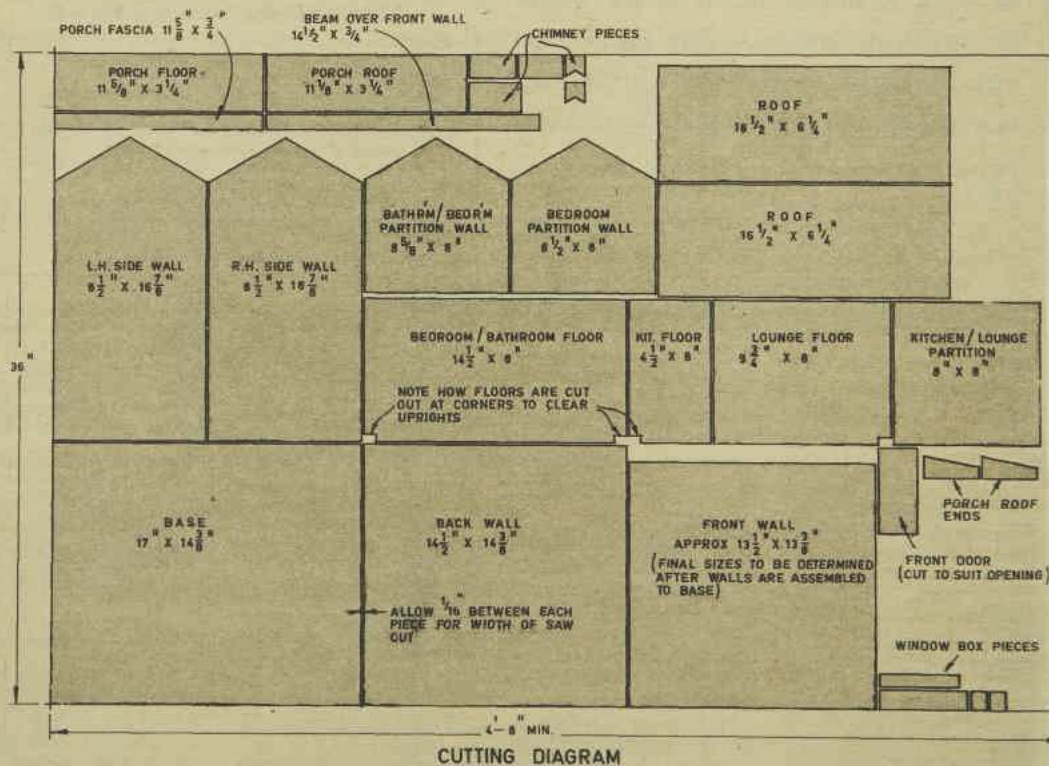
FRONT AND SIDE elevations (above) show the approximate height and width of the house. Below, the front and back walls, showing sizes for windows and doors.

THESE SIZES ARE TO BE DETERMINED AFTER WALLS ARE ASSEMBLED TO BASE



EXPLODED VIEW SHOWING METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION

OPEN VIEW (above) shows the method for construction of this Victorian-style doll's house. Made of plywood and Pacific maple, the materials for the house, which may be bought at hardware shops and timber yards, cost approximately £3/3/-. The chimney pots were formerly toothpaste-tube tops, and the window frames were made from 1/8 in. balsa. All joints should be glued with woodworking glue before nailing with a small tack hammer.



CUTTING DIAGRAM

RIGHT AND LEFT end walls and partition walls (left) show the window and doorway measurements. It is wise to mark the name of each piece on top after it has been cut out. This will prevent any confusion when you are ready to assemble the pieces.

DIAGRAM (above) shows the cutting shapes for roof, floor, walls, interior walls, and base. Cut out each part on the plywood sheet, using a carpenter's rule, T-square, and 30deg. set square. Parts cut accurately to size should fit together, need only a light sandpapering.



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The modern housewife "has it easy"

● Do women work harder now than in the "bad old days"? This question was posed by Rae Moore in an article "Modern Times, More Housework" (A.W.W., 29/9/65). She claimed Grandma had an easier time of it in the house than today's housewife, who faces impossibly high standards and whose time-saving gadgets actually make work. The article brought a deluge of mail from readers, many of them Grandmas. Most are adamant that today's housewife (comparatively speaking) "has it easy." Some of their views are expressed below and opposite.

Less elbow grease

● I think we work as constantly as the women in past times, but nowhere near as much physical effort is involved, and women can grow old gracefully instead of looking worn out from sheer hard work while still relatively young women.

RAE MOORE may feel our grandmothers had it easier, but I know mine didn't.

Would Rae Moore exchange an automatic washing machine and ever-ready hot water supply for a couple of galvanised tubs and an outside copper and all the lifting and hand-wringing?

Would she rather heat flatirons on a wood stove in midsummer, or use her featherweight electric iron?

Would she prefer to heat water, fill, and empty a portable tub for the family to bathe and to clean up the resulting mess? Or bathe in comparative luxury and privacy and clean a porcelain bath once a day?

Our forebears had no septic and often no drains. All used water had to be carried "up the back" and dumped.

In Grandma's time, common soap and caustic soda were about the only cleaning agents. Now we have a liquid to wash just about everything from dishes to floors.

Which would be the easier — mopping floors (even white vinyl) with a "no-rinse" detergent or scrubbing pine boards on hands and knees?

I can't agree, either, that today's husband doesn't "pull his weight." In the old days most husbands believed wives were simply a part of the house furnishings, and they treated them accordingly.

The modern husband is

being well educated to the fact that the "little woman" is entitled to her outings and outside interests and most of us get time for these.

Finally, many wives take on extra jobs that hubby would willingly do, if he were asked or given the opportunity to do them.

This is commendable, but she shouldn't complain when it eats into her spare time.

A husband appreciates a wife whose company he can enjoy, even if the house is a little untidy (untidy, not dirty) rather than a spotlessly sterile house and a continually working wife.

May I suggest that the "accepted domestic standards" Rae Moore mentions are her standards rather than general standards.

For certain, the wife and mother of today is kept busy, but her house is her possession, not her owner.

I know that I would rather be a modern-day mother. Mrs. Moore can go back 50 or 60 years if she wishes, but I am more than certain she would be sorry.

Incidentally, I am 25, just three years older than Mrs. Moore, and have four children under four — so I have my share of housework.

P.S. Although only 25, I have memories of crusty, fresher-than-fresh, delicious bread, and my grandmother still has and uses glass and china she started her married life with, so they're no myth, Mrs. Moore.

—Mrs. G. Chambers, Qld.

... Swop places with Grandma? "Not on your life," they say

"Old days not all beer and skittles"

● Rae Moore was looking for bites from the "oldies" when she wrote about modern housework, so here is one Granny willing to oblige.

SHE speaks of having more washing to do than Granny had, but she overlooks the fact that modern families are much smaller.

Also, clothes used to be much heavier to handle. Without question, the washing machine has taken drudgery out of washing — as anyone who has boiled clothes in kerosine buckets, and then transferred them to tubs to be rubbed (on a

washboard) and rinsed before eventually getting them to the line, can tell you. In addition, we made our own soap, which was quite a chore in itself.

I was amused at Rae Moore's reference to ice-chests. Most of us never saw an ice-chest.

The coolgardie was handy in hot weather, but this didn't keep things long.

When our meat was killed, it was a case of salting down what would not keep fresh until eaten.

The only help I ever had in the house was at shearing time when I got a girl for a couple of weeks because it was quite impossible on my own to look after young children (I reared five), help milk cows, separate the milk and make butter, and cook for five or six men who had meals every two hours five times a day.

I also have had to grow my own vegetables, so lugging them from the green-grocer would be no harder

than the spade-work connected with that.

The modern housewife is undoubtedly busy, but her work is not nearly as heavy as "in Granny's day."

Mrs. Moore says time dims the memory. How true! This is why I hope that a comprehensive history of early Australian life is taught in our schools so that future generations will realise that life for us "oldies" hasn't been all beer and skittles.

—Mrs. W. Crowe, S.A.

AT 22 Rae Moore is obviously no authority on the "bad old days."

I WAS a housewife 40 years ago, and most of us had no full-time domestic help. What we did have were large families and a ceaseless round of drudgery.

In those times it was unheard of for Father to give a hand with the children or the household chores.

Families wanted just as many clean clothes, including starched shirts and petticoats. And washing was a nightmare.

Few modern housewives ever had to heat a ghastly flat-iron, black-lead a fuel stove, polish endless brass or heavy furniture, and scrub and wax floors on their knees.

Also, food preparation has been incredibly simplified by refrigerators and canned and processed foods.

I'm grateful that my daughters have plastics, synthetics, and automatic appliances to abolish domestic slavery.

How wonderful that their babies can be immunised against many of the diseases which once darkened a mother's life.

Perhaps more is expected of women these days, socially, mentally, and economically, but they certainly have richer, fuller lives.

—Mrs. F. Jacques, Vic.

She's a "community mum"

● Rae Moore wrote of the burdens imposed on the modern housewife, but being a young woman, with her children (if any) not yet out in the world, she has not yet experienced the greatest time-consumer mothers now face—I refer to "taking her place in the community."

WITH the progressive emancipation of women, it is unfortunately no longer considered that a woman's place is in the home, but rather in the community.

The children, keeping up with the faster pace of modern life, usually belong to a wide variety of organisations, and Mother is expected to do her part for them all—attending meetings, serving on committees, raising funds.

With four children (as I have) of widely differing interests and ages, it is not unusual to have 20 groups demanding help. And it is a braver mother than I who can consistently say "No!" to the requests.

Kindergarten, primary, and secondary schools, mothers' clubs, Cubs, Guides, Sunday school, church guild, school canteens, gym club, basketball and football clubs, youth fellowship—all these

organisations work for my children and I must pull my weight!

The emancipation of women also has been responsible for the fact that the average housewife has little chance of obtaining household help, paid or unpaid.

For all that, I wouldn't change places with past generations of women, for I think our life is much richer and more interesting than that of our mums, who lived almost entirely within the four walls of their homes.

—"Community Mum," S.A.

"It's play today!"

THANK you, Rae Moore. You make me feel good.

Here I am in my middle 60s and loving every minute of this modern age, with its push-buttons and switches, cars, and planes. Housework is only play, and I don't have to look like a housewife to do it. Cooking is easy and I love it.

Old days were bad days. Work was drudgery, believe me! As for shopping, the only thing that's not easy about it these days is picking from the wonderful but bewildering varieties available of one product.

Anyone can work 12 hours a day if she wants to, but my advice is not to do so if you hope to keep young and happy. Be a bit slapdash sometimes. Believe me, this won't hurt anyone, but it WILL help you.

—M. E. Legg, Vic.

"Now it's Christmas all the time..."

● I agree we have higher standards of living today, but we worked very hard to keep up the standard that existed 40 years ago.

I HAVE worked 12 hours a day for my family, and in that time have sat down only to meals which were largely spent pushing spoons into small mouths, buttering bread, etc.

You had to learn to cope in those days, too. In the 1930-years with their worldwide depression and unemployment, clothes had to be mended over and over; dripping had to replace butter; and many economies had to be practised.

And through all this, housewives still had to have a smile, a clean house, and tidy children!

In those days, cooking

was really appreciated, and we ate only at mealtimes. Ice-creams, snacks, and lollies were a treat. Cakes (no packet mixes then!) and biscuits were for tea, not for constant nibbling, which dulls appetites; and ham and chicken were for Christmas.

Now, people with their food... like children with their toys... expect it to be Christmas all the year round.

I'm not complaining. Life is good now, but everyone expects so much, the pace is so fast, and there's so much tension that it makes me wonder just where we're rushing to, and why.

—"Today's Grandma," Qld.

THERE were eight children in our family and I reckon my mother worked much harder than I do, even though I work as a night nurse and look after a home, husband, and two children.

When I was a child we lived on a farm. My father was in the timber industry.

We only had tank water, and there wasn't any electricity. The bread came twice a week, Tuesday and Friday, and we had to travel seven miles to the nearest shop to buy food.

The copper stood outside, and my mother had to boil the clothes up and then carry them inside in a basket to be rinsed. The

bath water also had to be carried inside in a milk bucket. Ironing was done on a heavy "Mrs. Potts" iron.

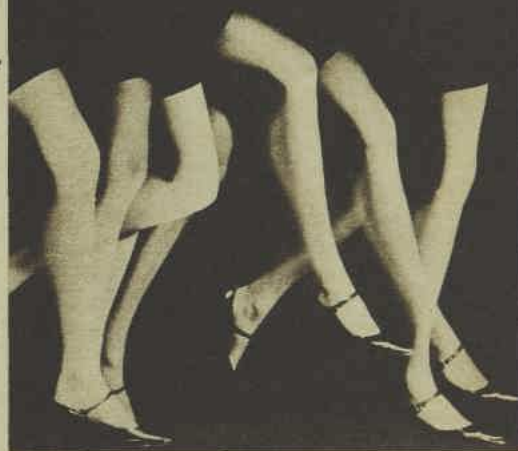
You wouldn't have thought Mum could work any harder than she did. Then a log rolled on my father's leg and crushed it so badly he was in a plaster cast for 18 months.

For this period, in addition to all her other jobs, Mum cut 60 tons of wood over a circular saw each day, grew the vegetables, milked the cows, and ran the farm.

All this took place only 16 years ago, when I was ten. I'll be proud if I can prove to be as good a housekeeper, wife, and mother as Mum.

—Fran Wilson, N.S.W.

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Page 45



"Just ignore him, Mr. Brown, he's already had his dinner!"

Continued from page 37

"The Christmas cake you made wasn't exactly a rip-roaring success, was it?" he retorted, his slower temper finally erupting into fury. "You refused her help, and what happened? It sagged in the middle! Then there was the home-made bread that even the seagulls wouldn't touch!"

"I can't think why you ever left home to get married," Elinor said bitterly.

"Your trouble is you can't take criticism," he said loftily.

"Can't—I've taken plenty since I married you!" she flung back.

The battle raged fiercely for five minutes and finished with David snatching up his briefcase and slamming the door behind him only

seconds before Elinor dissolved into tears.

Men were pigs, marriage a trap for the unwary, she thought as she poured fresh coffee, then rejected it with sudden nausea.

She pushed the cup away, thinking of Mrs. Kenley, who even managed to be the perfect mother-in-law. A kind, friendly figure, never obvious, never disapproving. Always the gentle touch, the carefully phrased piece of advice. And David, she mused, working so hard to prod us into a cosier friendship.

Maybe if he didn't try so hard to sell his mother to me I'd like her. He doesn't have to keep showing me that she runs her home, her life, and her family with a smooth cer-

tainty I am never likely to possess. I'd like her so much better if somewhere there was just one little flaw in her.

She whirled through the housework with angry energy, then dressed and went into town for the cake ingredients. She also bought a bottle of wine and a chicken. It was, after all, their first major quarrel, and she had decided on a reconciliation across a candlelit table-for-two.

Elinor planned the scene while she weighed, mixed, and spread the rich, spicy-smelling mixture in a tin. There would be time for a bath while the cake was in the oven, time for a manicure and to make herself sweet and presentable. There was nothing that could go wrong now.

Except the switches on the cooker—those treacherous switches. Two dials, and a question of getting the right combination.

If you were dreamy, or absent-mindedly thinking of a steaming bath, then it was possible that you could go away having left one switch in the wrong position, so that a cake cooked much too fast and a hard, near-black shell formed on the outside.

It was surprisingly easy to think you set both switches correctly if, like Elinor, you were lost in warm, rosy dreams of making up a quarrel by candlelight and wine. You would realise nothing until the acrid tang of burnings drifted as far as the bathroom door.

Roused to sudden, horrified awareness, she leapt from a steaming, scented bath. Towel-draped and still dripping water, she skidded madly into the kitchen, where blue smoke misted the air. Frantically she wrenched open the door, and the cake, rising proudly above the tin, was sooty-black.

"No!" she moaned, closing her eyes. "Oh, no!"

BITTERLY, she considered the unrepentant cooker, resisting a wild desire to lift it bodily and hurl it through the kitchen window.

It had a life of its own, an evil, ugly life, she thought wretchedly. Mrs. Kenley had known that when she bought it.

Well, there's something I can do, she vowed, as she dressed. Make sure no one, especially David, finds out about this afternoon's tragedy.

She made the cake into a neat parcel and dropped it in the litter bin at the entrance to the park.

David came early and she was only just ready for him. In his hands were roses dressed in cellulose-paper, out-of-season and expensive; and in his eyes a ruefully tender plea for forgiveness.

"Darling, it's idiotic to quarrel over a birthday cake," he murmured, putting his arms round her. "Of course you wanted to try your hand at something new, not a family hand-down." He sniffed. The faint, tell-tale baking smell lingered still.

"I'll bet it turned out beautifully," he added gaily.

"Yes, darling; wait until you see it."

She never even contemplated the lie; but, shocked and bewildered, heard it slide glibly from her lips.

He looked so pleased she felt worse than ever.

"There you are! Just a question of showing that cooker of yours who's the boss! I knew you could do it! Sweetheart, I'm starving! What's that chickeny smell?"

"Special supper," she said. "Go and pour the wine."

Oh, yes, she thought bitterly, she could do things with chicken. Make an old boiling fowl taste young and tender. It was just the really skilled things, such as cakes, that eluded her. And now there was the lie, the silly uncontrived lie, to make good.

She shuddered at the thought of starting all over again tomorrow with a fresh batch of ingredients.

She pushed the thought into the background and concentrated on David, being so sweet, so tactful, so careful not to push his mother at her.

To page 47



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He didn't ask to see the case. It was David, from his office on the other side of the town. On Tuesday afternoon, when she visited the flat she had worn a

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents

How to live with a house

A HOME DECORATOR'S COURSE
by Laurin Magee

The Australian Women's Weekly — October 27, 1965

HOW TO LIVE WITH A HOUSE — Page 1

Introducing Laurin Magee . . .



OUR COVER: Charming white-painted home of Mr. and Mrs. V. Mudge at Ringwood, Vic., has a grey tiled roof. The house, called "The Birches," takes its name from a row of silver birches which line the drive. The azaleas growing in pots in the centre of the pool can be removed.

● LAURIN MAGEE (pictured at left) is Executive Vice-President of the Housing Guidance Council, with headquarters in Washington, D.C., and a Pacific Coast office in San Francisco, California. Miss Magee and the staff of the Housing Guidance Council wrote this book specially for *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

Miss Magee gratefully acknowledges the assistance of Julie Sherman and Robert Sherman, both of the National Society of Interior Designers.

Her lecture tour of Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Sydney has been arranged by *The Australian Women's Weekly*, in conjunction with *British Paints Limited* and the *Australian Gas Industry*.

Miss Magee speaks with the authority of more than ten years' experience in the American housing industry. Beginning on the staff of a large home-building firm in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, she went on to become a housing consultant in partnership with Stanley Edge, President of the Housing Guidance Council.

Miss Magee is interested in finding out what people want in their homes, and advising builders on the design of homes to supply these wants.

Through intensive experience in the presentation of model homes, Miss Magee has also become an expert on interior decoration. She is a member of the National Home Fashions League and works closely with some of America's leading interior designers.

Products featured in this book are:

- **BRITISH PAINTS LIMITED**
- **THE AUSTRALIAN GAS INDUSTRY**
- **Craig and Seeley Chef cookers**
- **Hoover washing machines and floor care equipment**
- **Monier tiles**
- **Selleys' household products**
- **Westminster carpets**

CHOOSING a home ranks somewhere near choosing a marriage partner as one of the most important decisions you will ever make. As a matter of fact, the two things have a great deal in common.

Both practical and emotional considerations are involved in buying a new home. This is the largest single investment a



family makes. To friends and neighbors, the house you live in is you.

Most important of all, a home can color every day of your family life with pleasure or annoyance. Some houses, sturdily built and even attractive looking, were simply not designed for people.

It is good to fall in love with a house, if you do so with your eyes open. With the choice available on today's market, you should be able to find a home that offers beauty and charm as well as shelter. You do want to make sure, however, that the charm is backed by solid dependability.

Since perfection is unknown on this planet, choosing is not the end. We choose as near perfection as we can, then learn to live creatively with our choices. This book is intended to give you some practical advice on both points.

● Unless otherwise stated, the sketches in this book were supplied to the Housing Guidance Council by Caropresi Associates of America.

Chapter 1

BUYING A HOUSE

THE qualities most wanted in new homes have been well documented by consumer research. People are looking for space, glamor, comfort, convenience, and a good location.

Two of these attributes—glamor and a good location—are determined very largely by individual taste and circumstances. Only you can say what appeals to you in the way of style, and only you can decide how much you should pay for nearness to work and shopping or for the social status of a neighborhood.

The only guideline an outsider can offer for judging such intangible benefits is a reminder that they are the frosting on the cake. When it comes to a final choice, what matters most is the way a house will work as a home for your family.

Space, comfort, and convenience are the practical virtues that make a house fit a family. For these—not separately, but as interrelated parts of a whole—it is possible to outline some objective standards that everyone can apply.

Many families have learned the hard way, by living with a house, that space alone is not the answer. What matters more is proper division of space—in other words, a good floor plan. This is the key to comfort and convenience.

So the first skill you need for successful house hunting is an ability to evaluate floor plans in terms of your own family's daily activities. When you think of it this way, there is nothing mysterious about a floor plan, either on paper or as you walk through it in a model home.

Here are some exercises to help you

develop a sharp eye for the elements that should concern you most:

Traffic patterns are the first consideration. These are built into the fabric of a house, because they are controlled by the placement of rooms, doors, and corridors. If they are wrong, there will not be much you can do to change them after buying the house.

What is your immediate reaction to traffic patterns in Floor Plan A on page 4? Now check your reaction against the principles that follow:

Functionally, there are three main areas to every home. The formal area embraces living-room, dining-room, and entrance hall or foyer. The informal area is the centre of family activity—kitchen, laundry-utility room, family room. The quiet area contains the bedrooms, and in many of today's fine homes a den or sitting-room is added. Bathrooms are orientated primarily toward the quiet area, but one of them should also be easily accessible to daytime activity areas.

A good floor plan sets up a logical relationship among the three areas, so people can move about freely and naturally without stumbling over one another.

In a climate where indoor-outdoor living is the rule, it also takes account of the fact that family traffic patterns run inside, outside, all round the house. In every climate it pays attention to such matters as what meets the eye of a guest entering the front door. (In a family with small children, for example, a bathroom door within view of the entry is pure disaster.) You can begin judging the floor plan of a model home as soon as you walk in. Stop just inside the front door to see how many ways you can move from there to different parts of the house.



LIVING-ROOM (above) in the New York World's Fair House invites informality with its easy-care furnishings. Gorse-colored cord carpet provides the basis for the neutral color scheme.

Entering the house in Floor Plan A, on page 4, you would see it is impossible to go anywhere without skirting the large living-dining area. This means that if you used wall-to-wall carpeting throughout the entry-living-dining area, deep furrows would develop from traffic round the front edges. A diagonal path would also be worn from the kitchen-utility area to the hallway where the bathroom is.

You would note, too, that to reach the living area a guest would have to be ushered past the dining area; and the wall to the left on entering is unsuited to any kind of decorative treatment.

In other words, the living-room ceases to be the "first-impression" room most homemakers like it to be.

Floor Plan B, on page 4, is a house with the same number of rooms as Plan A and with substantially the same arrangement of the bedroom wing. Yet see how traffic is channelled efficiently from the front entry to all three areas.

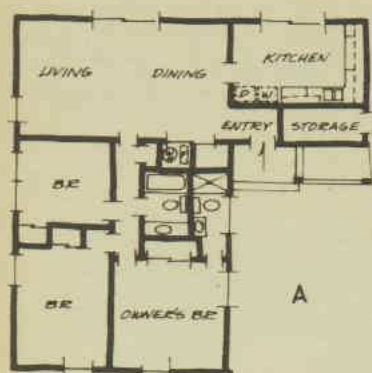
The living-room assumes its proper importance; the dining area is connected with both kitchen and living-room, but it's also set in a corner of its own. There is a direct line from kitchen to bedroom hallway.

The garage opens into the kitchen—wonderful for getting in the groceries—but there is no need to use the kitchen for a passageway because the front entry is equally convenient for people getting out of a car.

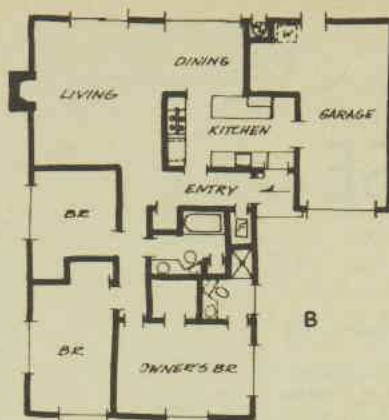
Continued on Page 7

HOW TO LIVE WITH A HOUSE — Page 3

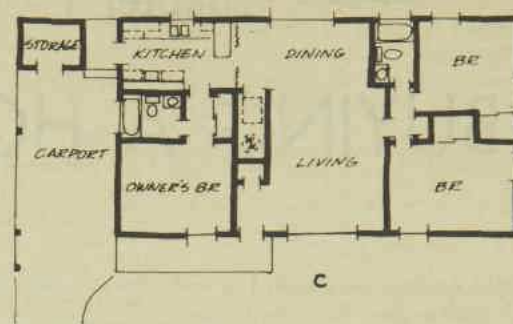
"The Christmas cake you made seconds before Hitler dissolved into..."



FLOOR PLAN A

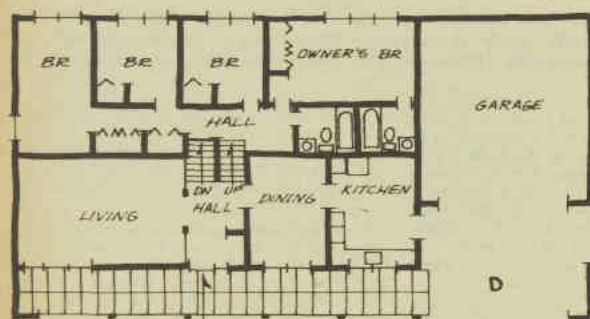


FLOOR PLAN B

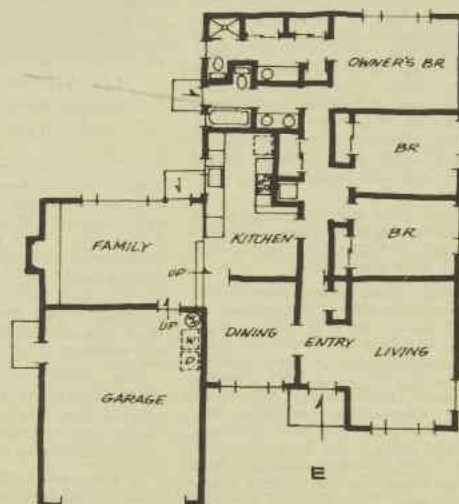


FLOOR PLAN C

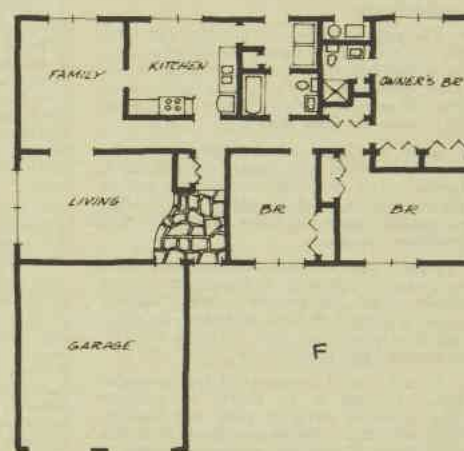
FLOOR PLANS



FLOOR PLAN D (above)

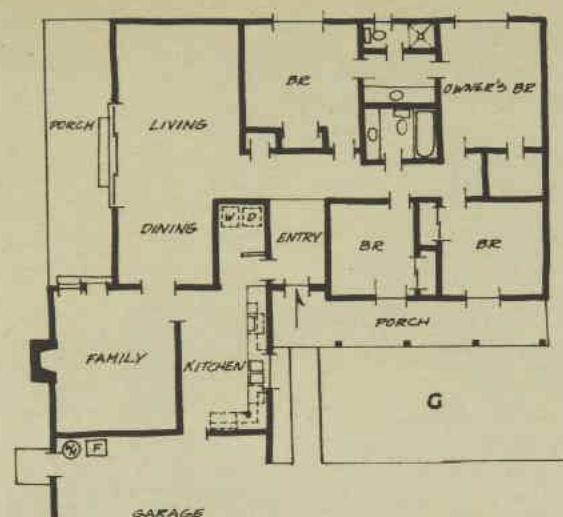


FLOOR PLAN E (right)

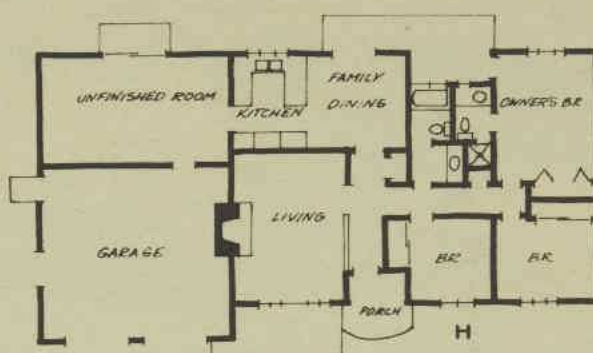


FLOOR PLAN F

He didn't see to see the case. It was David, from his office on the other side of the town. He wouldn't, of course. David would visit the flat she had worn a



FLOOR PLAN G

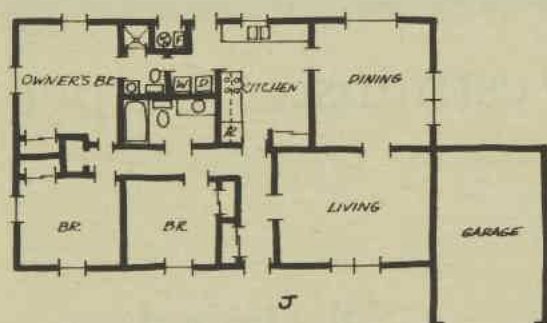


FLOOR PLAN H

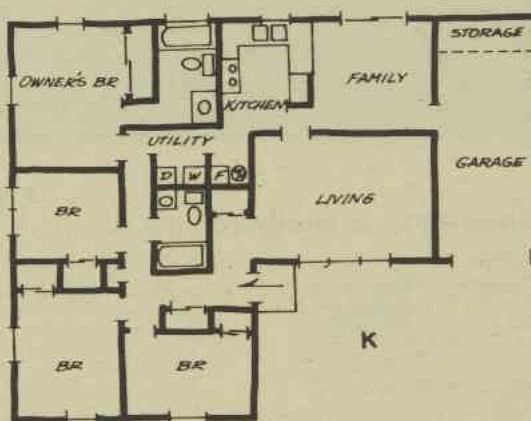
● All the floor plans shown on these two pages were supplied to the Housing Guidance Council by Caropresi Associates, of America.

In several of these floor plans, bathrooms and toilets are located in the centre of the house, and kitchen and laundry are combined.

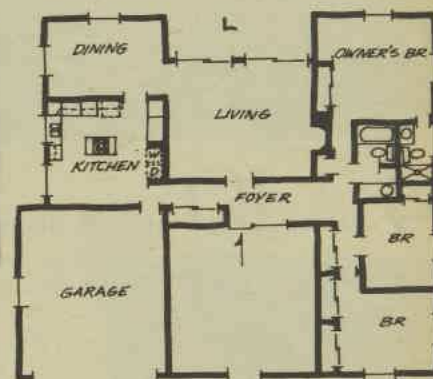
Some local building regulations in Australia may prohibit such layouts, however, and these plans would have to be checked with council authorities before they could be used.



FLOOR PLAN J



FLOOR PLAN K



FLOOR PLAN L

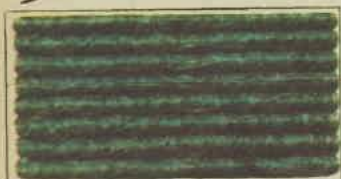
"The Christmas cake you made seconds before midnight"



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ANDERSONS PTY. LTD. PHOTOGRAPHED BY WYER MELBOURNE. SETTING DESIGNED BY DAVID TILLEY OF MELBOURNE

MARK STRIZIC

9 out of 10 interior decorators agree a family room calls for Westminster Carpet



The rich Sea Green colour wasn't the only reason why decorator David Tilley chose plain Westminster

carpet for this sunny family room. Since the room was designed for a couple with three growing children, the carpet had to be as practical as it was attractive. And that meant Westminster! Like 9 out of 10 decorators, Mr. Tilley has found that Westminster is more practical than floral and patterned carpets. It can't go out of date. It's made to stand up to family living. It absorbs noise. It goes with

any style of furniture. And it cleans easily because dust just can't penetrate. On top of this, you get a choice of 26 colours. Yes, 26 colours! So if you're planning to furnish a family room, take the expert's advice. Begin with Westminster. It costs less than you'd expect, because it is a full 40" wide. This means you need less yards to cover a room. Economical adhesive seaming

helps cut laying costs, too. One warning: don't skimp on underfelt. The right underfelt adds years to the life of any carpet. Any good store can give you a quotation on wall-to-wall Westminster. Why not ring now?

5262

Westminster
GENUINE BRANDED CARPET



The Australian Women's Weekly — October 27, 1965

BUYING A HOUSE . . . from page 3

The matter of using rooms as passageways is something to watch for. It is shown in Floor Plan C on page 4 in an acute form. Take a pencil and trace the paths that parents and children would have to follow from bedroom to front or back door . . . from front door to kitchen . . . from kitchen door to anywhere else in the house.

You will see that the central area of living- and dining-room must be left open for circulation of traffic, unless you want to subject your whole family to the inconvenience of circumnavigating furniture many times every day.

And in Plan C the kitchen really is a passageway from the door that would probably serve as the principal family entrance. Not too good when the whole family comes galloping home while Mother is trying to prepare dinner!

Often such planning results from the mistaken notion that every foot of hallway is a foot of space wasted. Actually, as you have just seen, the near-elimination of hallways may turn a large portion of your supposed living area into waste space.

On the other hand, it is possible for hallways to become too much of a good thing. What counts in a hall is not how much, but where it goes: there is a very high percentage of passageway in a railroad car, but all it does is take you back and forth.

Using hallways

For example, look at Floor Plan D on page 4—a front-to-back split-level house. The front hall between living-room and dining-room is much larger than need be. It does make an unusually spacious entranceway; but space alone is not all that impressive, and the layout here rules out anything more than minimal furnishing and decoration.

The upstairs hallway is a long hike from two of the bedrooms to the bath that serves them — and the space between staircase and bath may fairly be called a waste.

The kitchen is landlocked, with its only access to the remainder of the house through dining-room. Think how many steps there are from kitchen to bathroom . . . from kitchen to the farthest bedroom . . . from kitchen to the companion work area, a basement laundry-utility room.

Because the homemaker spends such a large portion of her time in and around the kitchen, this should be the second major point of reference in your appraisal of a floor plan.

The kitchen should have easy access to both front and back doors, the laundry room, and the family recreation area. Because it is the core of daytime activity, it should be placed at the core of the house.

Floor Plan E on page 4 shows how a kitchen can be placed within easy reach of all parts of the house. You will note that it also bears a logical relation to the laundry, which in this warm-climate home is placed in a corner of the garage.

It is possible, however, for a kitchen to be centrally located without being at the physical centre of the house.

See how the location of the rear kitchen in Floor Plan F on page 4 makes life easy for the homemaker. It has a direct line to family room, front door, laundry, and back door; one bathroom is literally just round the corner, and none of the three bedrooms is far away.

Although the garage is on the other side of the house, a garage door opening on to the flagstone entrance foyer makes it easy to bring food from the car.

Also worthy of note, in this house, is the fact that small children coming in from play can go from back door to bathroom without tracking mud and dirt through any of the living area.

The dual access to this bathroom establishes an unusually desirable relation between the laundry and a large linen cupboard in the hall just outside the owner's bedroom.

Not only the traffic patterns radiating from the kitchen, but also those within it, should be carefully scrutinised.

Floor Plan G on page 5 has a kitchen with good access to other parts of the house (although the bedrooms and baths are rather far away, and there is no sense of communication with the outdoor family living area).

Much less desirable is the arrangement of the kitchen itself. The work area is strung out along two walls to make room in the centre for what is nominally a kitchen eating area. The homemaker's work triangle (i.e., the route she must take from range to refrigerator to sink) is seriously out of proportion, because range and refrigerator are at opposite ends of the room.

Moreover, if a table and chairs were placed in the eating area, the kitchen would become an obstacle course from one work centre to another and from the garage door to the pantry beyond the range.

Individual and group privacy: This is a matter closely allied to traffic patterns, for privacy is not merely a dead-end street—it is being able to go about your own activities without disturbing or being disturbed by others.

Floor Plan A, shown on page 4, for example, provides privacy for the bedroom wing, but none at all in the activity area.

Parents should be able to go to the kitchen for refreshments without having to go through the living area where teenagers might be entertaining.

With all its faults, Floor Plan C at least offers a solution to this problem.

Every floor plan has some virtues and some faults. Not only that—different features are good for different families.

As previously mentioned, Floor Plan F would be excellent for a family with small children. As the children grow up, the same family would probably do better with a home in which the space is divided quite differently, with more attention to the formal areas and less to the knockabout aspects.

Reduce noise

Another thing to look for is the use of wardrobes, cupboards, and bathrooms as buffers between bedrooms and to separate the quiet area from the activity areas. The sound that carries through common walls is a major source of annoyance to those who are trying to sleep or study.

This is one reason for bathrooms without windows in a number of the foregoing floor plans. However, local building regulations may prohibit bathrooms without windows and you would have to check with council authorities before drawing up your plans.

Another reason for placing the bathrooms near the centre of the home is to make

them more accessible to all rooms — and today modern exhaust fans provide adequate ventilation for inside rooms.

It is obvious that privacy requires a sufficient number of bedrooms. What has not been so generally recognised is the necessity of comparable space for people to be awake in. Togetherness is most pleasant when it is not compulsory.

A home should be so arranged that individual schedules of rest, work, and play can vary as needed. Floor Plan H on page 5 provides one good solution:

The large unfinished room behind the garage not only accommodates laundry equipment next to the kitchen (it is a good idea to locate the laundry alongside the bathroom or kitchen to reduce plumbing costs), but also provides room for hobbies and do-it-yourself projects.

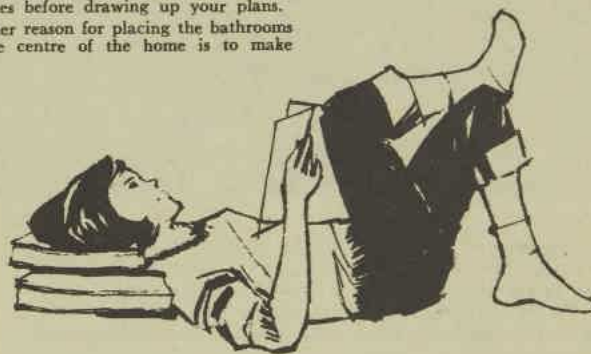
A compact, Hoover "Keymatic" washing-machine needs only a small area so that there would be room for other activities.

There would also be plenty of room for a large storage cupboard for cleaning equipment — vacuum-cleaner, floor polisher/scrubber, iron, washing powders, etc.

Try to imagine yourself living in each home that you inspect. If you have small children, what space will serve for their active play? Is it close enough to the work centre for supervision without being in your way?

If there are teenagers in the family, where will they dance, study, listen to records—and talk on the telephone? Where can you put a home workshop if you want one? Where is a quiet corner for darning socks while listening to the radio?

Continued on page 10



Make your sitting-room suit your needs



FORMAL living-room (above) in the restored three-storey terrace house of Mr. Warwick Purser, at Paddington, N.S.W., is furnished in rich fabrics and a monochromatic color scheme to set off the interesting collector's pieces and objets d'art. Painting over the bookcase is by Sydney artist Robert Hughes.



VERSATILE room (above) in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Mainsbridge at Hunter's Hill, N.S.W., can be used as a sitting-room, a study, or a guestroom. Display and storage shelves are backed by a limed wall. Ceiling is cut away to reveal the timber beams. The maple wall behind the divan divides this room from living-dining area.

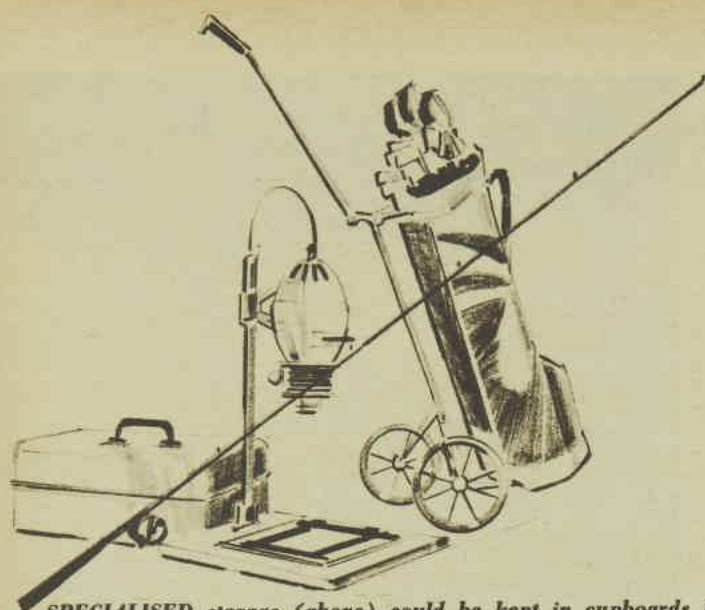
● A sitting-room can be a formal room, elegantly furnished in expensive fabrics, or a living-cum-study-cum-spare bedroom, depending on the needs of the occupants and the lives they live. Four varied styles are shown here.



SEATING in the living area, above, is arranged to make conversation and entertaining easy. At the end of this room is a small study area, divided from living area by the central fireplace with its large flue.

SMALL sitting area (at right) in an A-frame holiday home adjoins the main living area and serves as a spare room to accommodate overnight guests. Wall around the divan is protected with checked cotton.





SPECIALISED storage (above) could be kept in cupboards built inside the garage rather than in cupboards inside the house.

BUYING A HOUSE . . . from page 7

There should always be a place for one adult to be alone and quiet—for the man of the house to work on his income tax return, for his wife to keep up her social correspondence and household accounts.

This explains the recent emergence of a den or sitting-room as the luxury extra of the 1960s. It is also the reason why a number of three-bedroom families are buying four-bedroom houses: they use the fourth bedroom as a den or sewing-room.

If you cannot afford a separate place for the adult refuge, you should look for space to create it in the master bedroom.

Storage space, too, should be examined with the needs of your own family in mind. We can begin with the premise that no one ever has enough storage space; but at least what there is should be of approximately the right size and shape, and in approximately the right places, to fit the things you have to store.

What kind of family are you—what is

your style? If you are people who do things, you are people who have things—golf clubs and fishing rods, special clothes for active sports, cars, and boats and the gear that goes with them.

In a house that does not afford the kind of specialised storage you need (and it is unlikely that any standard model will), you should at least eye the interior of the garage with a view to space where you can build in additional cupboards.

On the other hand, if you are cocktail-party-and-travel people, with children beyond the bicycle age, you can forget about storage space in the garage. You do, however, need to look for a cupboard that might hold the extra linens and glasses you use for entertaining.

Pay special attention to thoughtful touches that make the most of whatever storage space there is. For example, floor-to-ceiling doors on a bedroom wardrobe give you access to one or two more shelves than do separate doors.

Ease of maintenance and cleaning is another practical consideration that you should keep firmly in mind. This is a point at which glamor can run away with your better judgment; but today's new materials make it possible to have glamor and sturdiness.

When you take a fancy to the paint on the walls, take time to ask what kind it is. In heavily used rooms, and particularly for a young family, washable paint is almost a must; it is now available in Velvet-Flat Finish plastic latex paint, "Nu-Plastik," and "Satin-Tone" Satin Finish Enamel, or if you prefer, "Gloss-Masta" Brilliant Gloss Enamel.

Some wallpaper is washable, and there are attractive wall coverings of waterproof vinyl. High quality at the beginning will prolong your pleasure in your home.

Durable finishes

Almost everyone loves wood panelling. We used to ask, "Is it real wood?" Now there are different kinds of real wood: particle board and laminated plywood, both made of wood scientifically processed for extra strength and durability, have been dressed up with a grain as handsome as any solid plank. Some have pre-finished surfaces that resist practically everything.

You may also see wall areas accented with pebble-grained hardboard, vinyl tile that gives the effect of beaten metal, or a blaze of pure color in one of these hardy materials.

Floors can fool the eye in a very pleasant way, too. You can get vinyl tile that is practically indistinguishable from marble or mosaic—and much easier to care for. On the other hand, there are tiles of cheaper material printed with similar designs.

On a kitchen floor, where vinyl tile repels grease and other tiles may soak it up, the difference could be crucial. Again your best bet is to ask the salesman exactly what kind of flooring is shown in the model home, and whether you have a choice in the home his company would build for you.

Kitchen cupboards and work surfaces have been vastly improved in recent years. The homemaker has a wider choice of styles and colors than ever before, plus the convenience of resistant finishes.

Don't settle for less than what you want—at least not until you have looked at a fair sampling of the models offered by builders in your area.

In the structure of the house itself, too, new building materials are beginning to show up with increasing frequency. Some are used for economy, some for better insulation, some for ease of maintenance.

A salesman who knows his job will be eager to explain unfamiliar materials to you. If the information is not offered, you should feel free to ask questions: How does this material compare with the traditional wood and brick for wind, water, and fire resistance? How often does it have to be painted? What about mildew, rot, insect damage?

Of course, the way it looks is equally important, but you will need no help in deciding that for yourself.

Some of the more conventional materials are constantly being improved. The wide choice of interior paint has already been mentioned. Brand new is an exterior plastic paint, British Paint's "4 Seasons," that produces a finish with a life expectancy of around ten years.

Questions are also in order about structural features you cannot see. How well is the house insulated? Has the builder made any attempt at soundproofing? (You can check the answer to this one by taking along a transistor radio and having your wife play it in the living-room while you listen from the nearest bedroom.) Is the electric wiring sufficient for all your appliances?

You will also want to make sure who does what about such functional items as heating and cooling systems, oven and range top, range hood, refrigerator, freezer, garbage disposer, dishwasher.

When you find some of these items built into or displayed in a model home, it is important to know whether or not they are included in the price as quoted. Even if you pay extra, it may be easier for you to have the builder supply and install these major appliances than to buy them yourself.

If you already own serviceable appliances to move to your new home, measure the space for each for a proper fit.

Make sure the stove is adequate for your needs—a compact Chef "Classic" cooker has all the latest cooking aids, yet takes up a very small area.

On items to be supplied by the builder, it is only good sense—not ill-mannered inquisitiveness—to check brand names, ask about fuel consumption, flush the toilet to see how noisy it is, look into stove and refrigerator if you do not know the model.

A reputable builder wants you to be happy with the home you buy from him. Accordingly, his representatives should welcome your interest in details about the house. The more you know about a home before you buy it, the more likely you are to be a satisfied customer!

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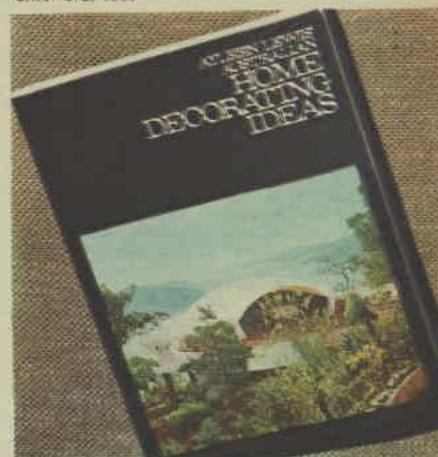
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Brilliant Gloss Enamel | <input type="checkbox"/> SATIN-TONE
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Chapter II

ORGANISING A HOUSE

AS soon as you have bought a new house, the process of making it a home should begin.

For moving is much more than a matter of packing and unpacking: it is your opportunity to give your family a fresh start toward better living.

Imagination is the key to making any house come as near as it can to satisfying all of your requirements. Your imagination must be governed by taste, of course, but not by style in the ordinary sense. Style determines the length of skirts—but any sensible woman will vary the hemline by an inch or so to suit her own style.

You may have seen a furnished model of the home you will call your own. The builder does this to help you visualise a family (but not necessarily your family) living there, and to show you what kind of furniture each room can comfortably hold.

Even in an unfurnished model, there was probably a salesman to conduct you through the empty house and point out, "This is the living-room . . . the dining-room . . . the master bedroom."

All this is useful to you in judging the capabilities of a house. Once you have chosen a particular one, however, it is a good idea to forget all you have been told about it. Sit down with the plans and regard the structure as a collection of interrelated spaces.

Take the labels off the rooms, and decide how you are going to use each bit of space.

Suppose you find yourself with a floor plan that shows an entrance-hall, living-room, dining-room, kitchen, laundry, bathroom, and three bedrooms, as in Floor Plan J on page 5. How does this fit your family?

Let's focus on the dining-room as an example. A dining-room used only for its designated purpose gives you a relatively low rate of use per square foot of space. This is particularly true if your family prefers (as many do) to eat in the kitchen except on special occasions or when you have guests.

Fortunately there is no law that you must use the dining-room only—or at all—for that purpose. If you have two or three children, whatever their ages, you may find better things to do with a room that adjoins kitchen and living-room.

The dining space, in fact, could be the room that grows with your children—especially in a home without a family room. When the children are small, you might use it as the indoor play area. Its proximity to the kitchen keeps toddlers where their mother can supervise them while she works.

As for formal dining, you will not be doing much of that until the children are older. When you have guests, a buffet in the living-room will do very nicely.

Later on, this can become a dual-purpose area, used at the appropriate hours for meals, at other times for a variety of activities.

In earlier generations, children did their studying round the dining-table. No reason not to reproduce this scene today, even to the art nouveau hanging lamp, which has come back into vogue (shown below).



If your table is made of fine wood, its surface can be protected with a removable top. The home handyman might make such a top, hinged to fold away in a nearby cupboard when it is not in use.

Contemporary dining tables often come with plastic-finished tops that are handsome and almost indestructible.

With its top protected, one way or another, the dining-table will support quite a range of home hobbies. This is an important consideration in planning the organisation of your home. A person's free-time interests are a vital part of his environment, and provision should be made for them as carefully as for the work, eating, sleeping, and personal grooming that all of us must do.

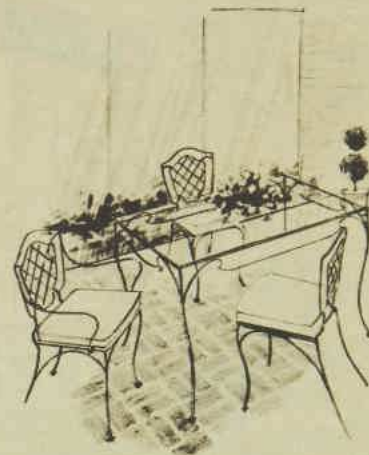
Storage units

Supplies for school work and hobbies can be stored in a formal-looking cabinet, if you want to keep the dining-room dressed up. An entire wall can be used to good advantage, and decoratively, too, by building in a combination of shelves and cupboards designed to suit your own special requirements.

If the unit includes a pull-down desk top with pigeonholes above and room below for stationery supplies, the dining-room can double as a home office—much more convenient than keeping the household accounts in a kitchen silverware drawer.



UNIT (above) could be used as a home office.



GARDEN setting (above) could be used in dining area.

Hi-fi equipment might very well be placed here, too; music with meals heightens the effect of candlelight and silver.

On the casual side, you might choose to do the whole room with a garden effect: wrought-iron furniture, glass table-top, brick-patterned wallpaper, a floor of slate or terrazzo-patterned vinyl tile, planters at strategic points.

Good artificial greenery is not cheap, but it is very convincing; or for the one touch of extravagance, you might go as far as a window greenhouse. This kind of treatment gives an enviable combination of decorator prettiness and rugged serviceability.

Extending your imagination a bit further, perhaps you can give up your dining-room and have it, too. Go back to your floor plan and assess the possibilities of the entrance hall.

He wouldn't, of course. David would the other side of the town

visited the flat, she had worn a

of the



DROPLEAF table in hallway can be used as dining table.

The old-fashioned dropleaf table works as efficiently as ever, and there are contemporary tables from Scandinavia that telescope from a generous 8-person size to a few inches across the top. If your entry is big enough (as in Floor Plan F on page 4), one of these tables can be placed in it to hold a vase of flowers or an important-looking lamp, and to open out for sit-down formal dinners.

Now let us look at a house that has four bedrooms instead of three, and a family room but no dining-room—Floor Plan K on page 5.

This offers the possibility of converting one bedroom, as mentioned earlier, into daytime living space. The smallest bedroom, separating the owner's bedroom from the one in front, would be ideal for this purpose. Furnished as a sitting-room with desk, comfortable chair, and sofa-bed or studio couch, it will accommodate overnight guests as well as provide a haven for any member of the family who wants to be quiet.

The usefulness of such a room may make it worth while for two boys or two girls to share a bedroom, if they get along together reasonably well. Children as well

as parents benefit by the separation of noisy activity from quiet relaxation. Even if a parent is working on accounts in the little room, a child who wants to read or work on his stamp collection can share the refuge happily; and children as well as adult guests may use the extra sleeping space.

If there is a grandparent living with the family, there will be many times when living-room, family room, and spare room are all needed for after-dinner relaxation.

Since this house has neither dining-room nor space for a table and chairs in the kitchen, you have very little choice of eating arrangements. What it amounts to are family meals in the family room, with informal entertaining in the same place or a buffet in the living-room.

Family room

When the family room is closely related to the kitchen, as it is here, some effect is required to make it a charming room in its own right rather than merely an extension of the work area.

You should resist at all costs the temptation to furnish it (even temporarily) with a chrome table and chairs from your old kitchen. After that, nothing can keep the family room from looking like an overgrown kitchen with a sofa in it.

Old dining-room furniture is rarely the answer, either. It is usually too large and too formal for the purposes of a family room, so the effect is that of wearing an old satin dress to breakfast. A sofa and chairs from the living-room may do well enough, if they are simple in line and can be slip-covered in an informal material like tweed.

It is usually better, however, to continue using them in the living-room (dressed up with new upholstery, set off by attractive lamps and draperies) and buy new furniture for the family room.

The living-room is used so seldom, in comparison with the family room, that the latter should be where you really spend money on quality. If you try to compromise by dividing your expenditures between the two rooms, you will probably end up with both looking like a halfway job.

Continued on page 15



SPARE bedroom (left) for guests serves as a daytime living area for the family.

Photographs are from Worthman Homes, Fort Wayne, Indiana, U.S.A.

SMART furnishings in the family room (right) distinguish this area from the kitchen.



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The Australian Women's Weekly — October 27, 1965

ORGANISING A HOUSE . . . from page 13

This raises the whole question of what to do about old furniture in a new house. The first thing to do is take a complete inventory of what you have; write down full details on style, color, pattern, texture, and size as follows:

Sofa—two-seater settee fully upholstered in beige uncut moquette.

Lounge chair—early Swedish with wooden arms, cushions covered in tan and green wool.

Draperies—pinch-pleated green cottage-weave drapes, floor-length.

Dining suite—mahogany circular table with pedestal foot, six mahogany chairs upholstered with cream, green, and pink tapestry.

In making the list, it is advisable to think of style primarily as formality of design. This is basically more significant than period or regional influence in the combination of furniture.

Contemporary design ranges from casualness to great elegance, and 18th-century antiques may be homespun or Hepplewhite. The trick of charming interior design is to set a consistent tone rather than to make everything match.

The inventory will be most useful if you do not identify pieces of furniture by rooms, unless they are definitely one-purpose items such as a dining table. If you do not assume that you must keep things in the rooms for which they were originally bought, you may find some pleasantly new combinations. You will also achieve a better balance for the house as a whole.

When the list is complete, analyse the total picture carefully. Do you find a definite preponderance of very formal or very informal furniture? If so, better plan on new purchases in the same vein, unless you are prepared to make a clean sweep and start over again.

The alternative, if your taste has changed through the years, is to make your transition a room at a time. Do not fill in with odd pieces a little above or a little below your present level of elegance.

More often the furniture that accumulates a piece at a time, during the early years of marriage, turns out to be a hodge-podge. If this is your situation—or if you are starting out in your very first home—now is the time to begin establishing a definite style that will reflect the personality of your family, the way of life you prefer, the atmosphere that you want to create when you entertain friends.

With these thoughts in mind, you can make preliminary assignments of existing furniture to different parts of the new home. Starting with the public areas—living-room, dining-room, and entrance hall—give each room the pieces that will make it as attractive as possible.

Try to think in terms of ideal use for each room, rather than of finding a place for everything. If you do this, you will doubtless end with some unusable furniture left over and a list of things you need. If you must continue using the "unusable" items in the inventory, at least they will be clearly identified as the first pieces to be replaced when you can afford new furniture.

When you have decided what you would like to use where, you can plan the placement of furniture within each room. This is not something to guess about; it is worth the time and trouble of careful measuring.

Scale model

The best way is to get a floor plan from your builder, determine its scale, and sketch in your furniture to the same scale.

It is helpful at this stage to cut out pieces of paper in the approximate proportions of your furniture so you can move them about to discover the best traffic patterns and seating arrangements. Remember the furniture doesn't just sit there—you must allow room to use it.

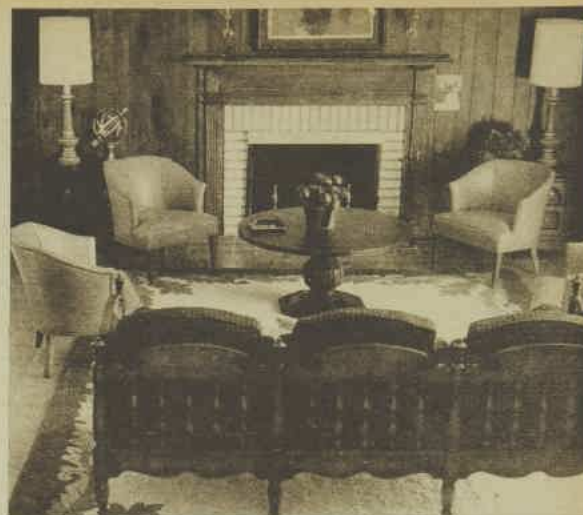
In the kitchen eating area, for example, a space of at least 24 in. is needed between table and wall for pulling out chairs and for walking round people who are seated. Between sofa and coffee table, leave 18 in. of knee room. If there is television in the living-room, furniture should be arranged so the right number of people can see it.

Scattering furniture is just as bad as crowding it. In a very large living-room, or one that is long and narrow, you may have to create several different conversational groupings. People cannot comfortably talk across a space of more than 8 ft. to 10 ft. between chairs.

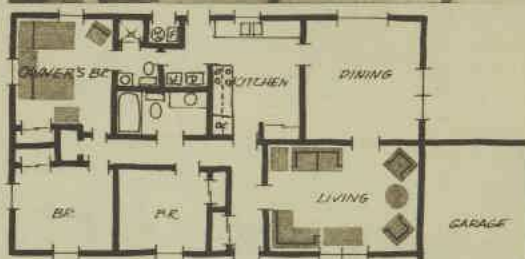
Another tip for a long, narrow room is to place the furniture crosswise to make the room look wider. Forget about placing your sofa on the longest wall (although that is the usual way). If there is no other wall space that will hold it, you might use the sofa as the focus of an island.

Continued on page 18

SOFA placed crosswise (right) makes a living-room seem wider.



SCALED furniture (right) helps when arranging each piece.



Photographs on this page are from Caldwell and Cook, Rochester, New York, U.S.A.

SEATING arrangement (right) has sofa against a wide window.





ALL-PURPOSE room (above), with its sofa bed, can be a sewing-room or a guestroom. The desk under the window opens up to reveal modern sewing machine, ironing board, and an iron.

Page 16 — HOW TO LIVE WITH A HOUSE

Practical ideas for storage



The Australian Women's Weekly — October 27, 1965

● On these two pages are several ideas for storage in the home, each one combining convenience and an attractive appearance. For more suggestions on making storage space see Chapter III.

KITCHEN (right) has a large storage cupboard above which are shelves. Cupboards and drawers underneath sink are painted a "streaky" orange.



CUPBOARDS and drawers on one wall of dining-room (above) contain linen, cutlery, and china, and can be opened from adjoining kitchen as well. The middle doors conceal a servery.

The Australian Women's Weekly — October 27, 1965



WALL SHELVES provide storage space for books and ornaments as well as make an attractive surround for the cabinet in the living-room of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fisher's house at Mentone, Vic.

HOW TO LIVE WITH A HOUSE — Page 17

ORGANISING A HOUSE . . . from page 15

arrangement with occasional tables and chairs to help define the area.

A sofa can also be placed quite effectively in relation to a large window at the end of the room.

You can kill two birds with one stone by making cut-outs of colored paper to represent the colors of furniture you are putting together. Not only does this give you a check on the feasibility of your proposed combinations—it also determines the background colors that should be used on floors, walls, and ceilings to tie your furniture colors together.

Most builders offer some choice of colors in bathroom tiles, laminated plastic for kitchen bench tops and bathroom vanity, and interior paint—"Gloss-Masta," Brilliant Gloss Enamel or "Satin-Tone" Satin Finish Enamel, for walls, ceilings, and kitchen cupboards. The choice of floor tiles, too, should be considered as part of your total effect.

It is highly advisable to decide on furniture placement early, so you can be sure of choosing the background and accent colors that will produce a co-ordinated color scheme.

Some principles of creating a pleasing color scheme are discussed on pages 28 and 29 in connection with home improvement. Meanwhile, here are a few pointers that apply especially to the planning of a new home.

Color accents

Try to confine your strong color accents to elements of the scheme that can be changed with relatively little effort and expense; such as draperies, accessories, and painted walls.

A bright red bench top in the kitchen may seem like a brilliant inspiration—just what you need to echo a note of red in the family room—but this is going at it backwards. The bench top is made to last a long time; changing it is a costly structural operation. You can get very tired of facing that bright red (or any other startling color) every morning, noon, and night for the next 20 years.

The same advice applies to highly colored bathroom fixtures and tiling. It is much better to use neutral tones for anything that is firmly built in; then you can be as wild as you like with canisters and curtains, towels and bath mats.

Remember, in this connection, that no color looks overpowering in small doses.

Page 18—HOW TO LIVE WITH A HOUSE

When you see a 4in. square of ceramic tile, or an even smaller sample of laminated plastic, it is hard to visualise how it will look stretched out for many, many feet.

This is true of pattern, too. A single floor tile in the popular marbleised pattern may show only two or three little white streaks running the length of the tile.

When you have a room full of these tiles laid with the white lines at right-angles, however, the effect is very decidedly patterned and should not be coupled with conflicting patterns in upholstery and draperies.

Even professional decorators sometimes get into trouble with this business of magnified effects. If you are planning a complete interior for only the first or second time in your life, you should really watch your step.

One decorator trick that you can use is to buy a yard of drapery or upholstery material that you are seriously considering, instead of taking home a small swatch for color testing. This small investment may

save a much larger expenditure that you would regret. Many a homemaker has cried when her new draperies were hung or her new sofa delivered.

One color in a print, chosen consciously to echo the color of a rug, can be more of a shout than an echo when the rug accents its repetition through yard after yard of fabric.

Often, too, the weave of a fabric creates a plaid or striped effect that is not apparent in a small sample, though it pops out clearly in a sizable piece. A square yard of such material draped across the arm of your sofa will give you a fairly good idea of whether the design would live peaceably with the rest of a room.

Your treatment of floors and windows is much more important to the total effect of a room than you might suppose. If you have imagination plus a good sense of line and color, you can manage very nicely without wall-to-wall carpeting and luxurious draperies.

Floor coverings

A well-polished floor with tastefully chosen area rugs can be more elegant than carpeting of inferior quality. On a strict budget, rugs have the additional advantage that wear can be equalised by turning them.

However, if you choose wisely you can buy a hard-wearing carpet that will not strain your budget. Westminister carpet—a tough, rubber-backed cord covering, made of goats' hair—is reasonably priced and is available in a large color range to fit into any color scheme.

If you must have carpeting, do not settle for mediocre quality to cover a large area. It is preferable to have really good carpeting in the living-dining area and economise in the bedroom wing.

Even with a carpeted living-room, you may prefer an entryway done in the new terrazzo or mosaic-patterned vinyl tile; in restrained colors, such a floor goes very well with formal accessories such as a small mahogany table and gilt mirror.

The practical advantages are obvious, and you can lay these tiles easily yourself with a strong adhesive—Selley's "Bond-Fix," for example.

An uninteresting rug can be given the custom look by adding heavy fringe (in a blending, not contrasting, color) at both ends. Another possibility, if you are clever with the needle, is to buy remnants of carpeting in a handsome color and put them together with strips of fringe or interlaced yarn.

A wonderfully luxurious effect for a masculine room could be achieved with solid squares of beige chenille carpeting laced together with rawhide.

Simplicity is the watchword for window treatments in the formal area of any home. Large areas of glass can be covered by straight, sheer curtains in white or a neutral tint; such curtains are now available in synthetic fabrics that wash easily, require no ironing, and resist damage by strong sunlight.

Graceful draperies can be made almost for pennies if you put on your walking shoes and explore the dress goods departments of chainstores. There you will find serviceable, color-fast cottons in a variety of stripes, checks, and prints, adaptable to every room in the house.

The window behind a couch on page 15 is draped with ordinary striped ticking, which keeps company quite well with fine furniture and a deep-piled carpet.

In bedrooms, try plain muslin for a girl and deep-colored burlap for a boy. A girl's room, or even a lady's boudoir, looks pretty with artificial flowers (the small ones sold for hat trimmings) pinned to muslin curtains.

Tiny wooden birds, or the Japanese paper ones, might be used in this way for a boy's room. The pin-ons are easily removed when you want to wash the curtains, and they lend a distinctive touch to the whole room.

Window blinds are now coming back into fashion, and some of them are very gay. Using plain ones, you can have fun your own way by bonding bright-printed fabric to the inside surface. This is easy to do with the improved adhesives that are now generally available, and the result can give a real lift to the atmosphere of your kitchen, family room, or bathroom.

Moving to a new home should be an adventure, not merely a chore. There is no need to feel depressed or apologetic if you are unable to fit it out entirely with new furniture and accessories; very few people do.

This chapter has given you only a few examples of what you can do to make the change result in more comfortable living arrangements and a better-looking home than you have ever had before. Perhaps none of the examples applies to your situation or suits your taste. Nevertheless, you can find your own application for the principles they illustrate.

Use your imagination.

Plan ahead.

Give yourself a fresh start.

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 27, 1965



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Chapter III

IMPROVING A HOUSE

WHEN you buy a new home, you are sure to make some compromise; you choose the model that offers the largest number of features you want most. Even in a home built to your own specifications, you will discover some things you wish you had done differently, think of some things you should have included.

Fortunately, there are many ways of improving a good basic house, whether you have lived in it for years or are just moving in. You may want to keep a list of features you hoped to find but did not (or that you had to give up), so you can plan to add them later. Except for the most urgent needs, however, it is wise to wait until you have lived in the house a while before making major alterations or additions.

You will find that the members of your family build a relationship with the home, just as they have done with each other. In the process, there may be some amendments to your list of faults and virtues.

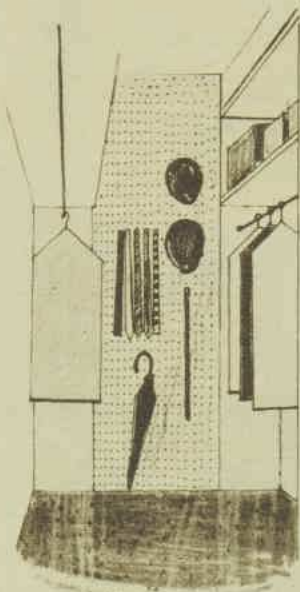
Simple ways may be discovered to make up certain deficiencies, and occasionally a feature that attracted you will turn out to have its dark side. After a year or two you will be able to make a much clearer decision as to the improvements that are needed and their order of priority.

More storage and more privacy (in the sense of separate places to work, play, and socialise as well as to be alone) are wants that remain fairly constant, however. It is hard to have enough of either.

Let us consider some ways of creating more storage space and greater privacy in the home that you own, whether new or old.

Make the most of the storage space you have: One way of doing this is to plan carefully what goes where. Ideally you should be able to keep things as near as possible to the point of use. Practically speaking, however, this is important only for possessions that are used reasonably often. You may be storing Christmas plates, used only once a year, in kitchen cupboard space that should be available for year-round tableware.

Also helpful is the three-dimensional approach. Most of us are accustomed to using the space from front to back or from side to side of a wardrobe, but not the walls that enclose it. Pegboard walls can keep a great variety of articles out of sight, and at the same time within easy reach.



● A pegboard wardrobe wall.

You should not be satisfied, either, with one shelf across the top of the wardrobe. Too often this is simply put there because it is the usual thing—without any thought of what it is intended to hold.

If you look over the things you have to store, and design shelves specially to hold them, you can increase the convenience and even the capacity of bedroom storage space.

Convert entire walls to storage space:

You can put away an amazing number of things without sacrificing space to a walk-in wardrobe or pantry. Below, a kitchen has been fitted with shelves just 6 in. deep, set at different intervals to make room for short and tall tins of food, cereal boxes, and so on. Extra vases and other seldom-used household accessories can be stored at the top.

Hinged shutters make the storage wall a decorative asset. If you want to make your own doors, there is ridged or fluted hardboard that would provide an interesting surface contrast; it can be painted to match the kitchen walls or highlighted as a feature wall.

In any but the smallest kitchen, using a blank wall this way will not make enough difference in usable floor space to matter very seriously.

Continued on page 22

WARDROBE (right) has shelves for shoes and bags. Picture, Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.



● Kitchen wall of shelves (below) has decorative doors.



He wouldn't, of course. David would. the other side of the town.

visited the flat she had worn a

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DISPLAY UNIT in this living area (above) serves as an attractive room-divider as well as a useful storage unit.

IMPROVING A HOUSE . . . continued

If your house has a carport, you can score a storage coup by closing in its outside edge with a continuous row of cabinets. A depth of 30in. is sufficient to hold great quantities of garden tools, paints, and other bulky or messy things that you like to keep out of the house.

The cabinets will also provide a weather and privacy screen for this side of the house.

Hallways have storage potential, too.

The usual width of a hallway is 36in. If you are lucky enough to have a wider one, floor-to-ceiling cupboards can be built in for its entire length. You might persuade your builder to make this possible by altering his floor plan so bedrooms on either side are 6in. narrower and the hallway 1ft. wider.

A storage wall 12in. deep, partitioned in a variety of ways, will take care of many large and odd-sized objects — card

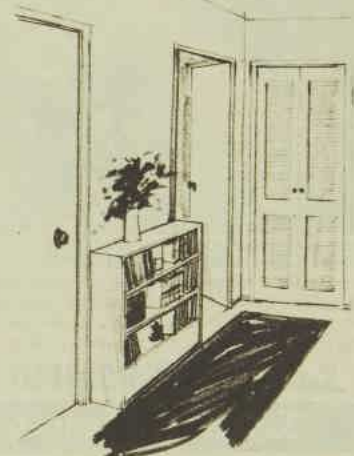
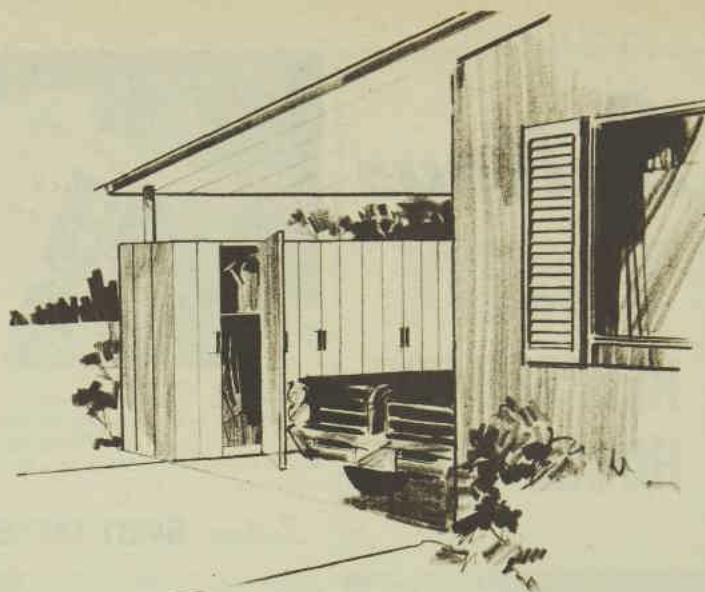
table and folding chairs, fishing rods, golf clubs, brooms, floor-polisher, and upright vacuum cleaner—as well as linens, boxes, bottles, and minor paraphernalia.

Slightly different is the ingenious design, in Floor Plan L on page 5, which places wardrobes in a long row down the entire bedroom hallway instead of distributing them at various points in the bedrooms.

For another version of the same basic idea, see Floor Plan E on page 4, in which a guest wardrobe facing outward to the entry hall is lined up with wardrobes facing into two bedrooms.

Look for places to build in small, shallow cupboards or shelves that can take the squeeze off major storage spaces: Even in a standard 36in. hallway (if you are really crowded) you can put up 8in. shelving between two doors. A 28in. space is wide enough for one person to pass through with room to spare.

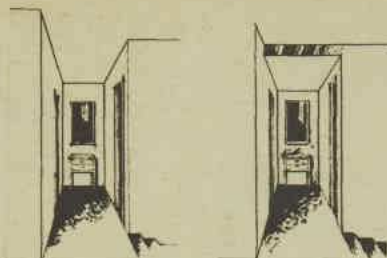
Although it would be inadvisable to narrow the entire hallway to 28in. (which would produce a visual effect rather like Alice-down-the-rabbit-hole), a short stretch of shelving does not produce the same constricted feeling.



He wouldn't, of course. David would — the other side of the town — visited the flat, she had worn a

If a door opens inward, 12in. from the corner of a room, the wall space behind it is unusable for anything—unless you choose to build a storage unit there. The door need not open any wider than at right-angles to the jamb. Allowing 3in. for knob and doorframe, there is room behind the door for a cupboard 9in. deep, 32in. wide, and as tall as the room.

Painted or papered to match the walls, this can be relatively unobtrusive — and think what it can hold!



IMPROVEMENT of an acoustic ceiling (above) in a narrow hall. From Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.

Control sound for privacy in the bedroom wing: The quiet area of a home should be truly as quiet as you can make it. Again the hallway calls for your earnest consideration, because it can carry and even magnify sound. Some kind of floorcovering is strongly indicated, even if it is the cheapest kind of carpet.

For an exotic (though less efficient) cushion underfoot, you might consider Japanese tatami matting. If you are not addicted to barefoot trips from bedroom to bath, an excellent sound-deadener would be woven squares of Manila hemp like those used on porches.

An acoustical ceiling in the hall will further accentuate the feeling of peaceful seclusion. Acoustical tile installed 6in. or so below the original ceiling serves a useful secondary purpose. As you can see from the sketches, a dropped ceiling modifies the tunnel-like effect of long, narrow, empty space.

Your family will rest better, too, if beds are not placed on opposite sides of a common wall. Sometimes an otherwise excellent floor plan provides no other expanse of blank wall large enough to take a bed.

In this case, use your imagination again. With the right kind of drapery, a bed can be placed against a full-length window without fatal results. If the window is a little higher, you can avoid conflict by removing headboard and footboard from the bed.

And some designers place the bedroom windows high enough to leave plenty of room for a headboard beneath them. In this case just one caution is in order: be sure to extend your draperies to the full width of the bed to achieve a co-ordinated line.

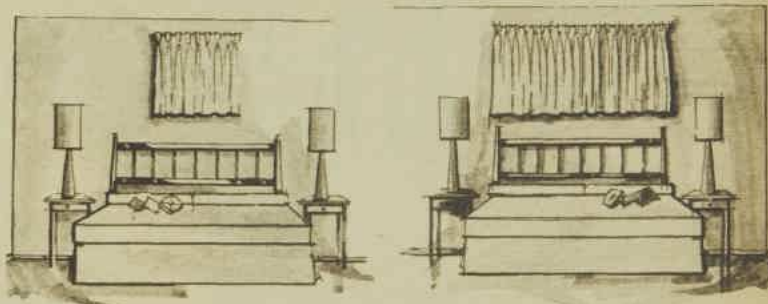
Continued on page 24

SHELVES (above) built to use wall space behind a door.

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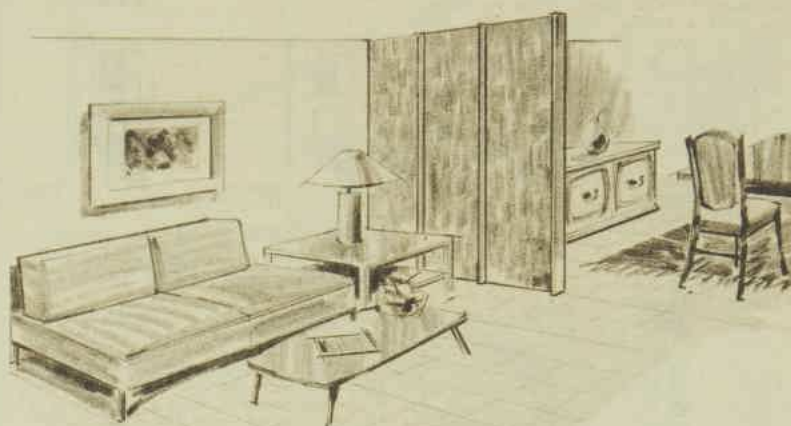
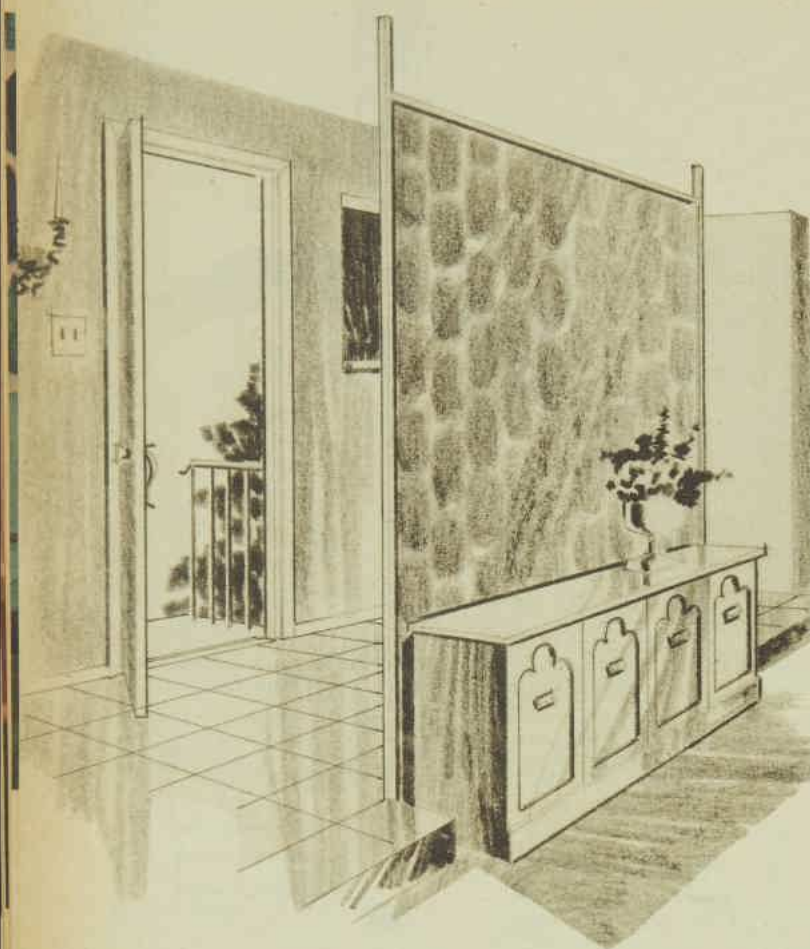


PINCH-PLEATED drapes cover the full-length window behind the bed (above). Picture from Worthman Homes, Fort Wayne, Indiana, U.S.A.



WIDER curtains in the bedroom (above, left and right) have a unifying effect. From Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., U.S.A.

HOW TO LIVE WITH A HOUSE — Page 23



IMPROVING A HOUSE . . . continued

Use visual devices to separate one living area from another: Privacy is a state of mind. It does not always require that you be unable to see or hear other people—only that their activities do not intrude on yours.

Thus the effect of separation is sometimes quite enough. See, above, how a few feet of partition (easily added by a home carpenter using plain, textured, or wood-veneered wallboard) can sketch two rooms in a living-dining space like that in Floor Plan C on page 4.

In a house with front door opening directly into the living-room, an entry area can be created with different flooring and a fixed screen just a few feet wider than the door (shown at left).

Decorative folding screens (the old-fashioned, portable kind) can be used to mark off a cosy area for conversation or reading in the corner of a big living-room.

Accordion-type partitions, now available in handsome finishes, can convert a living-dining area to two rooms, and back to its original proportions for entertaining large groups. They can also convert a combination kitchen-family room to suit the homemaker who likes to keep in touch with the family while she is cooking dinner, but wants to get out of the kitchen, definitely and unmistakably, when the dishes have been washed.

Continued on Page 26



STOVE designed to suit all gases, including natural gas, is built into storage cupboards in the kitchen of Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Flockhart's home in Heidelberg, Vic. Note the painted strip underneath cupboards.

WALK-IN cupboard in the laundry (below) holds all cleaning equipment. Disposal chute serves laundry and adjoining kitchen. The compact automatic washing-machine stands beside twin washtubs.

EFFICIENT WORK CENTRES

● The work centres of a home — the kitchen and the laundry — must be well planned if a house is to run smoothly. With the aid of easy-care materials, streamlined automatic appliances, and decorative finishes, these areas can be attractive as well as efficient.

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HOW TO LIVE WITH A HOUSE — Page 25

**IMPROVING A HOUSE . . . from
page 24**

Sometimes the problem is a doorway without a door between kitchen and dining-room, kitchen and family room or entrance hall and living-room. Usually this is intended to avoid the chopped-up look of small, enclosed spaces.

The answer is that a door does not have to be the plain, solid kind that closes you into your bedroom. How about swinging doors, like the saloon doors in Western movies? The effect of extended space carries over and under them, yet people in one room are not distracted by movement in the next. You can also use louvered shutters as shown on page 20.



**SWINGING doors (above)
separate kitchen-dining area.**

Look for ways to expand your recreational space: An unfinished room like the one in Floor Plan H on page 5 can be as dreary or as delightful as you make it. If you need a place for rough work, it may remain unfinished (though it would be a gracious gesture toward the lady of the house to make a pleasant corner for the laundry).

Page 26 — HOW TO LIVE WITH A HOUSE



**HOBBY area can be
built in a large
laundry. From the
Pittsburgh Plate Glass
Company, U.S.A.**



On the other hand, with an inexpensive tile floor, a bit of cabinetry, and wallboard nailed between the studs and painted, it can become a comfortable setting for the gentler hobbies.

Some families even find it worth the trouble to finish the inside of a garage to do double duty as a playroom.

Enclosing a porch or making a privacy screen for a patio may dramatically expand your living space for a good part of the year.

Below, left, the master bedroom becomes a master suite with the addition of an outdoor sitting area. This patio for two need not be completely closed off from the main outdoor living space: a shoulder-high screen of latticework or lacy concrete blocks is enough to let the parents feel private while staying within earshot of children at play.

Make every bedroom a personal haven: If your problem in the living area of the house is not division of space, but simply a shortage of square feet, then you should turn your efforts toward making each bedroom the individual's home within a home. A sort of amateur time-and-motion study is in order to analyse the free-time pursuits that each person could carry on in his own room rather than in the common rooms of the house.

It is especially desirable, of course, to decentralise those activities that annoy or inconvenience other members of the family.

If your eight-year-old son has a passion for pets, spends his ice-cream money on small rodents in cages, and brings home live reptiles from the fields, you might as well not try to fight it; besides, he could grow up to be a great naturalist. On the other hand, you are not obliged to let him keep a snake in the kitchen.

By working with the boy to create a proper setting in his bedroom for the pets that are reasonably sanitary, you will improve the chances of his keeping them where they belong.

To encourage pride in the appearance of his room, try fitting it out with shelves for nature books and dried specimens, a couple of framed wildlife pictures, and a generous bulletin board for his own photos, magazine clippings, and dietary notes on his charges.

Continued on Page 28

**PATIO off main bedroom (left)
is a private area. From Pitts-
burgh Plate Glass Co., U.S.A.**

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He didn't ask to see the case. He wouldn't, of course. David would

It was Laurin, from his office on the other side of the town

visited the flat she had worn a

ALWAYS

“to keep my home spotless, I use Hoover appliances”



says Laurin Magee—and she is just one of the millions of women around the world who make this statement proudly. And it's so true. Hoover appliances are built to take the hard work out of housework. Washing machines like the famous Hoovermatic and the ultra-modern Keymatic . . . cleaners like the Convertible and Lark (the only cleaners that beat, as they sweep, as they clean), the exciting New Constellation . . . and Australia's finest scrubber-polisher—the Hoover Automatic. See these Hoover appliances demonstrated at Laurin Magee's lectures or at your Hoover retailer.



CONVERTIBLE



KEYMATIC



NEW
CONSTELLATION



AUTOMATIC
SCRUBBER
POLISHER

IMPROVING A HOUSE . . . from page 26

A teenaged girl can drive her family to distraction with endless hair-doing in the bathroom, non-stop talk and giggling with girlfriends. Chances are that she is equally annoyed by family activity while she is trying to study. A studio bedroom designed especially for her will cut down the friction.

The bathroom traffic jam can be alleviated by giving your daughter her own bedroom dressing-table. A built-in desk with bookshelves or cupboards above it provides a convenient setting for study.



BUILT-IN dressing-table and desk (above) for a daughter.

And the teenager will want to take the other girls to her own room if it looks like a civilised, grown-up place to sit and talk. As simple a step as removing headboard and footboard from the bed and replacing little-girl frills with tailored bedspread and curtains will go a long way toward creating this atmosphere.

Establish color harmony throughout your home: The importance of using background color as a means of harmonising furniture and accessory colors within a room was mentioned on page 18. You can do this without waiting for a new home.

Take a color inventory of your furniture, rugs, draperies, and walls as they are now. Does the combination look as if you had planned it?

If you have been living with your house for a number of years, the answer is likely

to be no. Very few of us buy something just because we think it is pretty—without any thought of the surroundings in which it will be placed. But almost as few of us think of each addition as part of the total scheme: if you know the orange pillow will look good on the brown sofa, you may forget the other colors in the same room.

Perhaps you realise that the colors in your present home look thrown together but cannot say why. The color wheel is your guide to understanding and rectifying the situation.

The basic colors in the wheel shown at right are red, yellow, green, blue, and purple. Steps between them are orange, yellow-green, blue-green, blue-purple, and red-purple. Each color has many different tints, produced by adding white, and shades, produced by adding grey or black. None of these gradations changes its relation to other colors on the wheel.

There are other, slightly different versions of the color wheel—some that show not five colors but three (red, yellow, and blue) as primary, others that show more intermediate colors. In all cases, however, the same principles of color combination apply.

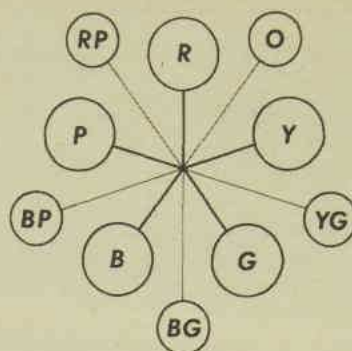
Complementary color schemes are built round colors directly opposite each other on the wheel. If the dominant colors in your rugs, upholstery, and draperies are clear yellow and hyacinth-blue, for example, or tints of red and blue-green (such as pink and turquoise), then all you have to do is consolidate your position.

Choose backgrounds within the range of the two colors you already have, or else pick up a neutral background color from a printed fabric.

Triadic color schemes—often based on Oriental rugs—have some each of red, yellow, and blue. The background in such a room should be related to the single largest area of color—in a light value or tint, if possible. The background color of a handsome printed fabric may give you a lead to the background for the whole room.

Analogous color schemes combine two basic colors that are next to each other on the wheel: red and yellow, yellow and green, green and blue, blue and purple, purple and red. This is the hardest kind of room to do—also, in general, the most sophisticated looking.

Analogous colors are showing up very frequently just now in blue-and-purple jungle prints for upholstery, Spanish-



● The basic color wheel.

patterned towels of bright red and yellow, and so on.

The colors must be of equal intensity to avoid making the spectator uncomfortable, and they vibrate so strongly against each other that the background must be neutral—either white or a tint so pale it amounts to off-white.

Monochromatic color schemes are made up of different shades or tints of the same color. This kind of room, at the opposite pole from one done in analogous colors, requires equally skilful handling to keep it from becoming dull and monotonous.

It is the professional decorator's favorite, however, because it is the most flexible of all color schemes. It makes a room look larger and produces a restful atmosphere.

The trick is to lighten your monochrome effect with contrasting sparks of brilliant color and vary it with dull and shiny, smooth and rough surfaces. Be sure that the accents are balanced throughout the room, not concentrated all in one place.

A monochrome background extended throughout the entire house makes the total space look larger, because it leads the eye on from one area to the next. Division of space, as explained in earlier chapters, is essential for privacy; but when each space has its own separate color scheme, without regard to the ones it adjoins, the effect is that of small cubicles.

The important thing to remember about monochromatic color is that it permits great variation. Each pure color has 80 to 100 different values and intensities, and the in-between colors are even more adaptable.

A house that is basically beige may range from off-white in a bedroom to dark-stained wood in the study, using six or eight different colors in the same general range.

If you choose yellow-green as your pivotal color you can range from chartreuse-yellow to lime-green without breaking the unified overall effect.

If a background color is not downright eccentric, you have a great deal of latitude in combining it with other colors in furniture and accessories. With green as your background, for example, you can perfectly well do individual rooms to suit the tastes of parents who prefer gold, a daughter who likes pink, and a son who wants blue.

Naturally, this does not mean intense green throughout the house. A background should be exactly that, rather than demanding attention in its own right.

When in doubt as to whether a wall color is too intense, you will do well to settle for one degree lighter every time. The principle of small sample versus wide expanse applies here: color reflects back upon itself and thus appears more intense. Also, you are presumably choosing a wall color that goes with something else in the room, and this answering note strengthens the color effect.

Feature walls and contrasting trim should be used judiciously, with an eye to their effect on space as well as their compatibility with other colors.

In the beige house mentioned above, for example, you should not fall into the trap of using dark-stained wood in little strips and stripes for mouldings, door frames, and so on. This would only break up the unified effect of the interior without supplying the sharp accent of a bright cushion or lamp.

You can use color actually to alter the apparent proportions of a room, so strong is its influence on the eye.

Strong colors advance toward you, pastels recede. Thus if you have a long, "bowling alley" living-room, you can make it look better proportioned by painting one of the narrow walls the same color, but several shades darker.

The accent color is most effective on a solid wall. If it is used round a door or window that admits natural light, it loses much of its power.

The same principle in reverse works for ceilings. Low ceilings should be painted white to make the room seem more spacious. If you want the ceiling to be the same color as the walls, its tint should be very

much paler. Even so, the ceiling will pick up additional color from the walls.

If the idea of variations on a single theme in wall colors simply does not appeal to you, you can use floorcoverings to establish the effect of color continuity. By the same token, nothing disrupts an interior worse than the crazy-quilt appearance of rooms carpeted in different colors, all visible from a single vantage point.

A recent turn of fashion has provided still another resource for creating color harmony without buying new furniture.

High-style decorators are using more colored paint on furniture, especially in dining-rooms. The most unexpected styles of furniture, from 18th-century French to Early American, are turning up in green, lemon-yellow, white, grey, blue, or turquoise rather than traditional wood stains.

This opens an opportunity to take your old furniture and use it in a new way.

As long as you remove the old under-surface (which you must do for any type of refinishing), interesting furniture colors can be created by using ordinary wall paint with a final coat of egg-shell gloss or flat, dull varnish. Gloss enamel or oil-based paints are recommended for this purpose.

Because different woods take varying finishes, it is a good idea to experiment first on the inside of a cabinet door or the underside of a table top.

While you are about it, changing the hardware on a cupboard or chest can heighten the feeling of newness. Pewter-colored drawer pulls on a grey-painted chest, or copper on olive-green, will pay back much more than their cost in a look of finished luxury.

Color harmony on the exterior of your home is important, too. A simple color scheme is advisable here, and you can use doors and window frames as color accents.

With the wide range of Monier colored roof tiles available, you can use them to form the basis of your exterior color scheme.

There are many other things—some large, some small—you can do to improve a house. You will learn to think of them for yourself if you make a practice of doing two things: keep your eyes open and use your imagination. Materials are at your disposal to carry out all kinds of ideas.

If you really care about your home—not merely as shelter or as an investment but as a setting that influences the course of your family life—improvement will go on until you choose another.

Making the improvements can turn into a most satisfying occupation, and the results will be a source of lasting pride.

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Chapter IV

MAINTAINING A HOUSE

IT is not news to any homemaker that good day-by-day maintenance does more for a house than semi-annual orgies of heavy cleaning. The question is how to keep up with all of the daily chores.

New and improved household appliances are making the answer to that question easier every year. Still, you are the one who must use the appliances—and it is just possible you are making unnecessary work for yourself.

Do things when they need doing is a good rule to follow. If you wipe fingerprints off the kitchen woodwork as soon as you see them, a little soap and water will usually do the trick. Wait until the woodwork is really grubby, and you will have to scrub hard.

Repainting, both indoors and out, is much easier if you do it before the surface is damaged by wear and weather. With modern paints, designed for quick application by roller and easy clean-up with plain water, redecoration is no longer the awesome enterprise it used to be.

Floor care works the same way. If you get into the habit of vacuuming tracked-in dirt from carpets right away, just as you wipe up spills in the kitchen, the all-over cleaning can be put on a twice-a-week rotating schedule—bedrooms one day, living area another.

First-aid for spots on the carpet may keep the spots from becoming stains. And now it is so easy to shampoo your own carpets; with the same scrubber-polisher that keeps waxed floors in good condition, you can do the complete job whenever the carpet looks tired and a bit off-color.

On wood and tile floors, you may be trying to do too good a job. With the right kind of wax, properly applied, you will not have to re-wax the whole floor as soon as it begins to look dull.

You should also control the impulse to mop at the drop of a hat. Dry-cleaning and buffing, with touch-ups of additional wax in heavy-traffic areas, is better for the floor than repeated wet-cleaning and a heavy build-up of additional wax.

After the kitchen, the family-room will probably require most frequent wet-cleaning and waxing. If you have floor-length draperies here to cover a window wall or sliding glass door, it is advisable to leave two inches or so between the floor and the bottom of the drapery. This amount of clearance will help you to avoid soiling the draperies as you clean the floor.

Curtains and drapes

Heavy draperies should usually be dry-cleaned. A note of their fibre content, written in indelible ink on a small piece of tape attached to the back of the top hem, will help your cleaner to give them the right treatment.

Original dimensions of the finished drapery might be noted, too, as a guide to the presser.

The number of trips to the cleaner can be greatly reduced if you take time to clean all draperies at least twice a week with the special vacuum-cleaner attachment provided for this purpose. Upholstered furniture stays fresh longer, too, with this kind of attention.

Sheer curtains of synthetic material can be washed frequently and safely if your washing-machine has a special, gentle cycle and reliable control for water temperature. The hot and heavy treatment will not do for them, so don't try it.

Indeed, another good rule is this: Don't assume you can use new products in the old way.

The fast-moving chemicals industry has created synthetic materials that did not exist a few years ago, and special-purpose cleansers for them. There are also many

new products to do a better, quicker, easier job of maintenance with the old reliable materials.

Now the range of choice is so great, it is important to make sure you have the right product for your purpose. The way to find out is very simple: just read the label.

When you use a new product or appliance for the first time, always read the instructions carefully and do what they say. If a washing compound is intended for use in cold water, its performance will not be improved by using hot water instead.

Directions about time mean what they say, too: if you try to take short-cuts, or give it a couple of minutes extra for good measure, you may make a terrible mess. You can believe the manufacturer. He knows what he is talking about.

Do be on the alert for ways to cut down the physical effort of maintaining a house. If you have got yourself into a round of household drudgery—now is the time to get out!

Do a time-and-motion study of your own activities as a homemaker—eliminate the ones that are useless (most of us have a few)—and look round for equipment to streamline your operation still further.

You will find that today is a wonderful time to be the mistress of a house, because you have so much to work with.

Let yourself enjoy your home. If it comes to be a choice between casual, loving care and grim devotion to duty, then by all means take the casual route. A house shows when it is loved, and nothing else can make it a truly delightful place for the people you love.

As the members of a family work together to shape a home to their own image, the home becomes very much a part of the family. This, in the end, is the secret to living with a house.

HOW TO LIVE WITH A HOUSE—Page 29

A PERSONAL HAVEN



EXPOSED Canadian pine rafters, combined with the gay, easy-care furnishings, give the bedroom left an informal feeling and also emphasise the A-shaped frame of this holiday home.

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SMALL DESK in the pretty bedroom, above, provides a private study area for Mr. and Mrs. G. Wilkinson's daughter, Lindy, at their home at Seaforth, N.S.W. Pelmet matches the bedspread.

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He wouldn't, of course, David would the other side of the town

visited the flat she had worn a

TOMORROW'S HOME — TODAY!

IN the field of home appliances today the Australian housewife can enjoy the comfort and convenience of modern equipment that the American housewife enjoys.

This has been brought about by continual research in all types of household appliances and the housewife's increasing awareness of the advantages of using the most up-to-date equipment.

Working in close co-operation with appliance manufacturers, the Australian Gas Industry strives to provide equipment which not only saves time and work but which also looks attractive in the home.

In turn, manufacturers seek ideas for improvements in America and Europe, and constantly use their own design sections to develop appliances which provide a more comfortable and freer life for the housewife.

A significant result of this has been the revolutionary developments in kitchen appliances.

In any home, the kitchen is the most vital and necessary area and must be geared to maximum efficiency. And the kitchen is only as efficient as the equipment in it.

Modern ranges

The heart of the kitchen is the cooking range. Recent advances in gas cooking technology have provided today's gas ranges with the most up-to-date cooking aids available — time-controlled ovens, automatic lighting, the "thermal-eye," and automatic rotisseries.

Other cooking refinements include "minute-minder" clocks, enclosed roll-out grilling compartments, glass-windowed oven doors, griddles for dry fries, oven illumination, lift-out spillage bowls, and lift-off oven doors for easy cleaning.

Combined with the advantages of cooking with gas—its speed, efficiency, visual ease of control, economy, and dependable supply—these aids give today's housewife faster, easier, and more convenient cooking than ever before.

Not only do they cut down on the time

and work involved in preparing meals—perhaps the most important advantage for the housewife—but they provide facilities for the gourmet cook to prepare international dishes.

Hostesses will appreciate the accurate heat controls; you can cook a complete oven meal without any attention. Just set the dials, the oven lights itself at the set time and the food starts cooking immediately, because with gas no oven pre-heating is necessary.

A recent innovation in oven control maintains the selected temperature until the set cooking period has elapsed. The thermostat then automatically adjusts to 170 degrees until the food is to be served—baked meals can be kept hot without over-cooking for periods of up to three hours.

In this way, the entire meal can be timed in advance, then served, perfectly cooked, at the appointed time, and the hostess can entertain her guests without frequent trips to the kitchen.

The new "thermal-eye" hotplate burner means that food on the cooking top can be cooked automatically also. A sensing element in the centre of the gas burner takes the temperature of the cooking utensil and signals to the thermostat.

If the food in the pan drops below the pre-selected temperature, the control automatically increases the gas flame.

When the cooking is done it cuts the flame low to keep the food warm until ready to serve. No more food sticking to the bottom of the pot—no more milk boiling over!

Automatic ranges are available in a variety of models to suit any kitchen plan. There are the built-in wall ovens with separate hotplate sections, console models with large storage drawers, elevated models with left- and right-hand ovens, and compact upright models.

Gas ranges are easy to clean. The main parts can be quickly removed for washing in the kitchen sink and are easily replaced.

Aids for cleaning include lift-out spillage bowls and pot stands, removable burners and grilling section, lift-off oven door, rounded exterior and interior corners.

Smooth-as-glass vitreous enamel finishes

wipe clean with a damp cloth to give the range a lasting new look.

Research by the Gas Industry in cooking appliances has taken into consideration the many advances in food technology, such as the introduction of packaged foods, instant foods, etc.

With these foods and the fast instant heat of gas, a meal for four people of fish fillets, frozen peas, and instant potato, for instance, can be cooked in under seven minutes.

The housewife in the kitchen wants an instant supply of hot water for food preparation and washing.

A modern gas water heater ensures this.

The water heater must be fast and efficient enough to supply the needs in other areas of the house as well—for example, in the laundry and the bathroom.

With proper initial selection, assisted by the advice of gas water-heating specialists, the homeowner can choose a gas water heater to meet the needs of every home, and the future needs of a growing family.

There are three types of gas hot-water systems—instantaneous, storage, and large boilers.

Instantaneous systems are very compact and can be located on a laundry or kitchen wall, or out of sight in cupboards. Because of the compact design, this type is specially suited to home units and small homes.

It is available in different models and capacities to supply from one to three gallons of hot water a minute. Water is heated as you use it; there is no waste.

Mains-pressure storage systems are available in 10- to 40-gallon capacities. These units occupy a minimum of floor space—less than 2 sq. ft.

Operating on special low gas rates, these systems will maintain a constant dependable supply, even on heavy washdays.

Modern automatic washers use a large amount of hot water in a short time—8 to 17 gallons per load, depending on the type and size of the machine.

Gas loses no time in restoring the inflowing cold water to full temperature to meet the needs elsewhere in the home.

Gas, one of the most economical forms of home heating, can provide flexible heat

for any situation—small areas, large rooms, a combination of rooms, or a central system for the whole house.

To provide a complete heating guide, larger gas utilities have established a Gas Heating Advisory Centre where homeowners can see the complete range of gas home heaters, and obtain advice on the type of heating suitable for their home.

Individual room heaters are available in models for floor standing, building into a wall, or setting into the fireplace or decorative surround. Portable models, equipped with a lead of long-lasting flexible lead, plug into a wall or floor socket.

Space heaters are ideally suited to large areas, such as the combined living-dining and family room. These heaters have a fan-assisted air-flow system which distributes the air evenly throughout the room.

Central heating is available in two forms. They are the warm-air system, which passes warm air through ducts and grilles; and the small bore system, which uses hot water circulated through pipes and radiators.

Both these systems are automatically controlled by the thermostats adjusted to the comfort level desired. Time switches are also available.

Central heating by gas can provide general heating throughout the house or in selected rooms that are in use. Where desired, the Gas Company will arrange for insulation to be installed with the supply of gas home heating.

Home planning

In the initial stages of planning a new home, future as well as present requirements should be considered. It is much cheaper to install central heating, water heaters, etc., when the house is built than to make room for them later on.

The Sydney Gas Companies employ a qualified architect in their Home Planning Bureau, and other gas utilities employ specialists to give advice on kitchen, bathroom, and laundry planning, for new or remodelled homes, as well as advice on the selection of the most suitable type of gas appliances.

EXTENSION of the low-pitched, grey tiled roof forms a carport for Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Mackie's home, set in lovely gardens and lawns at Forrest, A.C.T.

ACT OF REBELLION

He didn't ask to see the cake. He wouldn't, of course. David would be quite content to wait until it appeared, iced and decorated, on the table, and he would never mention his mother's recipe again.

It was when she was out shopping next morning that Elinor yielded to temptation.

It was half-past ten and she was coming down the High Street past The Dutch Kitchen.

Beyond the blue curtains at the back of the shop was a cosy little "Morning Coffee" section, and in the front window Polly Evans, who owned both the shop and a formidable array of cooking diplomas, displayed her large, rich fruit cakes, just waiting to be iced — home-made cakes.

No, Elinor told herself indignantly! It's cheating! David will praise, his mother will praise, and you'll feel more miserable than ever.

Then she thought about having to make a cake all over again. Having to mount guard over an unruly oven, and then, perhaps, having to throw it into the dustbin, too.

She pushed open the door with fingers that shook. From behind the curtain she heard the faint tinkle of coffee cups.

"I'd like one of the large fruit cakes, please," she said clearly.

The assistant smiled. They were wonderful value, weren't they? Just right for decorating for birthdays and things.

"It's for a birthday," Elinor said rashly. "I'm going to ice it."

"Well, there you are. Saved all the trouble of baking it yourself, haven't you?"

Elinor iced and decorated the cake the following afternoon. It looked good, she thought unhappily. If only she could forget it wasn't her own handiwork, she could have relaxed into sheer pleasure at the sight of her professional-looking decorations.

MRS. KENLEY came to tea. A pretty, feminine woman, she looked impossibly young to be David's mother, and much too fragile to be so efficient.

She saw the cake. "My dear, it looks gorgeous! Much, much too pretty to cut next week."

"I didn't use the family recipe," Elinor was determined on basic honesty, at least. "I found a new one in a book."

"Why not? Trouble with David and his father, they always want things exactly the same—Christmas, the holidays. I suppose it gives them a feeling of security. No, trying something new is good for anyone."

After she had gone, Elinor began to be haunted. The vision of a sleek-looking cake that had grown a personality of its own followed her reproachful, accusing. She was glad when David came home.

He sighed, put his arms around her, and said resignedly:

"Shadfield has chosen a nice time to get flu. I've got to represent the firm in his place at next week's conference from Monday to Wednesday, in Birmingham."

"Oh, darling, you'll miss your birthday!"

"We'll celebrate when I come back."

"You'd better have your special birthday present now, it won't wait that long." She slid her arms around his neck.

"Does your mother have a good — christening cake recipe?" She waited for the full significance of her words to sink in, then went on casually, "Of course, there's plenty of time yet. It's going to be a spring baby."

His response was very satisfying. She forgot about the cake and the nagging little sense of guilt for the rest of the evening.

Only when she lay awake beside him did she remember it and finally decide there was only one thing to do to shift the crushing weight from her uneasy conscience.

Next day was Friday, when in the afternoon she visited Mrs. Kenley and David collected her on his way home from the office.

Today Elinor packed the iced cake carefully in tissue paper and a box. As she was leaving the flat the telephone rang.

It was David, from his office on the other side of the town.

"I'll be later than usual collecting you tonight. Got to see a client of Shadfield's. Enjoy yourself — oh, and you might tell Mother I've got her gloves."

"Gloves?"

"Mmm! Those new mauve ones. She left them in The Dutch Kitchen when she was having coffee there on Tuesday. Surely she told you?" He sounded surprised. "Considering how frantic she's been—"

"Tuesday," said Elinor. "No, she didn't tell me."

Elinor sat in the bus thinking of the expensive lilac suede gloves that were Mrs. Kenley's pride and joy.

On Tuesday afternoon, when she visited the flat, she had worn a plain dark pair.

There was only one possible reason for not mentioning a loss which must have been uppermost in her mind. She had been drinking coffee behind the blue curtains of The Dutch Kitchen when Elinor bought the cake, and knew, if she mentioned it, Elinor might have guessed she had overheard her.

Mrs. Kenley was waiting for her. The house smelled faintly, warmly of fresh-baked cakes. Heather Kenley looked as serenely unruffled as though she had spent the morning in bed.

To page 51

FOR THE CHILDREN

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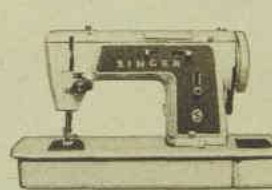
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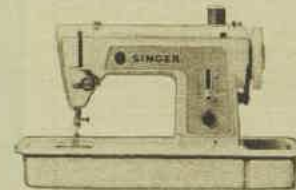
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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● I sometimes think that one of the housewife's most troublesome problems is getting rid of rubbish. I don't mean the sort hoarded out of the mistaken idea that it will be handy for something some day, but totally useless rubbish that has to be got rid of every week.

WE don't live in one of those privileged suburbs where the garbos call two or three times a week, and we haven't got one of those sumptuous rubbish-disposal gadgets that chew up paper and orange skins and vegetable stalks and egg-shells and bones and teaspoons, and flush them down the drain into the sewer.

Once upon a time our week's rubbish would fit (with the aid of a little heavy jumping from Mike) into the rubbish tin. The fact that it no longer will is due not to the fact that we've become more wasteful but to the fact that everything you now buy comes neatly wrapped or packaged in several layers of instant rubbish which has to be disposed of.

Back in the good old days when the family's rubbish fitted in the family rubbish tin, almost everything went in.

Then I instituted a compost heap and set about the long process of training the junior members of the family to put tea-leaves and vegetable waste into a lidded plastic bucket instead of wrapping it up and putting it in the rubbish tin.

This system was designed more to relieve the rubbish tin than to provide nourishment for the garden, but the compost turns out to be a valuable fringe benefit.

Mike, who dislikes the whole system because he sometimes has to empty the bucket and spread lime and soil on the heap, blames it for every fly, mosquito, beetle, moth, lizard, mouse, rat, or stray cat in the whole neighborhood. He can't produce any evidence for this, but Mike doesn't need evidence where prejudice will do instead.

When you're left to the mercy of the 'Steptoes' . . .

MY next step in the uphill battle against an overflowing rubbish tin was to buy a wall-type tin-opener.

This makes tin-opening so easy that it's the work of a second to empty the tin, turn it upside-down, cut the bottom out of it, drop it on the floor, and flatten it with your foot.

At this stage I thought I had the game by the throat. The rubbish tin was only half full and on rubbish-tin nights I'd be hunting round for extra things to fill all that lovely space.

But I'd reckoned without the low cunning of the garbage collectors. Up to this time they'd been quite happy to take any bottles that were put out in a container alongside the tin. Suddenly they refused to do this any more. Bottles had to go into the rubbish tin or they didn't go at all.

In spite of all the trouble with tins and bottles, I'm sure that four-fifths of the rubbish generated by this family is paper in one form or another — wrappings, packets, cartons, letters, envelopes, scribbled-on scribbling-paper, pamphlets, advertising matter of various sorts. The collection of advertising matter, I'm convinced, is a sex-limited inheritable trait.

Neither Hugh nor Mike is constitutionally capable of resisting sheets and pamphlets advertising sporting gear, boats, fishing gear, building materials, cars, paints, or tools. Wherever they go they find them, and they bring them home. These lie about for weeks or months or years, and then they end up in the rubbish tin. We have a waste-paper bag which is collected once a month—but it's always full by the end of the first fortnight.

Better an egg now than a chicken tomorrow!

SO next I started a campaign against people putting waste paper in the rubbish tin, and I yelled at anyone I caught depositing wads of wrapping paper. "Your mother is garbage-centred," Hugh said darkly to the children. "It's a very rare and serious mental disease."

In the winter I found that I could cope quite well with the rubbish problem by burning the surplus paper in the back garden. But in summer you are quite rightly prohibited from lighting fires in the open, so I began campaigning for an incinerator. "Right," Hugh said, "Mike and I will build you one."

"Next weekend?" I said hopefully. "Some weekend soon," they said, and began making plans for a vast edifice

built of used bricks and screened by a lattice over which they suggested I might grow a passionfruit.

"But I don't want that," I said. "I just want some sort of a small-drum thing, with a lid, and air holes in it . . ."

"No, you don't," Hugh said. "You want a proper incinerator. We'll make you a beaut, just as soon as I can get hold of some bricks . . ."

"Better an egg today than a chicken tomorrow," I said,

making use of a perfectly beautiful Italian proverb I'd just learnt. But it fell flat and they went on making plans for their incinerator.

While stuffing one more unwanted pamphlet into the waste-paper bag I came across some figures which prove that this is not just my problem — it's a world-wide one.

In America, 20 years ago, there was two pounds weight of rubbish per day to be disposed of for every member of the population. Today there is four pounds per person, and they've got an extra 50 million people in the country.

The cost to local authorities is 1,500,000,000 dollars a year, an amount exceeded only by expenditure on roads and schools.

I don't know how Australian figures would compare, but in this prosperous economy I shouldn't think there would be a great deal of difference per person.

On that basis this family is producing 7300lb. of rubbish a year. It's not much wonder that one battered family rubbish tin can't contain it!



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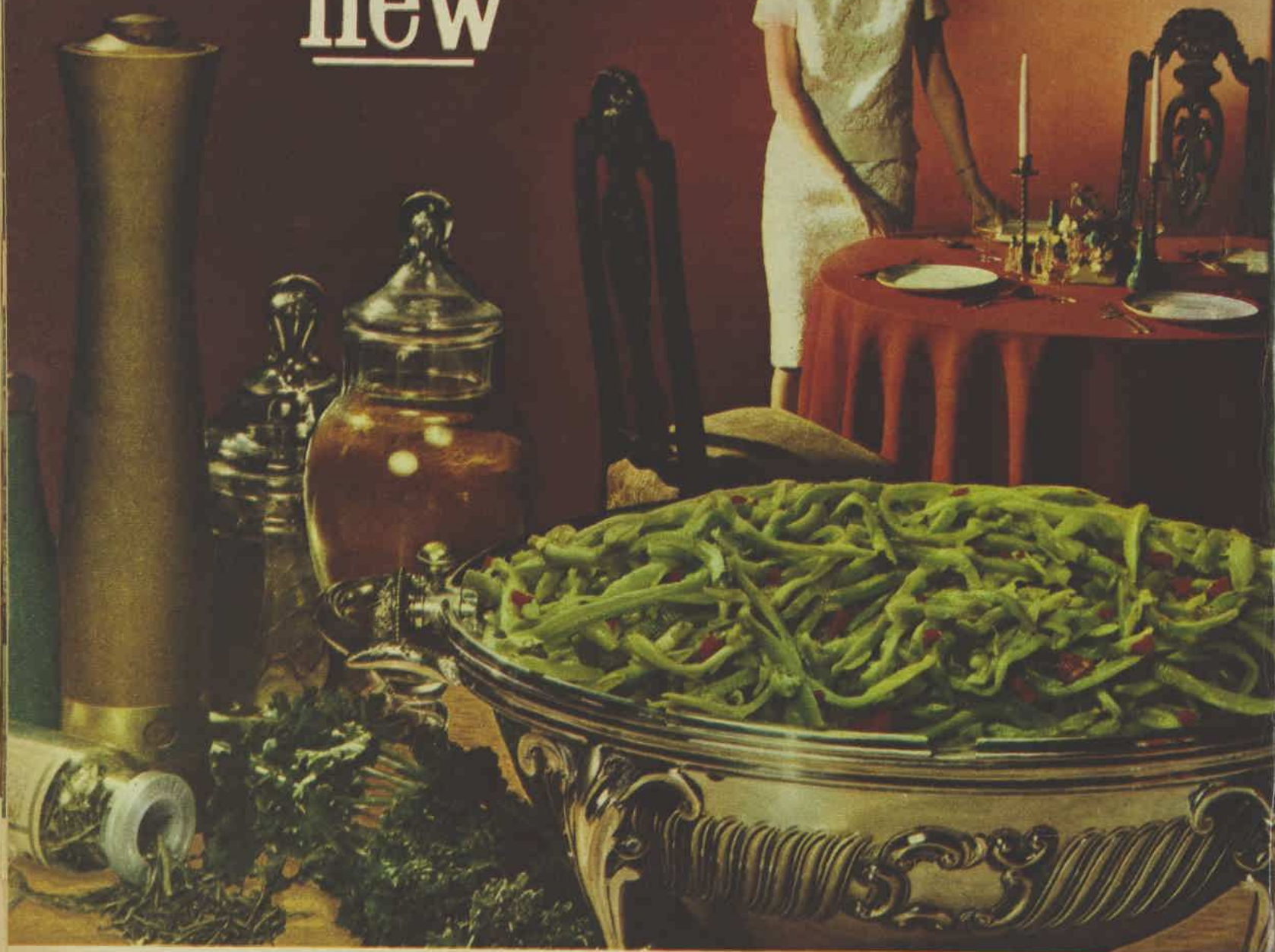
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ACT OF REBELLION

Continued from page 47

Elinor set the box in front of her.

"One iced cake," she said briskly. "It's your ladies' guild bazaar on Saturday, isn't it? You might do quite well out of raffling this. It's a good cake—Polly Evans's home baking."

"Oh, by the way, David rang me just as I was leaving and told me he had your gloves. You left them in the Dutch Kitchen last Tuesday morning."

Heather smiled blandly.

"Did I? Thank goodness he's found them." She looked at the box containing the cake. "Now, that's really thoughtful of you, dear. You've decorated it so beautifully, too."

"I'm making David's birthday cake myself," Elinor told her. "I've got a week's grace. He has to be away next week, so we're having a belated celebration."

"David wanted me to use your recipe and I wanted my own," Elinor sighed sentimentally. "It was our first big quarrel. The cake came out of the oven looking like a cinder, and I wasn't going to tell him. You've never burned a cake, have you?"

"No," Heather admitted. "It's just a flair, that's all. Some people have green fingers, some have cooking fingers."

"You knew," Elinor said. "You were in the Dutch Kitchen. You heard. You weren't going to say anything at all about it. I feel dreadful."

"My hearing isn't as good as it was, you know," Mrs. Kenley lied charmingly. "I couldn't be sure it was you."

Elinor's smile was crooked.

"You knew quite well," she retorted, picking up a parcel of wool. "I've brought you something else. Grandmothers-to-be like to knit, don't they? I dare say you've got a stack of leaflets for matinee jackets, dresses, all of it. I've chosen pale yellow wool instead of the usual pink or blue."

Surprised, she saw that Heather's delight was underlined with dismay as she handed back the wool.

"Darling, I'm so thrilled! You can put me at the top of the list of baby-sitters, but I can't knit for you! It's true!" Mrs. Kenley said wryly. "Give me a ball of wool and two needles and my fingers are all thumbs."

"I have tried—I knitted a scarf for David's father when we were first engaged, and he married me in spite of that, but we never discuss it."

Mrs. Kenley sighed. "I've envied you those sweaters you knit so beautifully; those socks you made for David! I'm so ashamed, it's dreadful to have to admit one can't master something that schoolgirls do quite nonchalantly!"

"Dreadful!" Elinor agreed gravely. "As bad as burning cakes, when it's so simple to remember how switches work. And there must be some reason why my cakes sag in the middle. If you'll help me with David's birthday cake I'll look up my sweater patterns and you can see which one you like best."

"Will you have time?" Mrs. Kenley asked hopefully, looking at the yellow wool.

"Heaps of time," Elinor said, liking her mother-in-law very much and suddenly longing for David to be there to complete the small, warm circle.

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BULBS FOR SUMMER

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Bulbous plants are usually associated with the color and fragrance they bring to the springtime garden. But others flower in different seasons and some are particularly useful in summer.

NERINE, or Spider Lily. It blooms in late summer and autumn.

Pictures by Stirling Macoboy



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Does well in most soils, but must have good drainage and a reasonably sunny position. Grown in several clumps it is particularly effective in the garden, but also makes a good pot-plant.

When planting the bulbs leave the necks just showing.

BELLADONNA LILY (usually listed as *Amaryllis belladonna*, although the correct botanical name appears to be *Brinsvigia rosea*). A lovely and accommodating plant with large pink wide-mouthed tubular flowers, sweetly perfumed, borne on stout stalks usually before the leaves appear.

New colored varieties include **Hathor** and **Harbord** (white) and **Orvieto** (deep ink).

The bulbs are planted 2in. below the surface, or just above in cool districts. Grows well in both open and semi-shaded positions, and is most attractive when planted in groups in shrubberies or verges.

CRINUMS. There are many species from tropical and temperate countries, but only a few are commonly grown. In spring and summer they produce large showy pink, white, and red flowers in clusters at the end of a strong stem.

The bulbs (often very large, up to 12in. long and weighing several pounds) should be planted with the tops above the ground. Best left undisturbed for several years but, if necessary, they can be lifted in May or June. A fairly light soil in a sunny position, with some old manure or compost added, is most suitable.

Can be grown successfully in tubs.

C. longifolium (*C. capeense*) has large trumpet-shaped flowers, white or pink, on stems up to 4ft. high. **C.**

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 261



MORAEA SPATHULATA

powellii is a delicate pink or white, *C. moorei* pink or rose-red.

There are two native species in Australia. **C. flaccidum** (Darling Lily) is found along inland watercourses and has quite large, heavily scented flowers. **C. pedunculatum** (Swamp Lily) also has white flowers and grows in swampy places in coastal districts of New South Wales and Queensland.

TULBAGHIA VIOLACEA, a South African plant with narrow leaves about 12in. long and bright lilac-colored tubular flowers in clusters of eight to 15 at the end of a 12in. stalk. It has a thick fleshy root-stock; can be propagated by dividing the clumps.

The flowers last well when cut, but have the disadvantage of an onion-like odor, which, however, is not noticed in the garden.

IN horticultural usage "bulbous" plants include not only those producing true bulbs, corms, or tubers, but also some with thick fleshy root-stocks.

(Plants in the latter group, of course, cannot be lifted and dry-stored.)

Many bulbous plants flower in summer, but the following are some of those most commonly grown under Australian conditions, excluding special groups such as dahlias and gladioli.

MORAEA species. These are mainly South African plants, some (called *Dietes*) with hard rhizomatous root-stocks and others with corms.



ALSTROEMERIA

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The most commonly grown is **Moraea bicolor** (Butterfly Iris), which bears dainty iris-like cream or pale yellow flowers with a dark brown eye in terminal sprays. They last only a short time, but are freely produced in succession, so the plants have a long flowering period. Strong clumps of sword-shaped leaves are formed, about 3ft. high.

The plant is fairly easily grown, does well in the open, but also makes a fine display in semi-shade under deciduous trees.

M. iridioides has white flowers marked with yellow or lilac.

MONTBRETIA. Has graceful sprays of orange, yellow, or reddish tones on fairly long stems.

A hardy plant, suitable for most well-drained soils, but also best in a light, moderately rich loam in a fairly open, sunny position. Plant the corms 3in. to 5in. deep. Montbretias can also be grown by division or from seed.

Clumps can be left for several years.

SPREKELIA FORMOSISSIMA, commonly known as the **Jacobean Lily**, but also called **St. James Lily** and **Aztec Lily**. A native of Mexico, it has attractive orchid-like flowers, up to 5in. long, a brilliant crimson, with long fairly narrow petals borne singly on 15in. stems. The leaves are dark green and strap-shaped.

Plant the bulbs from April to August, later in very cold districts. Prefers a fairly open soil; can be grown in containers.

VALLOTA, or **Scarborough Lily**, a handsome plant from South Africa with bright red flowers, 3in. or 4in. across, borne in clusters on tall strong stems. The leaves are up to 2ft. long and 1in. to 1½in. across.

ALSTROEMERIA, a large group from South America. The one most commonly grown is **A. aurantiaca**, which bears heads of trumpet-shaped orange flowers spotted with brown or maroon on leafy stems 2ft. to 4ft. tall.

Has pale fleshy roots, which grow vigorously once established and need plenty of room. Needs light, fairly open soil, with plenty of water during the growing season. The clumps can be left undisturbed for several years. Plant about 6in. deep from April to August. Excellent for cutting.

AGAPANTHUS (African Lily). A beautiful and useful plant, able to withstand hard conditions and neglect and perhaps for this reason not valued so much as it should be. The strong clumps produce large heads of blue or white flowers on stout stems, and are attractive in the garden and very useful for indoor decoration in summer.

Easily grown in most well-drained soils, but prefers an open sunny position; responds well to plenty of water in the growing season and occasional applications of liquid manure. The clumps can readily be shifted or divided. An effective and hardy plant for large tubs.

KNIPHOFIA species (Torch Lilies). The most common one seen in gardens is **K. uvaria**, which rejoices in the very apt name of **Red-hot Poker**. It is tall-growing, with a long colorful torch of red and yellow flowers, and although a little old-fashioned contributes a striking accent to the garden.

Other species and hybrids have been introduced which vary considerably in height, from 18in. to 10ft. The tall ones include **K. ensifolia** (yellow), **K. nobilis** (red), and **K. sandersii** (deep red and pale yellow). **K. corallina** is

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SPREKELIA

a smaller variety with coral-red flowers.

Kniphofias are readily increased by dividing up the old established clumps, preferably in spring. An open position and well-drained soil suit them best, and they respond favorably to manures and mulching.

USEFUL TUB PLANTS

There are other bulbous plants which flower in the summer or partly so, including some liliium species.

NERINES (Spider Lilies) appear in late summer and autumn and have very attractive flowers in white, pink, and deep scarlet. Leave the bulbs undisturbed as long as possible.

HEDYCHIUM species (Garland Flower or False Ginger) are hardy and have attractive spikes of sweetly scented flowers, white in **H. coronarium** and yellow in **H. gardnerianum**.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

there was nothing left to say that would sound hopeful, let alone cheering. But he had to make some attempt, he decided; Jean soon got despondent if he didn't. Not that he could blame her — he was pretty despondent himself.

At first she had seemed to appreciate these little attempts of his, feeble as they were. At least she would smile, and sometimes even say something back, such as: "Oh, well, let's turn back again. We must have missed the right turn-off somewhere."

And then, when it had happened the third time—or had it been the fourth?—she had said: "Ben, are you sure this isn't the same end of the road we came to the last time? Or the time before that?" And he'd answered: "Of course I'm sure. We've just taken the wrong turn-off, that's all." But then: "There can't be any more turn-offs left to take," she had retorted.

And this was the first time he had known she was frightened. He wasn't at all surprised, really. He was becoming pretty frightened himself. But he didn't want her to see it.

So he said: "See those trees over there?"—and he pointed to the stunted clump off to their right—"Well, they weren't there before. The only trees at the last stop we came to were on the left. And the stop before that there were just a few spread out in front of us. Don't you remember?"

But she just sank lower in her seat beside him. "No," she said, "I don't. They all look the same to me. Ben, I'm sure we've been coming to this same awful dead-end every time. There just isn't any other turn-off. We're lost, and we're going to stay lost. I just feel it . . ."

He had only to look at her to see how much it had affected her. She wasn't exactly desperate, but something worse than that—she was giving up hope. The next step, he thought to himself, would probably be hysteria; and that was something he had never known how to cope with. That was why, this time, he decided to say: "There can't be all this much of Australia to get lost in."

SHE didn't even look up, but just sat there, crouched, or cowering, shielding her eyes from the dust and glare with her hand.

"You don't have to have the whole of Australia to get lost in," she said quietly, almost bitterly, and still without looking up. "Just the north-west corner of it is more than enough."

He didn't know what to say to that. He could sense that almost anything he might say would lead only to danger, to a breaking point. But he had to say something, so he switched off the engine and said: "Let's have another look at the map."

"What did you do that for?" she demanded.

"Do what?" he asked, genuinely surprised.

"Turn off the engine."

"To save petrol, of course, while we look at the map."

"It's no good looking at the map," she retorted. She had become sullen about almost everything now. "We've looked and looked at it."

"Maybe there's still something we've missed," he suggested, not entirely without hope.

"There aren't enough details in it to see if we've missed anything," she went on. "And you know that as well as I do. There's only the one road marked through the area, and we're supposed to be on it. It doesn't say anything about all these dozens of other tracks. They're not supposed to be here at all. But they are. They are!"—and already he detected the first notes of hysteria—"And we're lost in them. If you ask me, we're not ever going to get out of here again."

"Now, Jean, don't be so pessi . . ."

"Oh, for heavens sake don't start 'Now Jeaning' me!" she retorted, shouting at him. "If you'd listened to me in the first place we'd never

Continued from page 35

have come out on this back road. You know what they told us in the city — stick to the highroad. But no, you would have to go and take a short cut. A short cut, all right! Clean through to hell, if you ask me. Well now you'd better do something about it and just get us out of here."

"Jeanie," he said, and hoped that perhaps the little-girl name he still called her sometimes might help, where other things hadn't. "Jeanie, you know as well as I do that back in that last township they advised us not to take the highroad, because it was all churned up by the cattle-droving — apart from the risk of running into cattle themselves."

"They told us we'd be much bet-

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

ter off taking this back road, and that there were three cattle stations leading from it so we couldn't get lost. And you agreed to it as much as I did, after that previous stretch when we ran into cattle. Now come on, own up to it. Well, didn't you?"

"I didn't know it was going to be anything like this. No one would. I can't imagine anyone in his right senses sending us out into a place like this. They said there'd be stations, all right. And people. People living on the stations, and working around in the area. But where are they? Well, where are they, I ask you! Can you see any? Look around you! Can you see anything out there but just miles and miles of desert, and this damn

silly road that always runs out, and nothing else? Well, can you?"

"Jeanie, don't let yourself get all het up about it," he said quietly, again hoping to pacify her. "Remember, it's only about three hours or so since we passed Quondong Station, and all we've been doing since is just going backwards and forwards. So we can't be all that far away. In fact, I reckon we're still only just a few miles from it. We could have been going round in circles, for all we know. It might be just over one of those hills there."

But if she had seemed to be calming herself at first, and she had even smiled wanly at him once, then the reference to going round

in circles only upset her all the more.

"That's what I mean," she said, her face again setting peevishly into its previous lines. "We could be just going around in circles. That's what happens to everyone when they get lost in these parts. And people still do a perish out here you know. Remember that bit in the newspaper a few months ago?"

"What bit?" he said. He knew very well what she was talking about, but he wanted to make her feel it had been too inconsequential—at least so far as they were concerned—for him to give it another thought.

"About that young fellow who came up here from the city to take on a job as a stockman. You remember it very well, Ben Dobson."

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"The prettiest towels
you'll see anywhere
All wear the
Dri-Glo name"



Dri-Glo towels

(more to choose from)

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

We nearly didn't come on account of it. They sent him off on a horse, just boundary-riding or something. And when they found him, the crows had picked out his eyes like they pick the eyes out of a dead sheep. Right in these very parts."

"That was much farther south, right on the desert," he reminded her. "And it was more or less the kid's own fault. He left his horse at his camp to go and shoot a dingo or something, and never found his way back."

"Well, that's one lesson for us, anyway," she said after a while. "Don't either of us ever leave the car. You can see for yourself, you've only got to step a few yards from one of these wretched tracks and you can't see it again. Look at it! I ask you, just look at it!"

He didn't need to look again to

Continued from page 54

know what it was like, it was already much too familiar. It wasn't bush and it wasn't desert and it wasn't all quite spinifex. They called it cattle country, though there were just as many sheep bred here as there were cattle. Heaven alone knew how either could survive at this time of the year, in the dry.

Yet in the other half of the year, in the wet, he knew that the whole countryside was turned into a quagmire, with the rivers that were now just dried-up beds running two, sometimes three, sometimes twenty miles wide.

But at this time of the year it was so close to desert you could hardly believe it could ever be all

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

lush and green again, once a year, and year after year. The ground now was caked hard and dry, and, when the crust of it broke, it just crumbled into dust. Local people called it bulldust.

Several times on the track, when the ground had looked as solid as red concrete, it had just disintegrated underneath them for twenty or thirty yards. The car had sunk to nearly a foot deep in it, and they'd had to dig themselves out with the help of bushes torn up from the side of the track and laid under the wheels.

They were quite expert at it now. They could get in and out of the smaller bogholes in little more than ten minutes, both of them working

at it. But they'd expected things like that when they'd first set out on the trip. The maps and brochures gave plenty of warnings.

"I've seen cattle get into bulldust and never get out of it," one oldtimer had told them. But the old man had just been exaggerating, he'd thought, to pull their legs a bit, until he had seen it for himself. He could quite believe it now. Had to, in fact, remembering the gaunt skeleton they had seen looming up from one bowl of dust at the roadside. But he didn't want to think about that, and certainly didn't want to remind Jeanie about it.

Being bogged was bad enough, especially at the times when they'd

had to unload all their provisions and gear to get the car out again, and then, when at last they had the car back on solid ground, carry it all from where they had dumped it and reloaded it again. That was hard work enough in the heat; but the flies made it torture.

You had only to step out of the car and they came swarming round you, from just nowhere, darting at you as though they'd tear the very flesh from your body. It was the corners of the mouth and eyes they liked most, probably for moisture. You could slap and switch at them as hard as you liked, but they were immediately back again.

With the car stopped, the heat in the cabin became stifling, mixing their body odors with Jeanie's eau de cologne. And yet they'd bathed only last night, not knowing how long it might be before they could bathe again. Water was precious, like petrol, and had to be scrupulously conserved.

There might possibly be billabongs or waterholes left here and there, but they could never be sure of them. Even then the water was always too muddy and foul for drinking or washing. And besides, they'd been warned about crocodiles. With no other water, once the rivers dried up, the waterholes were nearly always infested with them.

"My heavens, it's hot!" Jeanie said, and forgetting the flies she wound down her window. Instantly they were swarming in at them. One flew straight into her eye, and with a sharp little shriek she ducked her head and slapped at it. With her other hand she wrenched up the window. Even that much exertion made her burst into sweat. And although the window had been open for only seconds, there were over a score of flies blundering around in the car.

It took them several minutes to clear them all out again, flapping them out with rolled-up newspaper, or squashing them into long smears on the windows. When the last was a corpse curled up on the dashboard, Jeanie flicked it away with a grimace of disgust. And then, suddenly, what he had feared would happen did happen. She started to weep, loudly and desperately. He'd never heard her cry with such anguish before.

"For heaven's sake do something, Ben!" she shrieked at him, and he couldn't bear to look at the agony

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUD



"A Dri-Glo is thicker and snugglier, too! Others just aren't quite the same"

Dri-Glo towels

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Look for this label in leading stores in Australia and New Zealand

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You must know how your present insurance dovetails in with:

Your mortgage repayment programme.

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You must have all the facts on these and other related points. You must be quite sure that everything adds up correctly.

You can be sure if you arrange to have an A.M.P. FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP.

4

FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

- 1 Check the facts related to your present family and financial position.
- 2 Check the extent of your needs — what would be required if your family had to live without you — what you will require on retirement or to take advantage of long service leave.
- 3 Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
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An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.

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Every A.M.P. member enjoys the unquestioned security afforded by assets exceeding £700,000,000 which the Society seeks to invest to the greatest benefit to members.

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

in her face. "Get me out of here! Or do something! Anything!"

He switched on the engine again, intending to turn round and go back. At least the sound of the engine gave some kind of solace, for she only sobbed quietly now.

They drove on, lurching and floundering, trying to dodge bogholes they'd made on the way out. They weren't bogged on the return of this leg, which was one consolation; but it was sheer torture all the same, crawling along at little more than five miles an hour, always in low gear with the engine straining and whining, and the temperature needle hovering higher toward the danger mark.

The engine would take it for only about twenty minutes at a time now, and then they'd have to stop to let it cool down. The radiator was swallowing water like a sand-trap, and he wasn't sure how much they had left; they'd expected to reach the next township by night-fall, or at least one of the stations on the way. But the conjecture had been made by city standards, not these.

If they were lost out here for several days, he didn't know which would run out first — petrol or water. In either case, it didn't bear thinking about. Jeanie had already said she wouldn't leave the car, even if she had the strength to walk, which he thought she hadn't. And he didn't know if he could bring himself to leave her alone in the car, nor whether she would let him, while he walked on for help.

THE red light in the dash-panel blinked on again, and he turned off the engine and slowed to a halt.

"What's the matter now?" she asked him, sitting up with a jerk. She had stopped crying when the car had again been in motion, evidently finding some satisfaction in movement. But now she jerked up and her face was all strained again.

"What's the matter, what's the matter!" she demanded, and her voice was hushed and yet hoarse, like a crude whisper in church.

"The engine's overheated," he told her, and in his voice there was a distinct edge of impatience. After all, she should know the limit of the car's performance by now—the new model that would take them two years to pay for, and was nearly a wreck in less than two months. Quite suitable for the outback, the salesman had told them. But the salesman had obviously never known this far outback, or hadn't dreamed that an ostensibly sane and middle-aged couple would tackle a nightmare. And all just to see the country where Jean had been born, farther north in the Kimberleys.

He himself had wanted to fly. A few hours and you were there. But oh, no! She'd said you didn't see anything of the country that way. You had to drive through it, which lots of people were doing these days. But most people who went were much younger than they, and knew what they were taking on. He'd been prepared for a few hardships now and then, and had even studied the car manual to make minor repairs.

There were two spare wheels and half a dozen spare tyres, spare tubes and parts and all sorts of gadgets, an axe and a trenching-tool, a spade to get out of bogs. He even had a tow-rope in case help was required, and was available. He'd bought a rifle to shoot game on the way, to supplement food. There were five four-gallon cans of petrol and another two of water, not counting the two waterbags on the front bumper to cool for drinking while driving.

Oh, he'd taken all the precautions he could think of, all right. On all of God's earth, he knew, there was no country as vast and lonely and underdeveloped as this one.

"If we don't do it now," Jean had argued, from the smug comfort of an armchair, "we'll never get around to it. We'll be too old! And now you've got a month's leave, instead of just a fortnight. Besides," she'd added petulantly, "I want to

do something in my life before I die!"

"Can't you go on a bit farther to stop?" she said suddenly, wrenching him back through an abyss of time. "Do you have to stop amongst all these horrible tombstones? You know how I hate them!"

"Tombstones?"

What was she talking about? Was she already having hallucinations?

"The anthills, of course!" she retorted.

When he came to consider them again, it was just what they did look like—tombstones. A whole crowded cemetery of them, erect and gaunt and ranged in strange clusters looking almost like rows. He looked at them carefully, and

tried to think of them only as anthills, teeming with industry and a life which ignored them. In some parts of the country, he knew, they were always built with their sides to the east and the west; some thought for the sun, but none professed to be certain.

There was also the fact that the longitudinal edges, uncannily, pointed due north and south. Yet what was more uncanny about it, it wasn't the true north and south which they indicated, but the magnetic poles of the compass. Sometimes the ants were known as magnetic termites, but when he had once gone to inspect them, and even

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LULUBELLE

MOTHER and DAUGHTER fashions



"Do get them . . . they make us look like sisters!"

SHE'S A TWICE-A-DAY-TEK GIRL



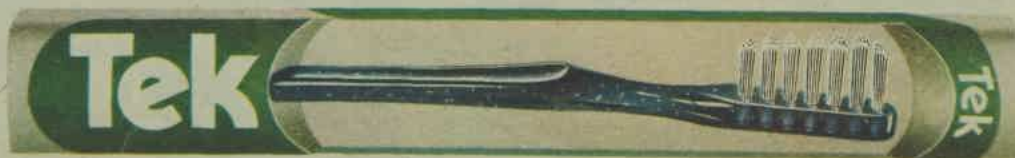
Tek
Anti-Germ
TOOTHBRUSHES



REMEMBER TO REPLACE YOUR WORN-OUT TOOTHBRUSHES REGULARLY. CHECK NOW!

She has the twice-a-day TEK habit. Uses a TEK Anti-Germ — the only toothbrush with built-in germ fighting action to keep bristles free from germs. She knows it's smart to ask for TEK — it's the best toothbrush money can buy!

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FROM THE DAIRY FOODS TEST KITCHEN

Just to see a pat of Maitre d'hotel butter melting into a juicy beefsteak or lamb chop is enough to revive the most jaded appetite! At the first taste, you realise that only Butter can add such goodness, such flavour. Have

you tried some of the savoury butters that are so simple to prepare, yet can bring a new world of flavour and eating enjoyment? You'll hardly believe the variety you can achieve—until you've tried them!



Little tips for big successes

PARSLEY BUTTER . . .

(Also known as Maitre d'hotel butter). Cream 2 oz. butter, add 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley and mix well with 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Shape neatly and chill. Serve with steak. For lamb chops, substitute chopped mint for parsley.

GARLIC BUTTER . . .

Skin and chop small clove of garlic or use garlic press. Add to 2 oz. creamed butter, season and mix well. If preferred, garlic may be bruised with back of wooden spoon and mixed with butter. Leave for 30 minutes until butter absorbs flavour, then remove garlic. Season and chill.



DEVILLED BUTTER . . .

Cream 2 oz. butter, add squeeze lemon juice. Gradually work in 1 teaspoon curry powder and 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Add pinch cayenne pepper. This makes a delicious spread for cold meat sandwiches, too!

HERB BUTTER . . .

Work 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley, 1 finely chopped sage leaf and a pinch of thyme or marjoram into 1 oz. butter. Add salt if desired.



GREEN BUTTER . . .

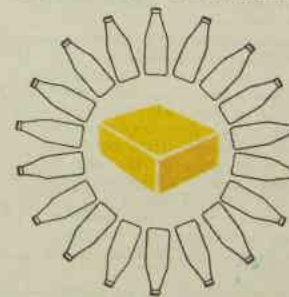
Wash and chop 1 oz. watercress and put through mincer or Mouli grater. Mix with 2 oz. butter, adding salt, pepper and a little spinach juice or green colouring. Ideal for open sandwiches or cocktail canapes.

BLUE CHEESE BUTTER . . .

Blend 1 oz. Australian Blue Vein cheese with 2 oz. butter. Chill and serve with steak.

HORSERADISH BUTTER . . .

Cream 1 tablespoon horseradish with 2 oz. butter, salt and pepper. Chill, serve with steak.



IT TAKES THE CREAM FROM 18 PINTS OF MILK TO MAKE ONE POUND OF BUTTER!



Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

TENDER SCHNITZELS

● A true schnitzel is a thin slice of meat cut from the leg of veal. The word schnitzel is of Austrian origin and means a little cut of meat. Because of the thinness of the veal, schnitzels are economical.

All the recipes given in this feature will serve six.



WIENER SCHNITZEL, with its classic egg-and-anchovy topping, is one of the most popular of all meat dishes.

THERE are countless varieties of schnitzels, but perhaps the best known is Wiener (or Vienna) Schnitzel, paper-thin, which is dipped in egg and breadcrumbs and cooked until tender and golden.

Accompaniments to schnitzels are traditionally simple — a green salad and boiled potatoes.

Preparation: Trim schnitzels carefully, then place between several thicknesses of grease-proof paper and pound with a mallet or flat blade of heavy knife. Continue pounding until schnitzels are about $\frac{1}{16}$ in. thick. This breaks down the fibres of the meat, making it deliciously tender.

Place schnitzels on flat dish and squeeze over a little lemon juice; let stand about 1 hour, turning frequently. The schnitzels are now ready for cooking.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the following recipes.

SCHNITZELS NATUREL

One and a half pounds prepared schnitzels, salt and pepper, flour, 2oz. melted butter, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon.

Sprinkle each schnitzel with a little salt and pepper; dip in flour, shake off excess. Sauté in heated butter, allowing 2 to 4 minutes for each side, depending on thickness. Arrange drained schnitzels on hot serving platter. Add lemon juice to remaining butter, spoon over schnitzels; serve at once.

WIENER SCHNITZEL

One and a half pounds prepared schnitzels, seasoned flour, beaten egg, fine dry breadcrumbs, 2oz. melted butter, 1 tablespoon oil, slices of hard-boiled egg, rolled anchovy fillets, lemon wedges.

Toss schnitzels in seasoned flour, shake off excess, and dip in beaten egg. Then roll in crumbs, pressing these on firmly; refrigerate 30 minutes to set crumbs. Heat oil and butter in heavy frying pan, put in schnitzels and cook until golden brown on both sides. Allow 2 to 4 minutes' cooking time for each side. Drain schnitzels well, arrange on serving dish. Top each with slice of hard-boiled

egg and rolled anchovy fillet. Serve with lemon wedges.

SCHNITZELS FINES HERBES

One and a half pounds prepared schnitzels, seasoned flour, 2oz. butter, little oil, 2 tablespoons each finely chopped chives and parsley, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon dried tarragon, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry white wine.

Dip schnitzels in seasoned flour; sauté in heated butter and oil 2 to 4 minutes on each side. Add herbs, blend in wine. Cook rapidly 2 minutes; season with salt and pepper. Remove schnitzels to serving platter; spoon over pan juices; serve at once.

GOLDEN SAVORY SCHNITZELS

One and a half pounds prepared schnitzels, 1 cup fine dry breadcrumbs, 1 clove garlic (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated parmesan cheese, dash cayenne, flour, dry white wine, 2oz. butter, little oil, extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry white wine, dash each Worcestershire and tabasco sauce.

Combine the crumbs with the garlic, parsley, mustard, parmesan cheese, and cayenne. Dip schnitzels in flour, then in

white wine, then press on crumb mixture. Sauté in the heated butter and oil 2 to 4 minutes on each side. Transfer schnitzels to serving platter; keep warm. Add extra wine and the sauces to pan; cook 2 minutes, stirring. Spoon over schnitzels; serve at once.

SCHNITZELS AMANDINE

One and a half pounds prepared schnitzels, seasoned flour, 2oz. butter, little oil, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup slivered almonds (sauteed in extra butter), salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry white wine, chopped parsley.

Dip schnitzels in seasoned flour, then sauté in heated butter and oil, allowing 2 to 4 minutes' cooking time for each side. Add almonds and toss together. Season to taste and transfer to hot platter. Add wine to pan and bring to the boil, stirring. Simmer a minute or two, then spoon over schnitzels. Sprinkle with chopped parsley; serve at once.

SCHNITZELS CHASSEUR

One and a half pounds prepared schnitzels, seasoned flour, 2oz. butter, little oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms (sliced), $\frac{1}{4}$ onion (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine, 2 large tomatoes (peeled and chopped), extra $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, salt and pepper, chopped parsley.

Dip schnitzels in seasoned flour. Heat butter and oil in heavy frying pan, put in schnitzels, sauté 2 to 4 minutes on each side. Drain, arrange on serving dish; keep warm. Sauté mushrooms in butter remaining in pan, together with onion (or sauté in butter in separate pan). When onion is soft, pour on wine, simmer until liquid is reduced by half. Then add tomatoes, simmer again until sauce is reduced by half. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Swirl extra butter into sauce until it is just melted. Spoon over schnitzels; sprinkle with chopped parsley; serve at once.

SCHNITZELS FLORENTINE

One and a half pounds prepared schnitzels, seasoned flour, 2oz. melted butter, little oil, 2 cups well-seasoned chopped cooked spinach (chopped frozen spinach can be used), 2 cups prepared white sauce, 2oz. grated parmesan cheese, extra butter.

Dip schnitzels in seasoned flour, shake off excess, sauté in the heated butter and oil, allowing 2 to 4 minutes' cooking time for each side.

Drain well. Arrange bed of spinach in greased ovenproof dish. Top with overlapping schnitzels. Spoon over prepared sauce (with 1oz. parmesan cheese added), top with remaining cheese. Dot with little extra butter, cook in hot oven until topping is golden brown and bubbling. Serve at once.

SCHNITZELS MARSALA

One and a half pounds prepared schnitzels, seasoned flour, grated parmesan cheese, 2oz. butter, little oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms (sliced), extra butter if necessary, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each stock and marsala wine, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Dip schnitzels in seasoned flour, then in grated parmesan cheese. Sauté in heated butter and oil, allowing 2 to 4 minutes' cooking time for each side. Drain well, arrange

on serving dish; keep warm. Sauté mushrooms in remaining butter, adding extra butter if necessary. Arrange on top of schnitzels; add stock, marsala, and parsley to pan juices, bring to the boil. Simmer a moment or two, spoon over schnitzels. Serve at once.

SCHNITZELS WITH CREAM

One and a half pounds prepared schnitzels, seasoned flour, 2-3rd cup cream, salt and pepper, chopped parsley, 2oz. butter, a little oil.

Dip schnitzels in seasoned flour; sauté in heated butter and oil, allowing 2 to 4 minutes' cooking time for each side. Transfer to serving platter; keep warm. Add cream to pan juices; simmer until mixture is slightly reduced and well blended. Season with salt and pepper. Spoon over schnitzels; sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve at once.

SCHNITZELS WITH KIDNEYS

Four large prepared schnitzels, seasoned flour, 4 lamb's kidneys, 8 mushroom caps, 3 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each stock and dry white wine, salt and pepper.

Trim and slice kidneys; dip schnitzels and kidneys in seasoned flour. Melt butter in heavy frying pan, put in schnitzels, and sauté 2 to 4 minutes on each side. Drain, transfer to serving platter; keep warm. Add kidneys and mushrooms to butter remaining in pan, sauté 3 to 4 minutes. Top each schnitzel with slices of kidney and 2 mushroom caps. Add wine and stock to pan juices, cook until reduced by half; season to taste, spoon over schnitzels. Serve at once.

SCHNITZELS A LA HOLSTEIN

One and a half pounds prepared schnitzels, seasoned flour, 2oz. melted butter, little oil, 1 fried egg for each schnitzel, anchovy fillets, capers, little chopped raw onion or shallot, lemon wedges.

Dip prepared schnitzels in seasoned flour, shake off excess, and sauté in heated butter and oil, allowing 2 to 4 minutes' cooking time for each side. Drain schnitzels, arrange on serving platter. Top each with fried egg, top eggs with lattice of anchovy fillets; sprinkle with capers and little chopped onion. Serve with lemon wedges and sliced cucumbers.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



Make a
TROPICAL CALYPSO
 with Golden Circle sunsweet Tropical Pineapple

Here's a dessert to take you on a tropical holiday . . . with GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple and Nestle's Ice Cream. It begins with Nestle's Liquid Ice Cream Mix — just chill it, whip it, add GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple Pieces and freeze. (Notice that sauce!) You'll see . . . it's island magic, all right.

TROPICAL CALYPSO:

One 15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE PINEAPPLE PIECES (drain and reserve liquid)
 One can Nestle's Liquid Ice Cream Mix
 One tablespoon chopped mint.



PEEL A CAN TODAY

Sauce:

Pineapple syrup
 Three level teaspoons cornflour
 One dessertspoon lemon juice
 One dessertspoon sherry (optional)

Method:

Prepare Liquid Ice Cream Mix as directed. After final beating fold in pineapple and mint. Pour into freezer tray and freeze.

Sauce:

Place syrup in small saucepan over low heat. Add cornflour blended with a little cold water, lemon juice and sherry. Bring to boil. Simmer one minute. Serve hot or cold over ice cream.

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

Concluding...

Tender schnitzels

PAPRIKA SCHNITZELS

One and a half pounds prepared schnitzels, seasoned flour, 2oz. melted butter, little oil, 1 large onion (chopped), 2 teaspoons paprika, 1 cup cream, chopped parsley.

Dip prepared schnitzels in seasoned flour; shake off excess flour, fry schnitzels in heated butter and oil, allowing 2 to 4 minutes for each side. Drain, set aside. Saute onion in remaining butter and oil until soft and golden, stir in paprika, then replace schnitzels. Cook gently about 5 minutes, then add cream. Cook gently until cream is heated through. Transfer schnitzels to serving dish; check sauce for seasoning, spoon over. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, serve at once.

SCHNITZELS WITH MUSHROOMS

One and a half pounds prepared schnitzels, seasoned flour, 2oz. melted butter, a little oil, 1lb. mushrooms (sliced), extra butter, 1 cup cream, salt and pepper, chopped parsley.

Dip prepared schnitzels in seasoned flour; shake off excess, cook 2 to 4 minutes on each side in the heated butter and oil. Drain well, transfer to hot platter; keep warm. Saute sliced mushrooms in remaining butter and oil, adding extra butter if necessary. Add cream, salt, pepper, and chopped parsley; blend well. Return schnitzels to sauce, heat 2 or 3 minutes, do not allow to boil. Serve at once.

SCHNITZELS WITH PORT

One and a half pounds prepared schnitzels, 2oz. butter, little oil, seasoned flour, 1 cup port, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Dip schnitzels in seasoned flour. Heat butter and oil in large heavy frying pan, put in schnitzels, cook 2 to 4 minutes on each side. Transfer to serving dish, keep warm. Add port to pan juices, bring to the boil, and swirl round thoroughly. Spoon over schnitzels; sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve at once.

SCHNITZELS CORDON BLEU

Six prepared schnitzels, 6 slices each ham and gruyere cheese approximately same size as the schnitzels, seasoned flour, beaten egg, fine dry breadcrumbs, 1oz. melted butter, 1 tablespoon oil.

Cover each schnitzel with slice of ham, cover this with slice of cheese. Fold over, fasten with cocktail sticks to secure; dip in seasoned flour, then in beaten egg and crumbs. Fry in the heated butter and oil, allowing 2 to 4 minutes for each side. Drain well, remove cocktail sticks, serve at once.

SCHNITZELS INDIENNE

One and a half pounds prepared schnitzels, seasoned flour, 2oz. butter, a little oil, 1 to 2 teaspoons curry powder (to taste), 1 cup cream, little stock, chopped sauteed almonds, 1 onion (chopped).

Dip prepared schnitzels in seasoned flour, cook 2 to 4 minutes on each side in the heated oil and butter. Remove from pan, set aside. Soften onion in remaining butter and oil, then add curry powder; stir well; replace schnitzels. Cook 3 minutes, then add cream and stock. Cook until sauce is hot and well blended; do not boil. Transfer schnitzels to serving dish, spoon over sauce. Sprinkle with chopped sauteed almonds; serve at once.

SCHNITZELS WITH SOUR CREAM

One and a half pounds prepared schnitzels, seasoned flour, 2oz. butter, oil, 1 tablespoon shallots (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon tomato puree, 2-3rd cup sour cream, salt and pepper.

Dip schnitzels in seasoned flour; saute in the heated butter and oil, allowing 2 to 4 minutes' cooking time for each side. Remove to hot serving dish; keep warm. Add shallots to remaining butter, cook until soft and golden. Then add tomato puree, salt and pepper. Blend in sour cream, heat gently without allowing mixture to boil; spoon over schnitzels. Serve at once.

APPLE AND FRUIT CAKE WINS PRIZE

Consolation prize of £1 is awarded for a simple but delicious recipe for fruit scones. Serve them hot and well buttered.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

APPLE FRUIT CAKE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups cooked unsweetened apple pulp, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons

● A recipe for a rich, moist cake containing apple pulp, raisins, dates, and walnuts wins the £5 prize this week.

cocoa, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup seeded chopped raisins, 1 cup chopped dates, 2½ cups plain flour.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, stir soda into apple pulp while still warm, add to creamed mixture. Stir in raisins, dates, and nuts. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Spread in greased lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. When

cold, ice with lemon icing and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. N. Dowling, Lawson Lane, Orbost, Vic.

DATE SCONES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup milk, 3 cups self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup coconut, 2 eggs, ½lb. dates.

Melt butter over low heat. Sift flour and salt into basin, add butter, milk, beaten eggs, coconut, and dates. Stir until mixture forms a stiff dough. Place on floured board, roll out to ¼in. thickness. Cut into squares and place on greased scone tray, close together. Bake in moderately hot oven for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to slow and cook further 10 minutes. Serve hot and buttered.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Palmer, Wooyung Rd., Crabbe's Creek, via Murwillumbah, N.S.W.



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THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

photograph them with the tele-lens of his cine-camera, they had looked just ordinary ants to him.

"I'm sorry, I didn't think about them," he said, quite truthfully, for he hardly noticed them any more. "It's just that when the red light goes on, we've got to stop. You don't want the engine to seize up on us, do you?"

She made little jutting motions with her jaw and sank lower in her seat, turning her head to avoid seeing the anthills.

"I just don't want to have to look at them, that's all," she said. "Can't you drive on just a hundred yards or so? See, they run out after those trees. I can't bear to look at them any more."

"When the red light goes on," he replied, "we've just got to stop, that's all!"

She remained silent, turning her head away from him again, sniffing. He was sorry for her, but he didn't know what more he could do.

"Can't you put water in the radiator again?" she suggested after a while. And then he knew she was becoming unreasonable; she was losing her sense of responsibility. Petty discomforts were now making her forget their more calamitous predicament. But then again, he told himself, even this might be a good thing. Let her distract herself with as many petty complaints as she liked, if it would keep her mind off that other possibility.

"We've still got plenty of water, haven't we?" she went on, her voice almost a whine.

BUT then, as merciful as a cloud would have been, the red light went out again. He switched on the engine and sighed his relief as it hummed pleasantly.

Two more forced halts and they were back at the crossing again. He knew they had been at this crossing before, because it was not only the same road they had retraced — at least there had been no other turnoffs from this leg — but also he recognised the mill and dried-up waterhole between two legs of the crossing.

Previously they had passed three or four of these mills, in the twenty or thirty miles he thought they had covered since passing the last homestead, but at that time he hadn't yet become aware of having lost their way. It hadn't occurred to him to see whether the mills could provide them with water or not, for their supplies were sufficient for two or three days and they had expected to arrive at the next township long before that.

But now the circumstances were different, and he decided to get out of the car and inspect the mill. You never knew, their fears about running out of water might be quite unwarranted after all. The matter of petrol still applied, but at least with water there was no threat of doing a perish as it was called.

They had food, he guessed, to last them a week, although most of it was only canned meat, vegetables, soups, fruit. And he could always shoot a kangaroo or something, a sheep, or even a cow. There was certainly no need for panic yet, let alone despair.

He thought Jeanie would prefer to stay in the car, out of reach from the flies. But no, she said: she wanted to go, too. He didn't know whether it was because she wanted to look into the water position for herself, or whether she was afraid to be left alone in the car, even for a matter of minutes and with him still within sight.

She followed his example of tearing off a twig to switch at the flies, and while they walked over to the mill he told her what he had already summed up about the food and water position. It seemed to cheer her up quite a lot, and she even managed to smile again as they plodded through the fine dust that rose up like smoke from their shoes.

They hadn't gone halfway to the mill before they were red up to their knees.

There was a frail wisp of breeze, but it seemed only to fan the hot air more irritatingly around them. Yet even this didn't bother him. There was the prospect of water

before them, and this alone raised his hopes.

But when they reached the banked-up soak their faces fell again. It wasn't quite bone-dry, but might just as well have been. There was only a slough of mud at the bottom, putrid with sheep-droppings so that they had to put handkerchiefs to their noses against the stench. But the droppings a few yards from the soak were shrivelled and bleached. No animal had been there recently.

There was a rough kind of fence leading up to the mill, and Jeanie leaned against one of its posts as though she had reached her last point of endurance and would rest there or rot. Her sagged face

started to twitch again, and she just stared down at the pitted mud in the waterhole.

"There's still the mill itself," he reminded her. But he knew that the bore must be only for artesian water, which was revoltingly unpalatable. Even if he used it for the car, all the salts it contained would soon choke the radiator and cooling system. He'd only be able to use it in extreme emergency, and then have to have it all cleaned out afterward as quickly as possible.

But when he looked up, the first thing he saw was that there were no fans on the mill. They had been disassembled and removed. In the housing underneath, however, when he peered through the rough planks

of the walls, he could see a hand-lever which was probably to pump up the water when there was no wind to turn the fans.

But there was a locked padlock rusted on the door of the housing for one thing, and even through the gloom inside he could still discern a chain and another locked padlock on the pump-lever. Furthermore, the whole contraption looked rusted over. In any case, without water to prime the pump, was it possible for a man to pump one of these things so that the water came up?

He knew that artesian bores often ran several hundred feet down — not like a domestic well in some suburban garden. And he certainly didn't feel like wasting their precious supply to prime a pump which might cough up only salt. Still, he might be able to do some-

thing. At least he must make Jeanie think he could.

But again he had only to look at her to see she already knew. One thing, she didn't start crying or whining or reproaching him this time. Her face wasn't even set with despondency. It had just become blank — and it was this blankness which frightened him more than anything else. They were both quite silent as they walked back to the car.

Then he remembered something. Once there had been a few sheep near one of the mills they had passed, before they had reached the first of the barbed-wire fences with gates to be opened and closed. But if sheep had been there, then there must have been water somewhere for them also.

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He began to see the circumstances now. The mustering season was almost over, so the bulk of sheep and cattle would have gone. Those that were left would quite logically be confined within fenced areas for breeding. All they had to do now was to watch out for more sheep.

He felt so rejuvenated that he couldn't tell Jeanie about it fast enough. Once again this seemed to cheer her up a little. At least that look of blankness soon left her again. But then, almost as quickly, it returned.

"What's the matter now?" he asked.

"Would you like to drink that water?" she asked in return, and

memory of the stench they had just left assailed them anew.

"I will if we have to," he said. "But we've still got plenty left in the cans. We'll drink that and use this other for the car and washing."

But it was obvious that she didn't believe him and, as though to confirm it, she made a grimace of distaste. Immediately afterwards her features sagged back into their previous blankness and, without any feeling in her voice, she said: "Those sheep you were talking about, Ben, we saw early this morning, before we even passed Quondong Station."

Back at the car, he noticed for the first time the lengthening of

their shadows, and when he looked up at the sky he saw that the sun was already well down on the horizon. It wouldn't be long before sundown and then they would have to stop. There was no point in losing themselves further in the dark.

She had seen him looking up at the sky, so she looked at her watch.

"It's nearly five," she told him, because his own watch had stopped the second day after leaving the city. "Don't you think we ought to camp here for the night? We'll never reach anywhere else now."

"Let's try the other leg," he suggested. "You never know, we might reach another homestead, or get back to the last one. Roads can't just go nowhere, you know."

She looked at him wearily. "Which leg are you going to try?" she asked.

"What do you mean, which leg? There's only the one left to try. We came from that direction in the first place," he said, pointing, "and when we went straight on we came to the dead end."

"One of the dead ends," she reminded him.

"All right, one of the dead ends. So now we take that track going off to the right. It's the only one where we haven't been. See, you can tell by the tracks. There are our wheel-marks."

They were so plain, he didn't need to go nearer to confirm them. And then, with a new kind of horror, he realised just how plain they were. There weren't any others. There hadn't been another vehicle along this way for weeks, possibly months. If that was the case, and they broke down somewhere, it might be weeks or months before another would ever come this way.

BY then it would be too late, so far as they were concerned. But he didn't want to tell this to Jeanie, and hoped she wouldn't have noticed it for herself. He didn't want the hideous thought to occur to her as well. Quickly he said: "So you see, all we have to do is to take the track we know we haven't tried."

But she didn't seem at all impressed. Instead, she just said again: "Which one? I want to know."

"That one, of course," he answered, impatient with her once more.

"And what about the other way — where that new track of yours runs on behind us?"

At first he could hardly believe it. But it was there, all right. Furthermore, there weren't any other tyre-marks on it, either.

"We'll toss a coin," he said. She smiled, a strange little twisted smile he'd never known from her before. Nor had she ever made the kind of joke she now said so quietly.

"When you toss your coin, Ben, you might just as well leave it there. I doubt if we'll ever have much chance of spending it . . ."

The coin told them to take the road behind them, the one she had discovered. In some strange way this seemed to please her, not because she herself had shown any preference but probably just from the whim of having been the one first to see it.

With the sun lowering and stretching shadows into weirdly pleached patterns, travelling became cooler. The red light in the panel didn't blink on any more, and they weren't even bogged. She was perking up a little and even began to hum to herself and take an interest in the maps again. But she didn't say anything about feeling they were on the right track this time.

Possibly she didn't want to tempt — or taunt — providence too much. And he didn't like to point out to her that the track was even less distinct than any other they had taken or that there were still no tyre-marks from other vehicles. To keep her distracted he started talking about what they might cook themselves for a meal that evening. "I've still got to wash up the things from breakfast and dinner,"

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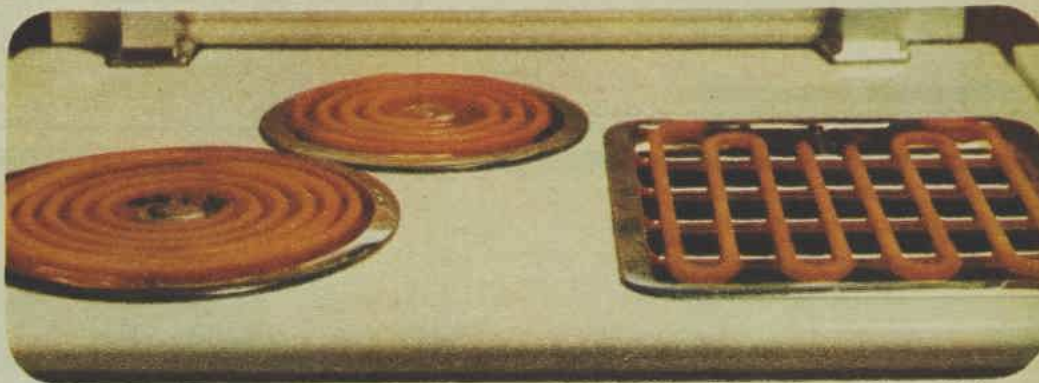
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Continued from page 64

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

she reminded him. "We left them because we thought we'd be at the township this evening." And as though the reminder still deserved a reproach, she had to add: "It was your idea, remember, to save time."

But it wasn't the reproach which had chilled him; he was quite used to those by now. It was having to remind her that they couldn't afford to waste water, either for washing dishes or even washing themselves, before unrolling the sleeping-bags to bed down in the back of the wagon. It would only remind her of their predicament again just as she seemed to be forgetting it and becoming more hopeful.

He decided to stop and make camp for the night just before the

sun would settle down on to the horizon like a blaze of hot coals. It would give them a little time to sort things out before dark sank upon them. The hurricane lamp didn't help very much, and now he didn't want to use the car's headlamps as he had done at the beginning of the trip in case the battery ran down.

But before the time came for him to look for a likely camping spot, the unbelievable happened again. A mill appeared, bereft of fans just like the last one, its waterhole dried up. There wasn't even a housing underneath the mill this time, and what machinery there might once have been had long since been removed.

But that wasn't the unbelievable

part of it. As he brought the car to a halt once more, he just couldn't bring himself to believe that it had happened all over again. Yet it had. There was no doubt about it. Ahead there was nothing but the scrub and the same kind of hills and the same stunted trees as had confronted them before.

The track just led nowhere, unless you considered this abandoned derelict of a mill as somewhere—some place which, by the look of it, no one had ever been to for ages. No human, that was. There were still the animal droppings—stale, parched little discs.

Strangely enough, Jeanie didn't seem quite so distressed by this fifth ending of the road. At least he thought it the fifth. No matter how much he looked back on the day, he couldn't quite remember, couldn't at all be sure. Possibly it was this that depressed him more than did the road again coming to an end—and the end mocking them, jeering with the maddening cries of crows, and wild shrieks from other birds, so much like some loud and demented laughter.

"Well," she said, "I guess we've just got to make camp this time. It's going to be dark soon. Will you lift out the petrol- and water-cans? Leave the lighter things to me. I'll make up the beds if you'll make a fire."

HE could hardly believe it. At the end of such a terrible day—and heaven alone knew what was ahead of them the next day, which was something else to keep them awake all night—how could she be so practical and cheerful! Was it because she had exhausted all her hysteria and fear for one day? Or perhaps she had merely sensed his own despondency and decided that one of them had to keep up appearances. He didn't dare think about courage.

"You're not going to cook to-night, are you?" he said, thinking of the water. "I'd rather just have something cold, straight out of the tin. Then we needn't wash up or anything." Putting it that way, he hoped it wouldn't have reminded her about the water position, and how, if they didn't look after it, they might soon debase themselves by coming to fight over it.

She looked at him incredulously. "Of course I'm going to cook!" she retorted. "What we both need, after a day like today, is a jolly good warm meal. It'll keep up our strength, and tomorrow we may need it. Besides, if it hasn't occurred to you, then it certainly has to me. If we light a fire, someone is bound to see it. There wouldn't be too many people lighting fires out in these parts, not from what I've seen of it."

"And even if they haven't heard that we're lost, which I don't suppose anyone has as yet, they might still come and investigate. If we make it a really big blaze, they won't think it's just abos."

It hadn't occurred to him, and he could have kicked himself for a fool.

"I'll make the biggest fire ever," he said. "And, Jeanie girl, you can cook ourselves a whole Christmas dinner if you feel like it."

He kept the fire going till nearly midnight, and then they were both too tired to sit up any more. They couldn't read, and they'd talked out the possibilities of most topics which occurred to them, both avoiding the one matter which preyed on their minds. Would they ever find their way out of this maze again?

Eventually they had decided, as if of one accord, to let the fire die down so they could put it out and go to bed. No one would be likely to be out in these parts at this time of night, and if the fire hadn't been seen by now, then it wouldn't be seen at all. In any case, if it had been seen, would help be likely to come before the next day?

And if it did, they wouldn't have to just sit and wait for it. With the track again coming to an end as it had, whoever might come for

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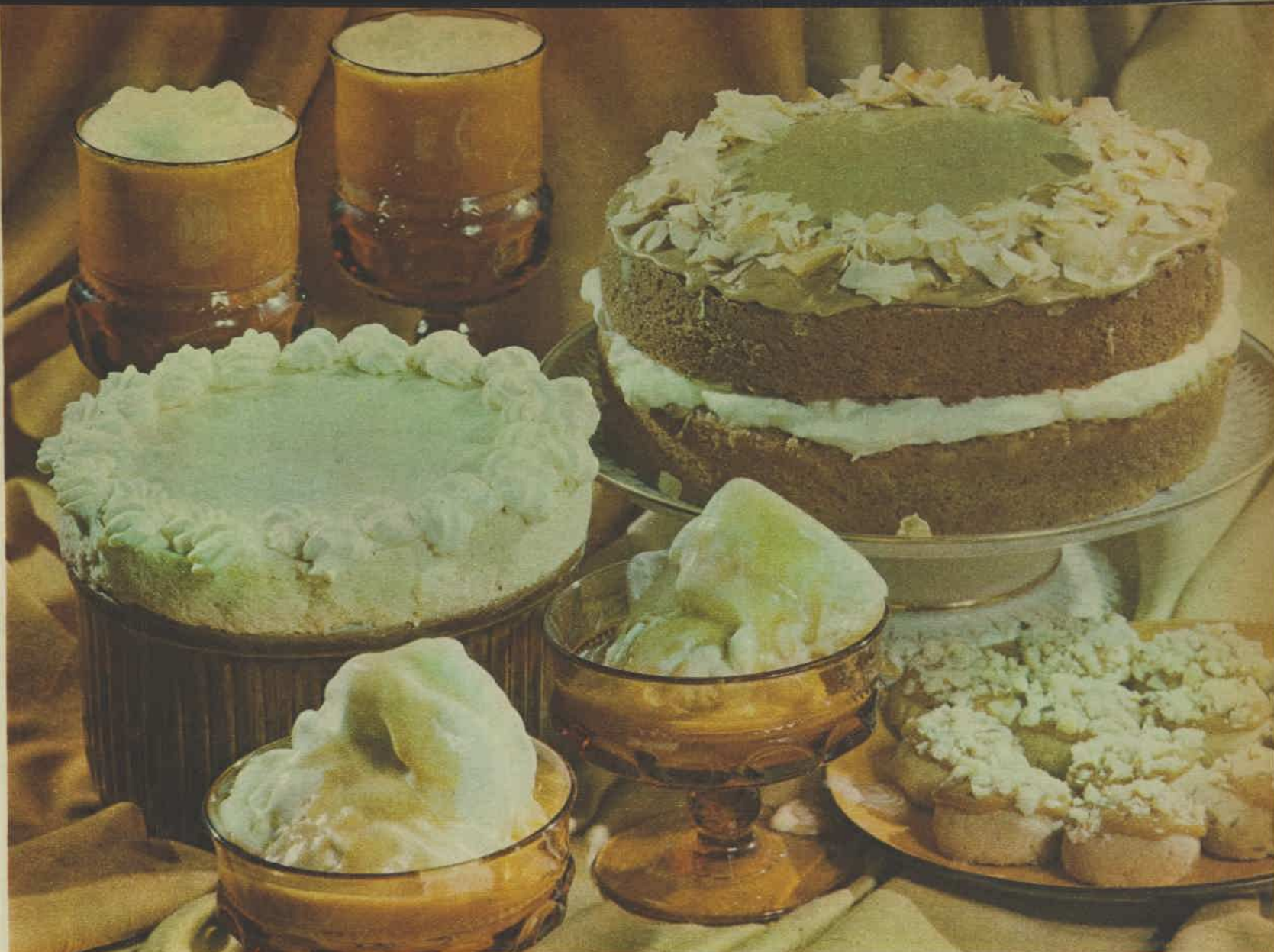


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CARAMEL SOUFFLE, caramel sauce over ice-cream, nut biscuits, milkshake, and a wonderful caramel cake are some of the recipes given.

Flavored with caramel

CARAMEL (which is merely browned sugar) is also an old-fashioned, favorite way of adding rich brown color to savory sauces and gravies.

CARAMEL CAKE

Nine ounces plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup caramel syrup (see below), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt 3 times. Cream butter, gradually add sugar, beat until light and fluffy. Mix in the well-beaten egg-yolks. Combine caramel syrup and water. Add to creamed mixture alternately with dry ingredients. Beat 2 minutes, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites.

Turn into 2 greased 8in. sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes; cool. Join together with whipped cream, top with Caramel Icing.

Caramel Syrup: Melt 2 cups sugar in saucepan, stirring constantly. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water. Cook until lumps, which will form when water is added, have been dissolved, and until mixture is a heavy syrup. Cool and measure.

Caramel Icing: One cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Combine all ingredients in saucepan, bring to boil; boil 3 minutes. Pour into heatproof basin, beat until icing thickens. Allow to cool before spreading.

CARAMEL SOUFFLE

One and half ounces sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot milk, 6 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar, 4 egg-whites, 3 teaspoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons hot water, 6 macaroon biscuits, crushed, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint whipped cream, chopped nuts.

Place sugar in saucepan, cook until light caramel color. Gradually add the hot milk, stir until well blended. Beat together egg-yolks and castor sugar, add to caramel mixture. Cook over gentle heat, stirring, until thick. Dissolve gelatine in the hot water, add to caramel mixture, stir well; set aside to cool. Then stir in the crushed macaroons and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of the cream, whipped. Whip egg-whites very stiffly, fold in. Pour into greased $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. or 5in. souffle

From our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

● Caramel is one of the most popular of all flavors. Adults and children alike enjoy its good, rich taste, which can be added to many types of sweet dishes—and to drinks. We give a variety of recipes with a wonderful caramel flavor — in cakes, biscuits, desserts, and many more.

dish, with piece of greased paper tied round outside of dish and extending lin. above rim. Refrigerate until set.

Just before serving, decorate with remaining whipped cream; sprinkle, if desired, with chopped nuts.

CREME CARAMEL

Half cup sugar, little hot water, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons extra sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 pint milk, whipped cream.

Place the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar in small saucepan with little hot water, cook until it turns rich caramel color. Pour into warmed, lightly greased individual custard cups, turn cups round so caramel coats bottom and sides.

Beat eggs in bowl with extra sugar and vanilla, slowly add scalded milk. Strain into prepared cups, stand in

baking dish with warm water coming half-way up cups. Bake in moderately slow oven approximately 25 minutes, or until custard is set. Remove from oven, cool, then chill. Turn out on to individual serving dishes, serve with bowl of whipped cream.

To give additional caramel flavor, substitute $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of caramel syrup (see recipe for Caramel Cake) for $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the milk; scald with the milk.

CARAMEL NUT BISCUITS

Two and a half cups plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder, 8oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. soft caramels, 2 tablespoons water, extra chopped nuts.

Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add brown sugar, vanilla, and chopped nuts. Add sifted dry ingredients, mix well. Flour hands lightly, shape mixture into small balls, place on ungreased oven slides. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes; cool on trays. Melt caramels with the water in top half of double saucepan. Spoon a little over top of each biscuit, sprinkle with chopped nuts.

CARAMEL MILKSHAKE

Chilled milk, caramel syrup (see recipe for Caramel Cake), ice-cream.

Add to chilled milk enough of the caramel syrup to give good, rich flavor. For each glass, allow 1 scoop of ice-cream, add to milk. Beat with rotary beater or put into blender; beat until light and frothy. Pour into glasses. Top, if desired, with sprinkling of grated chocolate.

CARAMEL CABINET PUDDING

Two ounces sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. stale bread, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 1 lemon, 1 egg, 2oz. extra sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk, 2oz. sultanas.

Cut bread into cubes. Dissolve 2oz. sugar in water, cook until caramel color. Cool slightly, then add milk. Heat until caramel dissolves. Pour over bread cubes, leave to soak 1 hour. Add grated rind and juice of lemon, sultanas, remaining sugar, and well-beaten egg. Stir well. Pour into well-greased pudding basin, cover with greased paper, steam over boiling water 2 hours. Serve hot with custard.

Continued overleaf



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THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

like a man, he thought to himself, and sometimes he wondered if hers was really the weaker sex. She seemed to have much more stamina for some things than he did. In the week since they had left the city, her hands had become rough and ingrained with dirt. His own hands were dirty enough, but instead of rough they were merely rubbed raw.

It had been a long time since he had last handled an axe or a spade. His breathing became stifled, rasping with little pains that stabbed through his chest. But he kept on going. Had he been alone, he knew he would have given up ages ago. It was only the sight of Jeanie working so doggedly that made him keep going. He would have been too ashamed to stop.

Yet, at one stage they both stopped, almost at the same instant. For some time he had been given to cursing and swearing, kicking at the car, and working the spade or axe savagely. She just smiled grimly and gave him a good measure back again. He was so dumb-founded that he had to stop digging to mop his brow and look at her, which made her stop, too, and suddenly laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked her, pretending he didn't know.

"Oh, lots of things. You should see your face. I couldn't tell you now from a flaming nigger if one were to come along."

BUT this only served to remind them of their predicament again. The moment of banter, the temporary release into gladness, was gone. She looked in both directions along the track, as though expecting her words to materialise a native walking toward them.

When she saw there was no one, she took her turn at the spade, leaving him the axe. He had expected her to use it savagely, as he had. But no, her attempts seemed only half-hearted now. And when eventually she allowed her face to be seen again, he saw she was gently weeping.

She went on like that for about another half-hour or so, and then he couldn't stand it any longer. When it was again his turn to exchange spade for axe, he just put down the spade when she handed it to him, letting it fall across the axe on the ground, and then put his arms around her.

For a long while they just stood there, holding each other, he feeling the sobs occasionally racking her body. With one of his hands he patted her wet back, as though to prevent despair seeping through.

"Don't give in yet, old girl," he said to her over and over again. "We'll get out of here yet."

When she had stopped crying and given him a playful push at his shoulder, she said: "Go on, get on with it!" He worked at a more regular pace. She took her turn at the steering-wheel this time, while he pushed, to see if they could make the wheels grip on the bushes they'd banked up underneath them. And suddenly the car slid, skidded crab-fashion, moved a few inches forward.

"Go on! Go on!" he shouted. Then it shot free and staggered up on to safe ground.

When they had repacked all the gear and allowed themselves one cup each of warm bag-tasting water, they sat on the back ledge of the wagon to look at the sand-pit they'd just got out of, and to rest. They sat there long enough for him to have a smoke, which only dried up his mouth again.

They didn't say anything until, when he ground out his butt in the red dust, he looked up at the sky and said: "Well, we might as well get going again. We might cover a couple more miles before nightfall."

That night they camped by another mill with a sludge of mud in its waterhole. He built a fire again, and it even occurred to him that he might watch out for the possible glow of another, somewhere in the far black reaches of night. But all he could see were the timid white stars peering back down at

him. The evening meal and the car had used another can of water.

Yet he knew that it wouldn't be the water which might defeat them in the end. They still had to resort to the water-soaks, or perhaps he'd get close enough to a 'roo or some kind of bird to shoot, and they'd drink its blood. When they were really thirsty, the thought wouldn't be at all repulsive as it was now. They'd drink it all right, and be glad of it.

No, it wasn't the water which worried him, nor food. It was the petrol. When that ran out, they'd have to leave the car. They'd have to try tramping through the dust and heat, tormented by flies and ants, and still perhaps get nowhere.

And with the state both of them were now in, how much could they carry? The water, of course. They'd have to carry that. And as much food as possible. But the next thing to consider was the sleeping-bags. He knew neither of them could manage those for long.

And hot as it was during the day, it was freezing at night.

In any case, would he ever be able to hit a 'roo or a bird? He didn't know what kind of a marksman he might be, as he'd handled a rifle only once before in his life, over thirty years ago. The brand-new one in the space under the front seat hadn't even been used, and for the first time he began to wonder just exactly what purpose it

might serve. It would be so much quicker than all the other ways they could die. Providence might have had a hand in things after all, the day he had bought it.

In the morning he watched again the amount of water they had to use. Water for the billy of tea they couldn't do without, water to clean their teeth, water to top up the radiator, water splashed on to Jeanie's flannel to wipe over her face, and afterwards she looked at the dirt on the flannel with disgust.

The sun was not long up, when the chill of frost gave way to a blast of air from the furnace, and their throats itched for water.

But what was worse, when they were packing all the gear again into the back of the wagon, he caught Jeanie watching him as he put the



"Sure, I said we'd only invite VIPs. They're the only two witnesses to my hole-in-one last year."

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rifle in its place under the seat, and saw the way she looked at it for a long time, without moving, her eyes fixed distantly on to possibilities within its dull metal and the gleam of its wood. And he had to grunt and stack things quickly to hide it from sight before she recovered herself . . .

Then she went around to the other side of the mill to be out of his sight. There were still some proprieties she could manage to keep up. Yet, when she returned again, her face looked both ashen and sunken. She got into the car like an old, old woman, and once she was seated she just sat there, slumped, staring. After a while, he turned from looking at her, trying not to believe that she could possibly be as weak as she looked.

Because there was nowhere else he could go, he went around to the

Continued from page 69

back of the mill for privacy as well. Then he stopped. She'd been frightened, that was all. Who wouldn't be, being confronted by that thing that was half skeleton and half decomposing flesh, yet still with the appearance of trying to drag itself up and out of the mud in the waterhole.

From the sight of it, crawling with flies and ants, and white things he couldn't bring himself to look at, it was hard to believe that it had once been a cow. And then there was the stench . . .

It was when he got up that he saw Jeanie must have vomited at the back of the mill. The sight of it gave him more fear, all at once, than he'd felt all the time since

they had known they were lost. He remembered her face as she had come back to the car, and he knew then she was ill.

But then his nostrils reminded him of the dead cow, and he almost cried aloud with his relief. Of course, it was that which sickened her. It even turned his own stomach.

Back at the car he sat before the steering-wheel and just gazed at the twists and curves of the track ahead of them again. It always looked the same. The trees and bushes and low hills and the cemetries of "tombstones" all looked the same.

He turned the ignition key, had to turn it several times before the engine at last coughed reluctantly

to life. The fuel indicator pointed to less than half-full, and he knew she was looking at it.

"There's still another can in the back," he told her. In a way, as much as he had said was true. There was no need to tell her the can was empty.

The car lurched on, trailing a long veil of angry red dust hardly distinguishable from the car itself. Slowly, but surely, the dust swallowed everything.

The red light came on, and they had to stop. They didn't talk about it any more, let alone curse it. They just accepted it and sat there, slumped in mute resignation while waiting for the light to blink out again.

"One thing I've forgotten," he said, "is that at every one of these mills we come to we should look for a clump of trees."

"Why?" she asked, but with utter disinterest.

"Because once we left that homestead, remember, we had lunch under a clump of trees, right next to the mill. And it was on a kind of hill. Don't you remember?"

"Yes."
But she still showed no interest. "Well, don't you see?"

"See what?"
"We ate out of tins, as we always do for lunch. A tin of orange juice, a tin of ham, and a tin of fruit salad. Remember? And I just threw them in a heap near one of the trees."

"Yes."
"Well, cheer up a bit, old girl! Don't you see? All I've got to do is stop at each mill where there's a clump of trees and look for these tins. And when we find them, we'll know we're on the way back to Quondong."

She didn't say anything. She just sat there. Then she turned to him, her eyes large and more dismal than ever.

"Ben," she said, "we've thrown tins under trees near half a dozen mills. And they all look the same. And—and I didn't want to tell you, but if you look at the map again, you'll see there's a station marked there, not far from Quondong. It's called 'Maggie's Hope'—and underneath the name, right there on the map, it says something else. They've printed a word there I should have remembered, even if it was years ago, and I was only a kid."

HE started to fidget, thinking her mind was wandering. But when she spoke again, her mind hadn't started to wander at all. It was almost brutally clear. She turned to look straight at him, and then said: "The word is 'abandoned,' Ben—and that's just what it means."

He didn't want to believe her. For the first time he saw the map sticking out from the glove-box in front of her, jammed with her toilet and make-up things. He took out the map and opened it up. It didn't take him long to find the dotted line of the road they should have been on, and a symbol used for a cattle homestead with "Quondong" marked against it. And then, just as she had said, there was the other one. Maggie's Hope. Abandoned.

"There's no point in going on, Ben," she said. "The petrol's nearly gone. So has the water. And I suppose I've almost seen the country I was born in. I should have known why my parents left it when they did. I'd forgotten"—and she waved one hand wearily before her—"all this."

He didn't say anything. And he'd thought he'd been the one with the more courage. He reached one hand toward the ignition key. But before he could turn it, her hand fell on his.

"There really isn't any point in going on, Ben," she said again. "We're lost in a mill run on an abandoned station. I, at least, know what that means. All these tracks can go anywhere. But they go nowhere. Except to the people who live and work on the station, they're a complete maze. You could spend weeks and never find your way out. Only the people who lived here could, and they aren't here any more."

She paused, breathing slowly. "I don't want a miserable death, Ben, running or dragging myself around, screaming for water, or just screaming because I've gone stark, staring mad. Do you? And if I should happen to last the longer, I couldn't bear to see it happening with you, either."

"We've got to be sensible about this, Ben. Let's do it decently. Please. I couldn't stand the—the other way. It's—it's too degrading."

"Don't even talk like that," he said sharply, and was glad that his voice sounded harsh even to his own ears. "Don't ever talk like that again."

He expected her to start crying again, almost wished she would. But no, she just sat there, her eyes



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THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

dry and staring. It was almost as though her life and spirit had already started their departure.

"What else is there?" she said at last.

And he had no answer to that. No answer except to defy her by turning the ignition key and goading the car on again. He wouldn't even say anything when, after their long silence, she gave a strange little laugh and said: "I was born in this country. I suppose it's only right I should die in it. And look, the tombstones again. I wonder if any of them have got names on them. Ours, for instance..."

Shortly afterwards, just as they were reaching another mill, another clump of trees, another ruptured fence with a gate still closed against them, the car shuddered and halted, wrenched on again, shuddered once more, and stopped. The fuel needle showed empty. And the red light and the oil light and the water-temperature light all blinked on and glared at them balefully.

"Ben," she said, "please do what I ask you. It's not so much to ask really. If life is supposed to be a gift to us, then perhaps death is another gift. It depends how you look at it, that's all."

BEN wrenched at the door and got out of the car.

"Please," she said, her eyes also pleading with him now. It was even more terrifying than their previous blankness. "Please, Ben," she said softly, "don't let me turn into a mad thing, crawling around out there until I drop. I couldn't stand it. Please let's go decently."

She had reached out a hand to close over his where he had left it on the door-handle. He let her hand stay there for a while, feeling it both hot and cold but still trembling on his own.

And then she said, "You're a fool, Ben Dobson. Either that, or a coward. I can do it myself, you know. But if I have to, I shan't do it for you as well."

He knew she meant it, so he took the rifle from under the seat of the car, adjusted its shoulder-strap, and slung it across his shoulder while he went to the back of the car to get the water can.

"Get out and let's make camp," he said. "We can still light a fire. I'll burn up the whole blasted countryside if it's necessary, and then someone will come. They're bound to be looking for us now. You've forgotten that, haven't you?" he said, knowing he was losing his temper. "While you've been just sitting there and snivelling about suicide, you've forgotten that people might be already out looking for us."

She looked at him silently. And then: "Who will know?" she asked quietly.

When he had no answer to that either, she said: "Don't be a fool about this, Ben. We'll go through too much if you do."

That evening they drank and ate as much as they wanted to, as though it was a feast. Yet he still made the fire, and kept it burning high and brilliant for most of the night. When they at last went to bed, he took the rifle into the sleeping-bag with him, set the safety catch, and stuffed the box of bullets deep down between his legs inside the bag.

And yet even that wasn't enough. He couldn't sleep for thinking about it. Looking across at her through the gloom, he thought she was sleeping soundly enough, so he crawled out of the sleeping-bag, took the rifle and the bullets, and then put on his shoes. He'd smash the gun against a tree, and bury the bullets.

But she had been awake after all, and as though she had known his intention she said: "Don't try to hide it, Ben—or get rid of it. It will be the quickest way out, and the cleanest. And even if you do hide it from me, I can still use a knife, or the lid of a tin..."

She didn't say any more. He took off his shoes again and went back to bed. He didn't bother this time to take the rifle with him.

He was never more surprised, when he woke up the next time, to find that morning had come and they were both still alive.

When he went off into the bush, as he had to now after anything he swallowed, he took the rifle with him—not because she might use it,

which was her affair, but because he hoped to see something he could shoot. He had a strange compulsion to set up one of their empty food cans and just shoot at it, one bullet after another, until the tin would be riddled with holes. Then all the bullets would be gone.

But strong as the impulse was, he managed to resist it. He even repelled the suspicion that he might be going mad.

When he returned to the car he looked at her incredulously. She was standing in the dubious shade of a small tree, and she was stark naked. Before her was the plastic basin, a bright plastic yellow, but

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THE BOYFRIEND



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Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1500 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I HAVE a brown jug, about 15in. high, with sun-symbols and a bearded face on it. My godfather, a collector, who gave it to me, said it was an ancient Saxon "Bartmannkrug" and very rare. At the art gallery in Brisbane I was told that it looked like an old "greybeard" jug, but that they had no means of dating or authenticating it.

Could you tell me something about it?—Mrs. T. Van Rice, Mitchelton, Qld.

Your stoneware bottle with loop handle, of a brown mottle color thickly glazed and bearing on the neck a bearded mask, is a Bellarmine or greybeard.

Large quantities of Rhenish stoneware jugs and bottles were imported into England during the 16th century. At the beginning of Henry VIII's reign, an inventory dated 1509 refers to "Krugcs," which were almost certainly of Rhenish ware.

Although some pottery ware was produced in England during the 16th century, undoubtedly inspired by the German stoneware, so far as the making of true stoneware in England is concerned there is no tangible evidence until the 17th century had well advanced.

The so-called greybeard or Bellarmine appears to be of English origin, although similar German specimens are known.

The name Bellarmine was given long after the creation of the type, in derision of Cardinal Bellarmine (1542-1621), who was disliked in Protestant countries for his opposition to the Reformed Church.

In 1671, John Dwight (1637-1703), of Fulham, took out his first patent, and there speaks definitely of his discovery of the "mystery and invention of making — stoneware, vulgarly called Cologne wear — never before made in England.

"Stoneware is pottery fired at a high temperature to the point of great vitrification. Though the latter property makes it impervi-

ous to liquids, it is as a rule glazed by a process quite peculiar to its manufacture. Salt is thrown into the kiln when the fire is at its hottest and this unites with the surface of the pot itself, making a thin film of very hard glaze."

The Fulham pottery made Bellarmines during the last quarter of the 17th century. The Fulham examples differ from the Rhenish examples only in such small details as the absence of a spiral stringmark on the foot, where the pot was cut off the wheel, and slightly different character in the bearded mask and armorial reliefs.

I suspect that your Bellarmine is English Fulham ware. Although if your example bears the spiral string characteristics it must be Rhenish.



● Unusual jug.

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"THE REAL STORY
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AND THE HARE..."

Home Hints

● Each of these useful hints sent in by our readers wins £1/1/-.

WHEN repapering your bedroom, paste a piece of the new wallpaper on the back of your dressing-table mirror. This looks attractive, especially if the mirror back faces the window and can be seen through net curtains. — Mrs. E. Clutterbuck, 157 Crandon St., Gosnells, W.A.

★ ★ ★
When cooking cabbage add a handful of chopped celery to give it a new flavor. — Miss C. Johns, "Yudnapinna Station," via Port Augusta, S.A.

★ ★ ★
The best way to launder shirts in an automatic washing machine is to button the fronts, then turn the shirts inside out. This method holds the sleeves inside and keeps them from becoming tangled. — Mrs. P. Greenwood, Pacific Highway, Kanwal, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
To stretch much-washed woollies at the cuffs, insert a baby's mug into each sleeve after washing and hang to dry. This avoids much distress to tiny tots, struggling to push their hands through the cuffs. — Mrs. K. Hendriks, 2 Lynne Street, Donvale, Vic.

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still sufficiently transparent for him to see the ring which told him it was almost filled with water.

Soapbuds quivered on the rim. With the flannel she was carefully washing herself, all over, one of the sleeping-bags lying drenched under her feet. She had draped a fresh change of clothes over one branch of the tree, even stockings. She had washed and combed her hair; it was still damp and raked severely back from her forehead, grey again instead of red from the dust.

As he looked at her, he wondered if he'd be able to control his anger—to keep from shooting her then and there.

He shouted at her. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

She smiled at him distractedly—a hard little twist of a smile.

"You don't expect anyone to be around to see, do you?" Her calmness infuriated him.

"The water!" he shouted at her.

"I've left enough for a drink," she said quietly, "but if you want to wash yourself, too, you'll have to use my water. I'm afraid I've been a bit selfish about that."

She pulled on her dress and then sat on a fallen log to put on her stockings. Dress, stockings, shoes—nothing else, nothing underneath. He was sure she was mad.

"It's wonderful, Ben," she was saying. "It makes you feel so different. It makes you feel almost ready to go, being clean again. You ought to try

Continued from page 71

it. You'll feel differently about things then."

He thought he would explode. It would have been very easy to kill her then, in a moment of heat and hate. Yet before he knew what he'd done, he'd kicked over the box with the basin of water and the whole lot went flying, the yellow plastic basin rolling in slow circles on the ground before coming to rest, the box gaping askew on the wet sleeping bag. And on the earth was the huge stain, where the water had already soaked through.

They both looked at the stain, but she was the first to move again.

"Oh, well," she said, "at least one of us will go clean."

In the end he could see she was right, as she had been in so many things—on the trip, and all through their life together, of which the journey seemed its natural culmination. As she had said, there was no point in going on and on, especially once the water was gone. They'd drink the salted, rusted water from the radiator, perhaps.

And then, when that was gone, there would be just one more degradation after another—to the mind as well as the body. And they'd finish up two screaming lunatics scrambling through the desert. Or, if sanity remained, they'd either come to hate each other or just watch each other suffer. One

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

would go first, and then the other wouldn't know how much longer there was to wait. Of course, she was right. Even the contemplation became insupportable.

And yet, which he didn't at first recognise as the first of the torments, there was the water in the radiator. He must have been looking at the nose of the car long and hard enough for her to divine what he was thinking, for she suddenly said: "No, Ben. Please. If we do that we'll—we'll only go on to the other things."

So she took the last of the water already poured into the billy and he made a fire and they sat on a nearby log.

When the tea was brewed, she poured it into their stained plastic cups and they sat again on the log, and held

the cups cherishingly, as though their hands were incredibly chilled in the day's blazing heat.

They both drank two cups of tea, not to defer time and their ultimate act but merely to enjoy it, feeling it course through their bodies and pierce the skin with sweat. Then, when they had both finished, she set down her cup and stood up.

He stood with her, but before he reached for the rifle she lifted her hands to hold his face. In all the time he had been married to her, he had never before known the full depth of her eyes. He held her to him almost roughly.

"I'd like you to do it over there," she said, pointing toward the mill. "Near that clump of trees. It looks almost shady over there."

As they walked together, it seemed the sanest and most natural thing for them to do,

and nothing more than just taking a little walk in the sun. Just before they reached the three stunted trees, she stopped him.

"You stay here, Ben. Don't come too close," she said. "I don't want you to see, if possible. And you may not be able to help yourself from looking."

Were these to be the last words she would say to him? And yet, what else could he himself find to say?

But no. There was still something else she wanted to tell him. Again she touched his hand and, tottering a little, looked up into his eyes. She had again started to tremble, all over, but there was one thing that was still steadfast about her, the strength of her gaze.

"If you're wise, Ben," she said, "you won't leave it till too long afterwards. You know what I mean."

Then she straightened her frock, smoothed her grey hair, and would have walked the

To page 78

OVERHEARD IN TOWN

ANNE: "Hello there—fancy seeing you here—have you won a lottery or something—you look positively radiant!"

BETTY: "Hello Anne—just buying a new outfit. John and I are parking the children and are off on a month's holiday."

ANNE: "Well, well—how lucky are some people. This is really something—can't remember when you two last took off together."

BETTY: "I know—John has been so attentive lately—and my dear—I like it! Ever since I cleaned up that beastly complexion of mine—remember the trouble I had; dry scaly skin rashes!"

ANNE: "Yes, you had your problem—what did the trick?"

BETTY: "That marvellous new American lotion—Bonne Bell TEN-O-SIX. It's like spring—like having your skin made new."

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W.A. 186, 104c

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***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Oct. 20

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
- TAURUS**
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, green, black.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, brown.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, blue, brown.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, rose, navy.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 27, 1965

● An Australian girl who took charge of five French children on a "holiday" by the sea in Normandy learned French fast — even the swear words!

By VALENTINE BINGHAM HALL

IF YOU feel the need to recharge your batteries while in Europe and don't mind putting a few inches on to your waistline, why don't you do what I did? I was 22 and had worn myself to a frazzle doing an exhausting job in London. I longed for a holiday but I had no money. It was a question of saving up to

pay the rent with no hope of luxuries.

Then I heard, through a friend, of some French people who were looking for someone to help with children for the summer. The idea of looking after children had never appealed to me, but six weeks in Paris, then two months in Normandy, living with a wealthy family, all found with pocket-

money — surely it would be worth it, however ghastly the children?

The fact that I had never spoken French conversationally in my life, nor for that matter looked after children, never occurred to me until after I had arrived.

I was met in Paris by Madame, who was energetic, capable, and charming, and we took to each other immediately.

Her apartment was huge and beautiful, and being on the seventh floor looked down on to the tops

of the chestnut trees which lined the boulevard below.

Madame spoke a little English, but her husband spoke none, nor did her old uncle who lived with them; he was grumpy and fractious and I was glad he ignored me. The only other occupant of the flat was Augustine, very plump and dressed all in black, who did all the work and cooking and seldom spoke.

At dinner Madame started to make halting conversation with me,

but it was soon drowned by a tremendous argument between her husband, whom everyone called Willy, and Uncle Eddie. It was all most bewildering, for I found that I could not understand anything at all. While it raged there was nothing else I could do but have a second helping of every one of the five delicious courses proffered by Augustine, while Madame vainly tried to umpire.

This was to be the pattern of our meals for the next few months, and I began to realise that they were to be rather silent months for me! I seemed to be paralysed in silence, having completely forgotten the few words of French I had learnt at school, and being overcome by shyness.

Uncle Eddie

Madame had two sons and two daughters, all married with children, and living within easy reach.

It was my job to fetch all five grandchildren from school, take them to singing, dancing, elocution lessons, walks in the Bois du Boulogne, here, there, and everywhere.

Almost every day various members of the family would come to us for lunch and the larger the family circle the faster the conversation.

I was ignored, not intentionally or unpleasantly, but simply because I was unable to take part. When things became too noisy, Uncle Eddie would get up ostentatiously and stomp off to his room, muttering.

The food was delicious. Long crusty loaves of bread were bought fresh from the baker twice a day, and breakfast consisted simply of chunks of this, either dipped in your bowl of coffee or eaten with butter and jam.

Lunch and dinner started with an *hors-d'oeuvre* of some kind, and I understand that this is always the case, even in the poorest French home.

The meat was very good and usually very simply cooked — roasted or grilled — and served with potatoes which were generally cut to matchsticks and fried. Occasionally for a change we would have a smooth potato puree, but in the three months I never had a boiled, baked, or roast potato. A second vegetable was never served with the meat, but a bowl of tossed green salad was handed round as we were finishing.

Vegetables like beans, carrots, spinach, and peas were served as a separate course on their own at the evening meal. This was a less elaborate meal than the midday "dejeuner" and we seldom had meat — usually noodles or a rice dish or eggs, followed by a dish of vegetables which were never just plain boiled. I remember the peas being particularly delicious cooked in butter (after being parboiled, I imagine) with tiny onions or diced shallots. Cold cooked green beans were served as a salad with a french dressing.

We never had puddings — fresh fruit and cheese with more fresh bread was the general rule. Once in a while, however, we might have hot cheese or chocolate soufflé, or a large fruit flan.

Morning and afternoon tea were unthought of. I never saw a biscuit or a cake in the place. In three months I never saw the children have an ice-cream, though they did occasionally have a glass of wine.

The children were little devils, as I had feared! They played up mercilessly, chatting away in incomprehensible slang. One would dawdle maddeningly while the



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-with five French children

others would tear ahead and disappear round the next corner, so that I was always in a dilemma whether to stay with the one or dash off after the others.

When the schools broke up for the long summer holidays Madame, Augustine, five children, and I set off for Normandy.

I was squashed in the car beside Augustine, who was dressed as for a funeral in a great black hat, and who nursed a large casserole of spinach puree on her capacious lap all the way from Paris.

Arriving at the holiday house I had to get the children into bed myself for the first time, instead of delivering them back to their parents for the night as I had been able to do in Paris.

I had been learning fast, however. I had discovered that some discreet physical punishment achieved far more far quicker than groping for the right words while they giggled at me.

I had learnt a few succinct commands—"Be quiet!" "Come here!" "Tidy up!" "Go away!"—and these, accompanied by the occasional smack on the bottom, carried me through most situations.

In the mornings I would take the children to the beach, where I found the children very much easier to manage, and we had great fun collecting prawns and crabs and mussels, which we took back for Augustine to cook in garlic and wine for supper.

At weekends the parents would come up from Paris, and the little house would be packed like a sardine tin. Meals would be in two sessions. After I had supervised the children's bunfight, the grown-ups would get down to it.

There were usually about a dozen of us and the arguments would explode about my head. They were a most volatile family and seemed to be continually finding fault and taking umbrage with each other. I was beginning to understand French very much better, and thoroughly enjoyed the pantomime.

"Zut alors"

They all ate hugely, taking great chunks of crusty bread between each mouthful and putting away gallons of wine. The same phrases were repeated again and again—"C'était fantastique!" "Zut alors!"

They were very kind to me but never made any attempt to include me in the conversation. I did not mind. They were ill-mannered and undisciplined like their children, but there was something tremendously likable about them—their outspokenness and enthusiasms, I think.

I remember that once I burst out laughing at something that one of them had said and they all turned round and stared; they had not realised, and nor had I until that moment, just how much I had learnt to understand. They were all so thrilled for me, and really joined in my sense of triumph.

From that moment I was one of the family and treated with great affection.

When I got back to London at the end of September, I was refreshed in a way that I had never foreseen. It was not until I returned to the whirl of city life that I thought about the fact that for three months I had not been to a party or out with a boyfriend. I had not clocked into an office at 9 a.m. nor worried about finding the money for a gas bill. I had scarcely thought about myself, and had learnt to speak colloquial French with all the swear words

thrown in. I was fat, but also brown and happy!

I had heard about this particular French family through friends of friends, but I know of many girls who have got similar jobs through agencies or advertisements. In this case I would imagine that references would be exchanged on both sides, and it would obviously be advisable to have the terms of the job laid down rather more clearly than it was in my case.

I think also that one should be

prepared to be a little lonely for the first few weeks, depending of course on the standard of your French. If you pick it up quickly you will soon make friends, so take a good dictionary and try to work hard at it so that life becomes fun just as soon as possible.

I found that it was greatly appreciated that I took my duties fairly seriously and did not treat the whole thing just as a chance for a gay time; I became part of the family socially and was al-

ways included in any visits or outings.

Most well-to-do French families have a full-time maid, so that it is most unlikely that you would have to do any household chores. I think that doing no cooking, washing-up, or sweeping for three months was one of the reasons I enjoyed myself so much!

I was paid £2 a week pocket-money, but since I had no expenses of any kind this kept me fairly well in toothpaste and stamps; in

fact, when we were in Normandy I lived in blue jeans and used scarcely any make-up, so that I saved nearly all of it.

It would be difficult to fix up a job of this kind from Australia, but if you are in England the Overseas Visitors Club would be a great help and two agencies—"Universal Aunts" and "Solve-your-Problem"—also handle this sort of thing. The personal columns of the leading newspapers also are worth watching.



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THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

Continued from page 75

few more steps to the tree. But again she stopped, and reached up to kiss him—just once, on the cheek. Yet it was much more profound than any past passion might have been.

"Thank you, Ben," she said after it, "for being a good husband—especially now."

She knelt in the waxen shade of the tree as though she was merely going to pray. Yet she did not clasp her hands for prayer, and she did not look up at the sky where most presumptions lay. She looked downward, as though searching for something on the ground, and then folded her arms to hug her elbows the more closely to her body. Looking at her like that, it seemed as though she had been preparing all her life for this one act of courage—or a kind of humility.

But he wasn't ready for it yet. The whole moment had to be spoiled not by his own lack of courage but by a trite technicality. He wasn't sure how to use the gun. He didn't even know which way the safety-catch should be. He knew how to load it; but if he missed, would he be able to fumble another bullet into the breach?

To make sure the gun would fire when he pressed the trigger, he thought he had better try it first on something else. He didn't want her to hear the click, expecting release, only to find she was still kneeling there. It would be too much of a horror having to wait for it all over again. So he told her that he would try the gun first, and, of all things, she just nodded, without turning around. Waiting.

HE wondered

what he could aim at. The billy, perhaps? But it had boiled their last cup of tea. A silly sentiment; but if one didn't indulge in the sentiments of life, what else was there? The yellow basin. But she had washed herself in that. His eyes travelled farther, and found the tyres of the car. In a way, it would be rather apt to burst them, he thought.

After all, the vehicle had brought them here, and so might just as well share some degree of their extinction. But the second thought followed swiftly—they had bought it together, he for its performance, she for its color.

So he turned from that, too, and found his eyes on the mill. There were pipes and bolts, squares of wood, and a number of small enough things to use for a target. He couldn't make up his mind which to choose till he saw a small whitish oblong nailed to a board.

He raised the rifle and moved the safety-catch first one way then the other, then back again, trying to make the white oblong stay still in the sights. It looked as though he would need something to rest on, to steady his hands. But there was nothing he could see that would do.

It was only when he tried to sight at the oblong a second time that he suddenly wondered what it was. A picture perhaps? It looked so absurdly like a picture that he began to wonder what it depicted; probably some stockman's pin-up now bleached by the sun.

Slowly he walked up to the mill, lowering the rifle as he went. He didn't turn to find out if she were watching him, to see what he was doing. She might even be following him

now, but he didn't want to look. She could just as easily be still kneeling there, waiting. And until he was ready with the rifle, he didn't want to see that again, either.

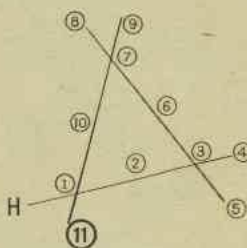
At first he thought there was nothing on the oblong. It was a piece of paper, all right, framed like a bathroom mirror. Once it had been glassed, but the glass was broken and bits of it lay on the ground at his feet.

One jagged piece still remained in the frame, caught in a corner. The paper behind this one piece of glass had long been bleached white, while the rest of it was stained yellow with dust and the stain-spots of rain.

To make sure the paper wasn't just blank, he brushed at it with his sleeve. He'd expected something to appear and was not disappointed. There were four words altogether. They read simply:

MAGGIE'S HOPE
MILL RUN

Underneath was some kind of diagram, like a triangle, with the three sides extended beyond themselves into six projecting legs, each leg pointing nowhere. Dispersed along the lines were small circles, each marked with a number from one to eleven. At first he couldn't see if the numbers signified any order or sequence, only that one was marked with a much heavier circle than the rest—number eleven. Instead of a number on one of the legs, there was the one letter H. The diagram was this:



It took him some moments before the meaning was clear. Eleven was derelict and H was abandoned. But at least he now knew where they were. It hadn't been a circle they'd gone on but a triangle—one almost to eternity. They might even be able to see H from eleven and reach it easily before nightfall.

And there they should find something, even in an abandoned homestead, to get them to the next. The strength for another day's walk would be enough, for he seemed to remember that Quondong on the map had been no more than ten miles from Maggie's Hope.

She had come to join him, after all, and together, without speaking, they looked up at the paper. Beyond it was a hill, no different from all the others which had offered no hope. They stumbled toward it, helping each other after a while, and they were both breathless when they at last reached the top.

They were almost too breathless to see the ruins of a house and the next desolation stretching beyond. It took even longer to see the smoke near the homestead and the one black ghost sidling around in the yard.

But when he did see the figure, he knew the time had at last come for the deed now required of him. Lifting the rifle to his shoulder, he thanked God and fired just the one shot—to let him know they were coming.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 27, 1965

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Continued from page 33

Well, partly because he was a gentleman, anyway.

He wanted a drink of brandy, not desperately, of course, because he was too much of a gentleman to want a drink desperately, ever. But he liked to drink brandy from his big balloon glass, and Edie, the maid, was careless about stocking the cellar with the brand he liked.

So he went out into the little pub that ended the row of little houses, right up against the wall of his house.

The bar was filled with Cannon Street people, and they stood back a little, coolly polite, to let him get to the bar. He bought the bottle of his favorite brand and then his eye was caught by the girl behind the bar, possibly because with her long red hair and hour-glass figure she looked to him to be the epitome of Victorian barmaids, caught, like him, out of time and place.

He looked at her, not as a woman, but as some piece of Victoriana, like a grandfather clock on a mahogany dining table. He probably would have drunk one brandy and then gone back home and forgotten all about her. But the landlord, moving past her to reach a bottle of whisky, put a hand round her waist and gave her a squeeze.

It was a hot day and there was a rush of bar customers and the girl disliked the proprietary air with which he handled her and, if the truth be shown, disliked the man himself.

"Don't do that," she said sharply. "I don't like it."

"Particular all of a sudden, aren't you?" said the landlord.

Behind the bar Gerald Demonceaux put down his drink. "Don't talk to the young lady that way," he said, a little sharply.

There was a hush in the bar, a hush of waiting, an eagerness to see trouble that was not of their own making, in which they did not have to be involved.

The landlord sucked his teeth. "Well," he said, "if that's the way you feel about it you can leave. And so can she, for that matter."

And that was how Gerald Demonceaux found himself escorting home an unemployed barmaid, who, in all probability, would still have had a job if he had been wise enough to keep his mouth shut.

"Now what am I going to do?" she asked crossly. "Jobs aren't that easy to get, even in bars."

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Carrie Sheen"

It suited her, he thought. It described the shining, beautiful thing that she was.

"I'm Gerald Demonceaux." "Yes, I know." She still sounded cross. "What am I going to do?"

"Would you like to marry me?" asked Gerald.

She stopped, right there in the street, looking at him in the light of a streetlamp.

"You know," she said. "I do believe you mean it."

"I do mean it."

She laughed, head thrown back, mouth wide open so that he could see her gold fillings glinting in the lamplight.

"Why not?" she asked. "I might do just that. The crazy end to a crazy day."

They were married three days later, and Carrie wore blue, which did not suit her.

"You must permit me to help you choose your clothes in future," he said.

"If you like." She was quite indifferent about it. She had married him for a lark, more or less, and to spite the landlord of the Cannon. It wouldn't last, she thought, above a few weeks, a couple of months. A holiday, in a way.

THE house impressed her in the way that a museum impresses, with the heavy velvet curtains and the polished furniture, and his study with the two big globes and all the books and the great big leather chairs. And the food. She could order anything she liked, and if Edie wasn't the best hand at cooking, she could always see to it herself.

Cooking and eating and sleeping in the great four-poster bed—Gerald slept in one of the other rooms, somewhere down the corridor—was how Carrie spent those early days of her married life. And a little drop of good brandy now and again, and if it made her sleep late in the morning it didn't matter, and helped the day to pass more quickly.

And then one morning, as she lay between sleeping and waking, Gerald came into her room, rubbing his hands in his queer old-fashioned way, very pleased about something.

"Get up, my dear," he said, "the family are here to meet you."

She moved her head on the pillow. "Family?" she asked sleepily.

"My family. The Demonceauxs. They've come to meet you. No, you don't have

time to dress. Just slip on a robe and come down. After all, it's only the family."

His face had a sudden sly look, and Carrie, who was no fool, suddenly realised that there was something, something a little spiteful in this marriage of his, some slap in the face to his family.

"You go down," she said, "I'll come right away. No, I won't dress, if there isn't time. You go down."

After he had gone, she got out of bed and stood for a moment, tapping her teeth with her fingernail. It was bad enough to have to meet a family she knew nothing about, probably all a lot of stuffed shirts, but to be caught in bed at half-past eleven in the morning was worse.

She gave her teeth a final tap, and then rummaged in her wardrobe for the old overall that she used to wear when she was cleaning the bar. Twisting a scarf around her flaming hair she thrust her feet into sandals, and went down the stairs to the drawing-room.

"You'll have to excuse how I look," she said, her head high, laughing at them. "I've been cleaning up upstairs. I don't think that Edie even knows what a duster is."

They sat there and looked at her, the Demonceaux family, Gerald's three brothers and one sister. She shook hands with each of them in turn, as Gerald introduced them. I know that one's a clergyman, she thought, by his collar. That eldest one, who looks as though, if you pricked him, he'd bleed dust, must be a lawyer.

This one looks the most like Gerald, his gentle look. He'd be something to do with studying, a professor, perhaps. And that sister, she'd cut my throat for a penny by the way she looks at me.

"So," said the sister, Helen. "So you're married at last. A shrewd move, if I may say so."

Gerald gave a little old-fashioned bow and went to fetch them sherry. As he passed Carrie, she could see that his eyes twinkled a little, as if he were enjoying it all.

After they had gone, Carrie stood by the window, looking out into Cannon Street.

"Gerald," she said, "what did your sister mean—it was a shrewd move to get married?"

He hesitated, pouring himself another sherry. "As a married man I get a double share of my father's estate."

She was surprised at the disappointment she felt.

To page 83



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Margaret Merril

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Home Plans Service



546

SKETCH (above) shows design in brick with low-pitch roof. Note decorative garage wall.

FLOOR PLAN (left) shows family room with access to kitchen, living-room, garage.

● This week's Home Plan No. 546 for a three-bedroomed ranch-style house is suitable for varied sites.

EASY management and ample space for comfortable family living are features of this uncomplicated design.

Its focal point is the extra-large family room which opens through sliding glass doors on to a terrace for outdoor living.

It is linked to kitchen by a handy buffet counter, and can be combined with adjacent living-room for large-scale entertaining. It also gives direct access to double garage.

If a separate dining-room is desired, family room is large enough to be subdivided.

Living-room is separated from entry area by an ornamental divider. It features a fireplace built into rear divi-

sion wall which also provides family room with fireplace and built-in cupboards.

Laundry is combined with kitchen to make a large, well-lit room with direct access to outdoors. Where separate laundry is required by local ordinance, five to six feet of kitchen would be used.

Bedrooms, which are well separated from living area, are all fitted with built-in wardrobes, and there are two large cupboards in passage.

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Continued from page 80

"Was that the reason you married me?" she asked.

"One of them," he said. "But not the most important. You are also beautiful and very decorative, and you suit my house to perfection."

And with that, Carrie had to be content. After all, she thought, with her own typical clear-mindedness, I married him because I was out of a job. His reasons are better than mine.

And, curiously enough, she was content. Always ready to sell herself an idea, she became the good housewife that she had set herself up to be in the eyes of the Demoncaux family.

She began to polish and scrub, and drove Edie half out of her mind, dragging her away from her radio serials and paper-backed novels to clean the perpetually dirty saucepans.

It won't last, she thought. I'll get restless soon. I'm bound to. This isn't the life for me. Any day now the restlessness will come over me. But she didn't like to think, even in her own mind, of the form that she knew the restlessness would take.

And yet, she surprised herself. The opportunity came, right into her lap, so to speak. Gerald was out, she didn't know where; she never asked him where he went, and he never told her. But he always brought her back something nice, a dress or a piece of jewellery. Once a Persian kitten which she called Amber.

USUALLY she was so busy that she hardly noticed his going, only noticed his return because of his gifts.

Then, one day he had hardly left the house, when the doorbell rang. She went to answer it herself—Edie was very slack about answering the bell—and found a good-looking young man with black curly hair standing on the step. He grinned at her.

"Well," he said, "aren't you going to ask me in?"

"Jack Carter," she said slowly, and then stood aside. "Yes, I suppose so. Come in for a minute."

He grinned. "More than a minute," he said. "Aren't you pleased to see your old friend from the tin-mines?"

She led the way into the lounge, and stood with her back against the empty fireplace. She felt curiously defensive, as though he constituted an invasion that she must repel.

He lit a cigarette and looked around, casually curious.

"You've done well for yourself, Carrie my girl," he said. "Not my style of stuff, of course. Too old-fashioned. But you've latched on to money here. There's nothing surer."

She felt the hard ridge of the marble mantelpiece pressing into her shoulderblades. "Look here, Jack," she said. "What exactly is it you want? Why did you come here?"

He grinned at her. "Aw, come off it," he said. "This is your old pal, Jack."

"That's all finished now," she said. "I'm married. I'm respectable."

He stared at her for a moment, his mouth open, cigarette sticking to his lower lip. "Well, who would have thought it?" he said. "Carrie turned moral. Carrie turned respectable. Wait till I tell the boys about this."

She felt a sudden surge of triumph. A victory over Jack Carter and his kind. A victory over herself.

"Tell them all," she said

coolly. "Because that's the way it is."

He turned on his heel and went out. She heard the front door slam and she moved to the window, pulling aside the curtains just a little way. She saw Carter run down the steps, and saw him meet Gerald at the bottom. Carter lunged away, his cigarette and said something, his mouth twisted in anger.

She waited quietly until Gerald came into her and said, "A friend of yours?"

"He used to be—once," she said. "He isn't any longer."

He looked at her for a moment, and then said, very quietly, "Thank you, my dear," and went out into the library. The next day the furrier delivered a little fur jacket, blond and lovely, and Carrie realised, for the first time, just how inarticulate her husband was, and how his gifts were to say something that he could not put into words.

After that, Carrie took even more pains with the house. Gerald was partly happy about it, but partly worried, too. He came to Carrie one morning and said, "Why is Edie crying?"

"I slapped her face," said Carrie calmly.

Gerald was appalled. "You can't do that," he exclaimed. "We'll have all sorts of trouble. The unions. The police."

"No, we won't," said Carrie, still maddeningly calm. "Come on. I'll show you."

In the kitchen, Edie, sniffing, was cutting parsley into odd, ugly chunks. She looked up, her red eyes heavy with resentment.

"Edie," said Carrie, "where is your baby?"

Edie's eyes flew open wide like snapped-up roller blinds. "In a State home," she said.

"Very well," continued Carrie. "Take the afternoon off and arrange to have it brought here. Mr. Demoncaux will sign the necessary papers."

Back in the lounge, Gerald poured sherry for himself and Carrie, gazing at her, lost in admiration. "Who told you about Edie's baby?" he asked. "How did you know?"

Carrie looked into the golden depths of her sherry. "Women know," he said. "A woman—like me, knows."

Gerald looked at her for a while and then he said very, very gently, "Carrie, where is your baby?"

She looked at him, her head thrown back defiantly. "Growing up to a little lady. Going to a convent school and learning music and all." Then her mouth slipped sideways as though someone had pulled at it with a fish hook.

"No, I don't know. I haven't seen her for six years, since she was a week old. She was adopted and I don't know where she is." She blinked rapidly. "There," she said, "I'm crying, and I thought they were all dried up and gone. I didn't think I had a tear left in me."

Gerald put his hand on her arm. "They never dry up, you know. Sometimes they go away for a while. But there isn't anybody in the world who doesn't have a few tears left."

But it seemed that Carrie had more than a few left, and she cried them on to Gerald's shoulder. And that night Gerald did not sleep in a room somewhere along the corridor, but in the big four-poster bed and Carrie was much comforted.

Perhaps it was impossible that things should continue to be easy and pleasant for Carrie, who had never had it easy and pleasant in her life.

To page 84

TO MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS

Gift Baskets

● With a little imagination you can transform an inexpensive basket into a pretty Christmas gift. Here are a few easy-to-make ideas that you may like to copy.

SEWING BASKET (at right) is made from a wastepaper basket lined with gay material. Cut fabric 12in. deeper than basket for drawstring top.



CRADLES (above) for those at the doll stage. A child's sturdy little basket holds an inexpensive baby doll; a shopping basket holds a larger doll. Linen is of material scraps.

JEWEL BOX (at right) is made from an Eastern-style basket topped with a gay raffia pompon. Line the basket with velvet, cover base with felt to protect vanity table from scratches.



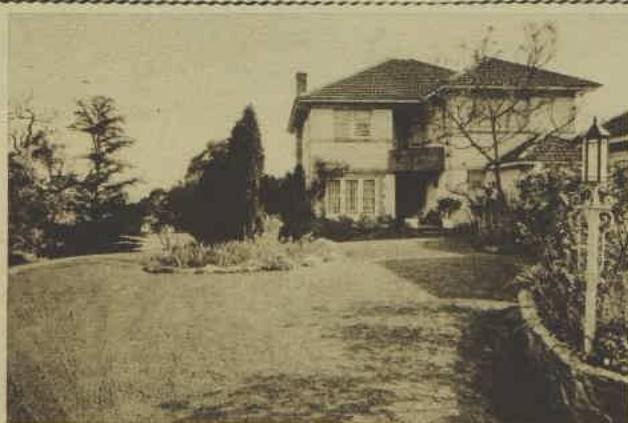
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Gerald came in one day, his face drawn and worried.

"Carrie, my dear," he said. "I have unpleasant news for you. You have heard about my father's estate, of which all the family had such high hopes. It seems, now that the business has been gone into, that there isn't any estate. My father invested rather heavily on the stock exchange. On bad advice, it seems."

Carrie stood very still for a moment. "Nothing?" she asked. Gerald made a little grimace. "Four hundred a year for the two of us, my dear. And my little store of money from my mother is almost finished."

"The house?" she asked. "The house is mine. My father made a deed of gift when it appeared that I would never be anything but a dilettante." He paused, fingering the letter he held

Continued from page 83

in his hand. "You realise, my dear, that I have no intention of holding you to your marriage contract under the circumstances."

"You think I married you for your money, then?" "Didn't you?" His smile was gentle.

"Oh, partly, I suppose. But that's a long time ago now." She stood, tapping her teeth with her fingernail, as was her habit when she was thinking. "No, we'll have to make some money. Wait, I know. We'll turn the house into a hotel. A real classy hotel."

"Demonceaux House—a hotel?" Gerald's voice held shocked reproof. "Why not? It's better than seeing it crumble away before our

eyes, with no money to save it. We're lucky, in a way. These new places—they're all new and shiny when they start, and right away they start to go out of fashion. We're antique, so we'll never be old fashioned."

Gerald laughed. Carrie tapped away at her teeth. "Licence," she said. "Might be difficult. We'll buy the Cannon. Jimmy will sell out for next to nothing, he hates the place so much. And build a passage between the pub and the house. Still keep the bar trade that way."

"Knock down the wall between the dining-room and the drawing-room, make plenty of room for eating. Coffee and drinks in here, very

CARRIE

high class. That will leave the rooms on the other side of the house, the library, sitting-room, and morning-room for us.

"Ten bedrooms should be enough for a start, anyway. We'll get a cook, a really good one—French, perhaps, I'll order the beer and ordinary stuff, and you see to the wines and all that. That's your department." She looked at him. "Gerald, what are you standing there grinning for?"

"I was thinking," he said, "that I have a wonderful wife."

Demonceaux House was an almost instant success. They set an excellent table, and, since they were so near the city, it became the

fashion for people who liked good eating and disliked travelling for their dinner, to drop in there for a meal.

Carrie engaged a large staff and wisely did not expect any regular duties of Gerald. He was always there, the perpetual host at a continuing house party in which the faces changed without his really realising it.

He could be found playing chess with a guest in the library or asking an opinion on a wine from someone who did not know a Beaujolais from Verve Clicot, but was vastly flattered all the same.

Gerald found that he was not alone in his admiration of Victoriana, of good substantial living, and he was happier than he had ever been in his life. And almost content. Almost, because it is not given to many men to be content.

One morning, as he watched Carrie brushing her long red hair before the mirror, he said, "Carrie, do you love me?"

She put down her hairbrush, looking at his reflection in the mirror. It would be so easy, she thought, to tell a kindly little lie. But whatever Carrie was, she was not a liar, especially in the matter of love, and, anyway, Gerald was no fool. He would recognise the lie.

"I'm very fond of you, Gerald," she said, "very fond, indeed."

With which he smiled a little and sighed and was not content.

It seemed to Carrie that Gerald changed a little after that. He went out a lot and was hardly ever in the hotel. He would stay away all

FROM THE BIBLE

● God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

— John 3:16.

day and come back looking tired and out of sorts.

At last one day he came to her, his face lit with some sort of almost schoolboyish secret glee.

"Carrie," he said, "there's someone to see you. In the sitting-room."

Carrie smoothed back her hair, a little irritated. "Not now, Gerald," she said. "I'm terribly busy."

"It will only take a minute," he said. "And you'll be glad to meet this particular person."

She went slowly, reluctantly, into the sitting-room. Gerald close behind her. In the middle of the room stood a small girl, pale and scrawny, her tightly tied hair almost as red as Carrie's own.

Neither of them spoke, and then Carrie dropped slowly to her knees, opening her arms. The child came to her as naturally as a young animal to its mother, and Carrie's arms closed around her tightly.

"She took some finding," said Gerald with a touch of pride. "The people weren't sorry to let her go. I don't think they were very fond of her."

Carrie did not answer. It was doubtful if she had even heard, but over the child's shoulder she gave Gerald a burning glance which told him all that he wanted to know.

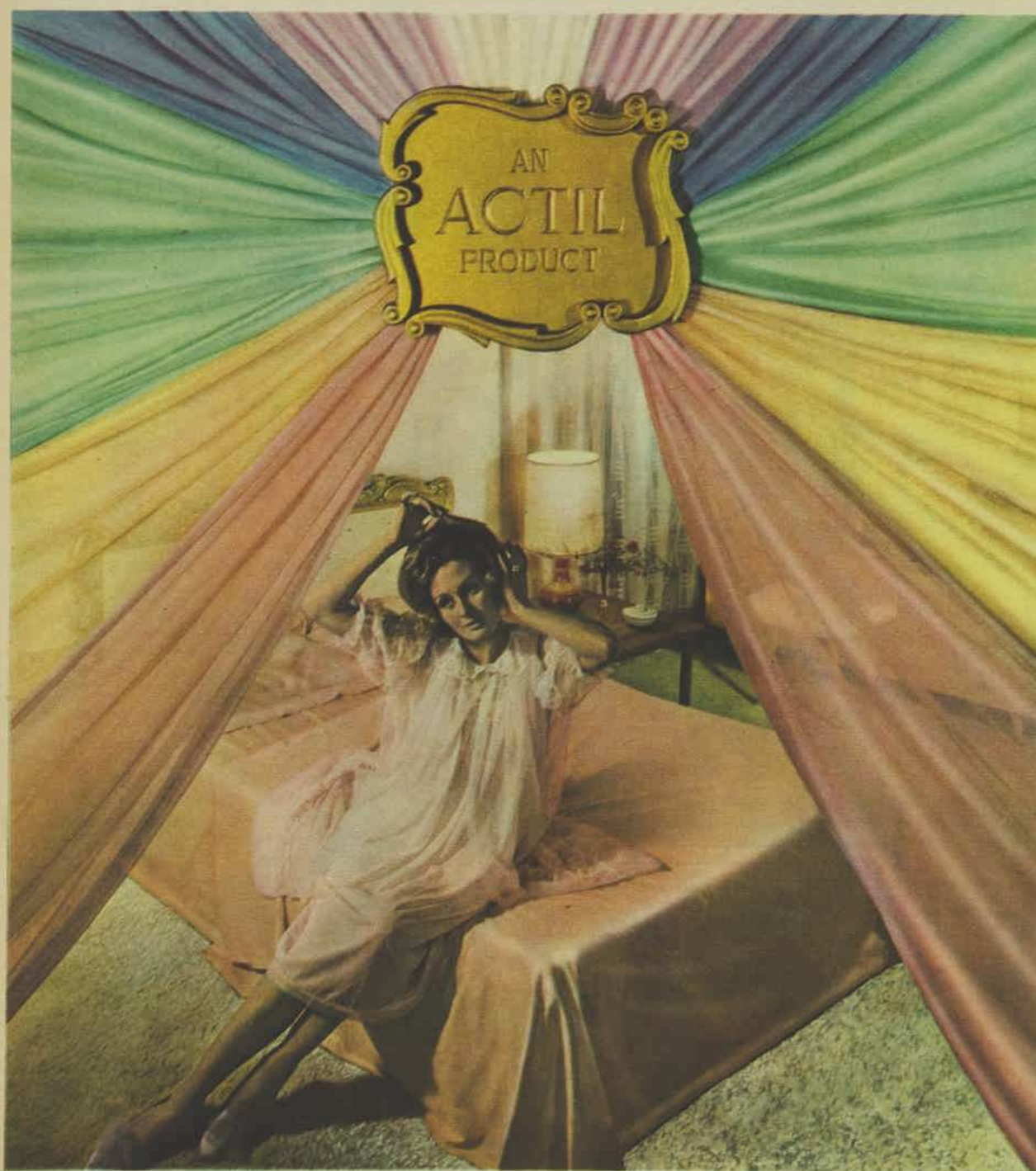
If I went to her now, he thought, and touched her, she would put an arm around my neck and there we would be, with Carrie in the middle hugging us both. And if I asked her if she loved me she would say, yes, yes. And for the moment it would be true.

But love is like a flower. It must grow in its own time. If it is forced it dies too soon. Carrie is not a hot-house plant. If her love grows slowly it will be the more perfect when it is ready. I can wait, I can wait a long time, because I wait for Carrie's own kind of perfection.

He left the room quietly, closing the door behind him carefully without noise. He went down the corridor humming a little tune to himself as he looked to see if any of the guests would like a sherry before lunch.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 27, 1965



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**The
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Tiny, freckled, not pretty—she's great!

● At 4ft. 10in., red-haired, freckle-faced Rita Pavone is the greatest singing sensation to hit the international pop scene.

RITA, who records in German, Spanish, French, English and her native tongue, Italian, has sold over four million records in Italy and had "Top Ten" programs in Belgium, Holland, Spain, Argentina, Brazil, and Germany playing her latest records simultaneously.

Today she is earning over half a million dollars a year, receiving more than 25,000 fan letters a week, and is acknowledged by European teens as the latest fashion trend-setter.

They are all copying Rita's unique attire—high boots, form-fitting trousers, and men's tailored shirts and narrow braces.

Until a few months ago she wore bow ties, too, but fans tore them off and choked her. "Now they carry scissors and try to snip, snip, snip at my hair," Rita said. "This is frightening in a crowd—I am terrified my eyes will be gouged."

Pants and boots

Rita first got the idea of dressing in trousers and boyish clothes when she entered her first big competition in Italy.

"All the other contestants in the competition were beautiful girls in gorgeous gowns. I am not pretty, so I had to do something to help me be noticed. My friends' eyes popped out of their heads when I walked on stage in pants and boots—but I was remembered and I won," she said.

"I would like very much to have my clothes made specially for me, but in Italy I am too busy to take

time for fittings. I have to buy my clothes in the children's sections of department stores, and this is embarrassing, because I am 19."

Since a recent tour of the United States Rita's record sales have zoomed. Although Rita sang to American audiences in English, she said that her knowledge of English is very limited.

"You are a gas"

"I learned the songs by studying them written in grammatical and phonetic English," she said. "But although I work hard at studying English so I can talk and understand it, I'm not very good."

When stuck for the right words, she just says, "You are a gas."

Besides possessing great natural talent, at 19 Rita has learned to utilise the invaluable knack of being professional and candid in the same instant. She is always aware of what she is doing—on stage or off—but her manner constantly suggests that a surprise is in store. She is much hipper than people first realise.

She is bubbly, tactile, and laughs frequently. She is hardly ever still. While talking, she sees everything about her. While walking, she's apt to run her fingers along a wall, tap out rhythms on a banister, or jump over cracks in the sidewalk. The only thing that frightens her is the dark.

But Rita Pavone is in the spotlight... so chances are she won't spend much time in the dark, anyhow.



RITA PAVONE, the 19-year-old Italian entertainer who has turned her quaint looks and boyish clothes into a trend-setting success. She is making half a million dollars a year.

"A special occasion and I felt terrible!"



My husband and I were at the races and when I pointed out Betty Johnson, an old school friend of mine, he said: "School friend? She looks younger than you." I felt terrible.



After the races I talked to Betty and I realised she did look younger. I simply had to ask her secret. "Easy," she said. "Almost any girl can be younger-looking with Palmolive soap facial."

BE YOUNGER LOOKING

use mild and gentle
new Palmolive care

PALMOLIVE'S rich creamy lather cleans so thoroughly it makes your complexion clearer, more radiant, adds softness and smoothness. Start your Palmolive Beauty Plan today! Palmolive contains gentle olive oil.



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PALMOLIVE BEAUTY PLAN can bring
you a lovelier complexion in 14 days

IF YOUR SKIN IS INCLINED TO BE DRY, USE NEW CREAMY PINK PALMOLIVE ENRICHED WITH PINK BEAUTY CREAM, SISTER-IN-BEAUTY TO FAMOUS GREEN PALMOLIVE.



SOU'WESTER of bright yellow adds a delightful touch to this striking shorts outfit. The pants, which cost Jenni about 5/- to make, look great with a navy top, and stockings.

JACKET of heavy white drill looks smart over Jenni's spotted bell-bottomed pants. She wears the jacket over skirts and shorts, too.



MODDER THAN MOD

"PLEASE don't call me a Mod," said pretty Sydney teenager Jenni Kennedy. "I don't try to dress like a Mod or a Beatnik or anything else — I'm an individual."

"As soon as I find that lots of other girls are wearing fashions similar to mine, I try to think up some new ideas," said Jenni, who designs and makes all her own clothes.

"I just like to look like me — not like every other girl in town."

Jenni, 17, is a dress-designing student at East Sydney Technical College.

She collects lots of quaint ideas from fashion maga-

zines, but always adds a few original touches — "so there's no chance of meeting one of my dresses walking down the street."

Living on a small student's allowance from her parents, Jenni has to economise on materials and accessories for her way-out wardrobe and she does most of her shopping for bargains at disposal stores, Paddy's Markets, and the Tempe Tip.

"Last winter I bought a leather coat for 25/- at the markets and then I got 12 yards of hand-crocheted lace for 7/6 at The Tip."

"I always have such fun," said Jenni. "And even if I'm very rich someday, I'll still do my shopping at mad places like that."



LITTLE BOY'S knickers of bright striped cotton are Jenni's favorite casual pants. With a bib front, they are worn with stockings.



LITTLE GIRL dress of flowered cotton looks sweet and feminine for parties and visiting. The dress only cost Jenni about 10/- to make.



BOY'S SINGLET (which cost 12/11) makes an unusual bare top for this summer frock. Jenni dyed the singlet to match the skirt.

the CROYDE look



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SOFT-GRIP

ELASTIC HOSIERY
NYLON OR ELASTIC YARN

"Overseas travel" at home

HAVE any other readers realised that there are parts of their own city that can give them the feeling of being in another country?

Having had to go to Sydney University for an examination, I was amazed at the beauty of the old buildings, and one of my companions stated that in one section of it one had the feeling of being in Rome. I noted also, but in a different part of the University, the feeling of being in England.

Though I will never attend it as a student, I hope to go there again as a sightseer. Maybe other teenagers would like to take up this form of "overseas travel" on their own doorstep. — Pat Fisher, Woollahra, N.S.W.

Girls' training

NOW that the turmoil of conscription has somewhat subsided, I would like to present another suggestion. It is a form of compulsory training for young women.

I am not implying that they should receive intensive military drill, but rather that the emphasis should be on the acquisition of important skills. They could acquire a basic knowledge of nursing, radio operating, and mechanics, or one of the other courses open to the regular women's army.

I feel the period of two years would be far too long; probably no more than six months would be sufficient to provide a basis of useful training.

In this country, women's services receive more volunteers than they can accept. Surely this is an indication of the attitude of the age-group concerned. It should be realised that women have come increasingly to the fore in times of national emergency. This was graphically illustrated by developments during the last two world wars. — "GI," Hughes, A.C.T.

Ju-jitsu

AS an enthusiastic student of ju-jitsu, I should like to recommend it to everyone. Not only is it very enjoyable and exhilarating, but I find it gives me greater confidence in myself and less fear of other people.

Although I am still quite inefficient by most standards, even my scant knowledge gives me confidence coming home from work on a late shift. But ju-jitsu, to me, and to many others of its followers, is not a sport or even solely a defence, but more a way of life.

"Give in to win" is the motto, and it is surprising how true this is in everyday life. — M. White, Bedford, W.A.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

BEATNIK



"How do you expect them to like you when you keep saying—'Here's Jack and Jill from down the Hill?'"

Problem study

EARLY this year I took part in a public-speaking competition, and as my subject was alcoholism I had to do a good deal of research to obtain enough subject matter to speak for eight minutes.

I am now beginning to realise how much good the experience has done me, a student aged 15. Alcoholism is a subject which I think could correctly be named Australia's skeleton in the closet.

Now whenever television, radio, or newspapers mention alcoholism, it seems to be something which concerns me intimately. I consider it would be worth while for other students to take an interest in problems outside their own. In my opinion, you obtain far more than you put into it. — Kerry Campbell, Bundaberg, Qld.

Latin is alive

I DISAGREE strongly with writers who have condemned Latin. It is a dead language only in the most superficial sense. Of course, nobody speaks Latin today, but both Latin and Greek are constantly being called upon for words to express the NEWEST ideas.

If a scientist discovers something new, where does he find a name for it? Almost invariably he goes to Latin or Greek. Nobody can talk about anything important without using words derived from these languages.

The greatest justification for the study of the classical languages, however, is their literature, which has had a profound influence on much of the writing which has followed it. How can you appreciate later literature fully unless you have a

knowledge of classical literature? — R. McArthur, Mt. Macedon, Vic.

School spirit

I AM a 15-year-old girl in my junior year at high school. I don't like school much, but I still have a great deal of school spirit.

What I can't understand is why a lot of people have no respect for their schools. This applies to a lot of students at the school I attend. When sports day comes around and our school must test its athletic abilities against all the other High Schools in Queensland, many of the students just won't go along to cheer our team. They give no support at all, and I don't think this is right.

Although I shall be glad to leave school, while I am there I intend to support my school as much as possible. — "School Girl," Clontarf Beach, Qld.

Debt to parents

YOU sit back and think: "What have they done for you over the past 15½ years?"

Everything within their power. And what have you done for them in return? Certainly nothing to compare with their efforts. They have worked hard, strived and fought for you, and perhaps at times become ill with overwork.

You feel that you can sit back and cry because you know that however hard you try, whatever you may do or say, you can never repay the love, kindness, and devotion shown to you by your parents — as long as you live. — Kathy Jones, Tweed Heads, N.S.W.

Terse verse

I LIKE to wear my fringe long and thick. But when Mum wrote the following verse and stuck it in my bedroom mirror I just had to get busy with the scissors.

Dear Daughter
Are you pretty, or are you quite plain?
Are your eyes still the same shade of blue?
A teenager's mother should never complain,
But I'd like a GOOD look at you.
On the privacy of a girl of thirteen,
No adult should try to impinge;
But it's more than a year since anyone's seen
What you look like under that fringe.
— Loraine Bullock, Oakley Park, N.S.W.

Camping

FOR the adventurous type of teenager who would like to do something interesting with his holidays, why not camping?

All that is needed is a good pair of legs, about 10/- per day, a few blankets or a sleeping-bag, a change of clothes, a light tent, and a few cooking utensils such as a frying pan and billy.

Pack it all in a bag or rucksack, and you're set. If you have a bicycle, all the better. There are plenty of interesting places to go.

This type of holiday is terrific, but requires lots of determination and energy. Extra cash on hand is desirable in case of emergency. — "Why Not?", Boronia, Vic.

Parents and pop

MY mother was continually condemning pop groups and singers, until one day I took her along to a teenage show where a group I knew personally were playing. She enjoyed the show immensely and afterwards met the group.

She has now become a firm friend of the group, and has completely changed her opinion of singers and groups. The result is that at weekends I am allowed to attend dances and shows where they are playing.

So you see it pays to share some of our teenage entertainment with the oldies. — B. Robertson, Armadale, Vic.

IF you want to prove to your parents that pop singers are not all egotists, but are concerned for their fans, find an example of their kindness.

When in Adelaide recently Dave Clark went over and talked to a shy girl at a party. When she learned of this, my mother realised why I flip over Dave as much as I do.

If you can find such an example by one of your idols, let your parents know, and I feel sure they will be more considerate when you rave. — Wendy Thomas, Wallaroo, S.A.

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'I won't eat any'

What to do when your child refuses food

When a good-eater turns finicky, suspect childhood constipation. A simple answer is chocolate Laxettes, given at bedtime. Children actually like taking Laxettes. Laxettes contain an exact dose of a gentle laxative, but all the child can taste is the chocolate. While your kiddie sleeps, Laxettes work gently to correct irregularity. Next morning the constipation attack is over. Keep Laxettes handy. Only 3/6 (35 cents). Always fresh in the air-sealed packet.

L.A. 13

BATHING- BEAUTY LEGS

DON'T just hope that no one will notice if your legs are not looking topnotch — they will. Legs must be ribbon-smooth, hair-free, and without blemish to walk off with beach honors.

Generous coatings of hand cream or lotion smoothed in every day help to make legs soft-textured, and for scaly skin, goosebumps, and coarse pores there's nothing like a good hard scrub with a nailbrush and a thick lather of soap.

The scrubbing can take place in your bath each night and it must be rounded off with careful rinsing and drying.

Fuzzy legs look positively furry in sunlight, so treat them with a cream-type leg depilatory which will dissolve all hairs that grow above the skin's surface.

When you've no depilatory and time's short, whisk away any regrowth with a quick shave—upwards against hair growth — or erase hair at skin surface with an eraser-mitt.

You can also settle for yourself the appearance of your feet by scrubbing them each time you bathe with a firm, soapy brush, paying special attention to any problem spots and drying briskly with a coarse towel to whisk off dead skin.

Then smooth in hand lotion, massaging until it disappears into the skin.

You won't see pretty feet overnight, but if you are faithful you'll soon have a pair you can cheerfully show.

—CAROLYN EARLE

At 20 he's in the antique business

● Bright young businessman Edward Clark, who runs his own antiques shop, began life in business as a 12-year-old with his own car-washing firm.

AT that tender age he was employing two other young boys, and worked under the name of "Mayfield Car Wash."

"I guess you could say it's in the hands of the receivers now," he said jokingly.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Chanter Clark, of Malvern, Victoria, he was educated at Xavier College.

During school holidays he worked in scrap metal yards, taking his wages in "scrap." He then cleaned and polished the items and sold them to antiques dealers.

His protesting parents, who could never get into his bedroom for "junk," approved wholeheartedly when Edward, now 20, began his shop venture last February.

Now he heads off into the country every weekend, searching for antique furniture, pottery, and brass and copper items ranging

from cooking utensils to buggy lights, old-fashioned upright telephones, lamps, and bedheads.

Most of Edward's customers are young people who are setting up house and looking for something just a little bit different.

Antique lamps, so much in vogue with the young, sell at between £10 and £12, but in a 1921 catalogue Edward keeps for reference they were offered at 22/- a dozen.

In search of antiques for his shop, Edward "door-knocks" at farmhouses.

"Usually they say they have nothing of value, but often when you look they have interesting bits and pieces stored away in the barn," he said.

Earlier in the year he did a lengthy trip through New South Wales, and picked up some interesting pieces near Sydney, in old settlements



YOUNG BUSINESSMAN Edward Clark surrounded by the antiques he loves. Edward began his business life washing cars, and spent his teenage years exploring scrap yards.

like Toongabbie and Castle Hill.

Melbourne terrace houses have also proved fruitful hunting grounds — old-fashioned hat stands, gas lights, and recently a supply of old pharmacy bottles from a Carlton chemist.

Geelong and Ballarat are still fairly good areas, though Bendigo has been picked over by the dealers, he said.

It must be painstaking work, for he claims that he only gets something really worth while in one house out of every six that he visits, though he has never come home empty-handed.

"I am buying and selling history."

"We have a history equal to anywhere in the world. It might not date back as far, but it is just as colorful," he said.—JAYNE STUART

A STITCH SWITCH, IN TIME

ROUND
ROBIN

● By the year 2000, males and females will be identical — in dress, anyway.

THIS is the considered opinion of a famous Scandinavian fashion expert.

She bases her idea on the existing situation, in which girls are copying boys' fashions — and vice-versa — and some items of dress (such as boots) are in common use.

The trend will spread, says the expert, until the rig-outs are identical.

The particularly interesting point the expert raises is that women's clothes will predominate in A.D. 2000 fashions.

Always, men — while apparently wearing the pants — have really only been skirting round the truth.

That male clothing is more important than women's is not true — there is just no foundation.

Some men, however, have played women at their own game.

Sailors, of course, have foreshadowed the trend.

For years they have worn belle-bottomed trousers.

Canny Scots, too, obviously saw the writing on the wall when they took to wearing kilts.

When the clothes of males and females fully match there will be a lot of problems.

What, for instance, happens if firemen are dressed like girls?

How will a fireman pass a kit inspection if he has a ladder?

Old sayings, too, will have to go by the board.

It is a stock expression now to talk about "separating the men from the boys."

How, in future, will people separate them from the girls?

If there could be one good result of the threatened situation it will be that the males who design women's crazy clothes will have to wear their own monstrosities.

That at least would show that they had the Courages of their confessions.

—Robin Adair

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Smooth a little Frostene on your feet... see how quickly it draws out all the fire and pain... how quickly it eases inflamed, congested tissues, reduces swelling. Frostene deodorises and neutralises poisonous acid sweat, too. All Chemists sell cool, magic-acting Frostene in good-size tubes. Rub it in night and morning—enjoy foot comfort through the longest summer day.

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Louise
Hunter

Here's
your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Bored with boarding

"WE are three girls at boarding school and we are absolutely fed up with it. We have asked our parents to take us away, but they have refused. It is the same routine day after day and we feel so useless that we want to cry in desperation. We have another year of this and we are really terrible at schoolwork. This is not because we haven't got the brains but because we are unhappy and tired. We play as much sport as possible, but we cannot join clubs out of school, why not create some within school? What about a drama society? Find a suitable play and arrange to stage it later in the year. You could also form a debating or art group.

who need help, and we hope that you can give it to us."

"Bored Boarders," Qld.

Life possibly is a bit grim for you just now, but another year isn't really so long in terms of your whole life. Also I have the feeling that you're not trying. Decide to be constructive instead of grizzly and unhappy. Study like mad and see if you can't get the good passes you say you are capable of. Years from now you will be very sorry if you waste this time and opportunity. If you can't join clubs out of school, why not create some within school? What about a drama society? Find a suitable play and arrange to stage it later in the year. You could also form a debating or art group.

Tell the truth

"I LIKE a boy who has a bad reputation because he belongs to a gang. As my parents disapprove of him I have been meeting him secretly every night. He does not know that my parents disapprove of him and wants to know why he can't come to my house. What shall I do?"

"Worried," Vic.

You will have to tell him the truth — the present arrangement is not fair to him, less still to your parents. Tell him why your parents disapprove of him and then suggest that he call in at your home one afternoon and talk things over with your mother. Don't keep on meeting him secretly — that will only lead to trouble.

Too young for dates

"I AM a 15½-year-old boy and my parents will not allow me to date girls. They say I am too young. Even boys younger than me in the class have been allowed to have girlfriends for a long time. About a year ago I was in love with a girl my own age, but my rival dated her just to spite me. Now I am in love with another girl and I am afraid he will do the same thing again. Please tell me what you think I should do."

"Worried," N.S.W.

I think you are a bit too young, too. The fact that other boys have girlfriends doesn't change it — THEY are too young, too. I don't think you can do anything very much about preventing your rival from stealing this girl. Just hope for the best and remember that in a few years you will be on even ground.

Not a school friend

"MY boyfriend and I have been dating for a few months, but as I was too shy to tell Mum we went out without her knowing. I have introduced him to her, but she thinks he is 'just a school friend.' Could you please suggest ways for me to tell her that I have a regular boyfriend, so that I won't have to be deceitful? I am 15."

"Shy," Tas.

Next time he asks you out say to your mother, "Blank has asked me to go with him to the pictures (dance, social) next week. Will that be all right?" By telling her every time you are going out with him from now on, you will be telling her that he is your boyfriend. You could also just tell her the truth straight out, saying that you feel guilty about deceiving her. Explain to her how you were too shy in the beginning, and then it became harder and harder. She might be angry at first, but she will be pleased that you came out with the truth.

They're wallflowers

"WE are two girls with problems about our appearance. We do not have many nice clothes as our parents are not wealthy, but this is the minor problem. Our figures are awful and our hair is straight (even though we set it every night). At dances we are always wallflowers, and seldom have a good time. Can you advise us?"

"Repulsive," Qld.

You don't need wealthy parents to have nice clothes. Buy some material and patterns and, following the directions, make some clothes. Then diet and exercise so that your figures improve, and make an appointment with a hairdresser who will cut and style your hair and advise you on how to keep it looking nice. Personality is just as attractive as beauty, so, having done your best with the latter, concentrate on the former. If you have to, take odd jobs to make a bit of money to pay for the improvements.



Steal your way into his heart

Suddenly, you're warmer than he's ever seen you. Warm as he wants his woman to be! Lips speak magic spells. Fingertips are colored in the same soft promises. Cutex "Male Robber" colors make the promises — you keep them when you steal his heart (though he'll think he stole yours).



Male Robber
Colors by
CUTEX

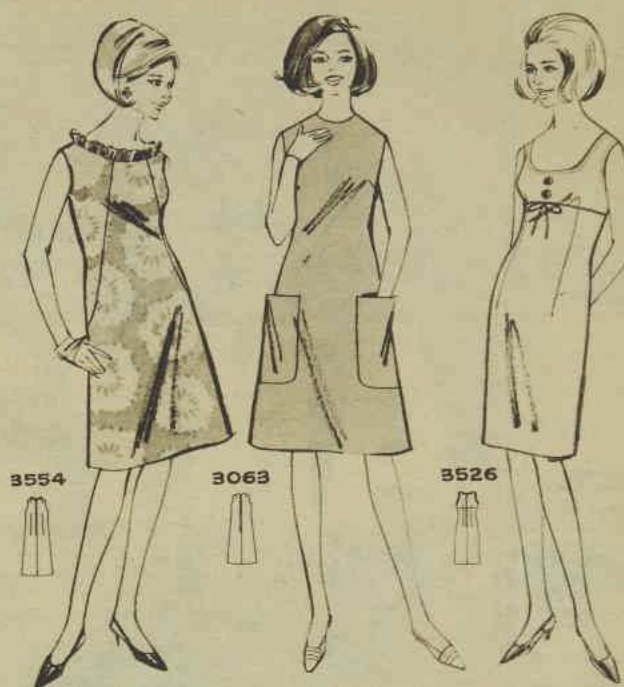
A227

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

OPOLO finished his story. Just then the ice under the helicopter began to crack. The ship's radio picks up a signal. NOW READ ON...



BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3554.—Pretty A-line maternity dress, sleeveless, with self-ruffle at neckline. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

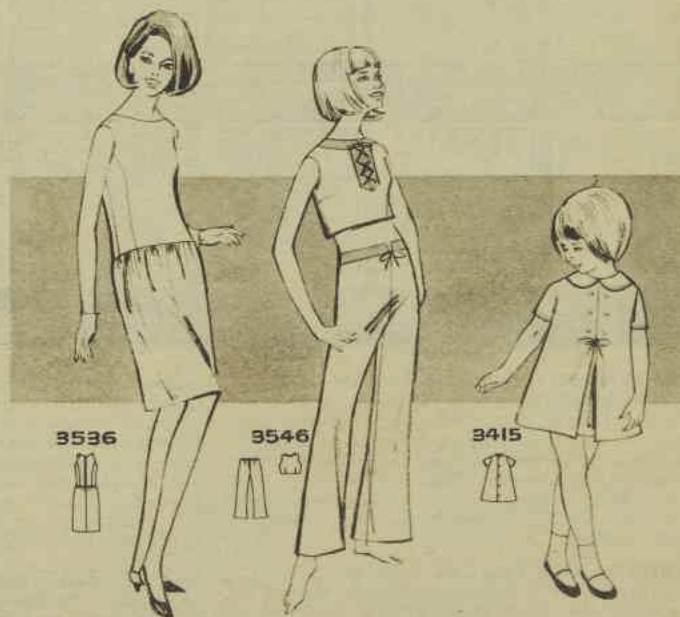
3063.—Extra 'Quick 'N' Easy' sleeveless, semi-fitted dress with large patch pockets. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3526.—High-waisted, semi-fitted dress with scooped neckline, pretty for casual or afternoon wear. Bust sizes: Young junior, 30½, 31½, 33in.; teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. Price 5/- includes postage.

3536.—Semi-fitted, low-waisted, sleeveless dress. A collarless box jacket with three-quarter sleeves is also in pattern. Sizes: 30½, 31, 31½, 32, 33, 34, 36in. bust. Price 7/- includes postage.

3546.—Bolero with contrast banding and shoestring lacing, plus new bell-bottomed pants. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 7/- includes postage.

3415.—Back-buttoned A-line dress with button and bias tape trim, popular centre-front pleat. Sizes 2 to 6X (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 25in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.



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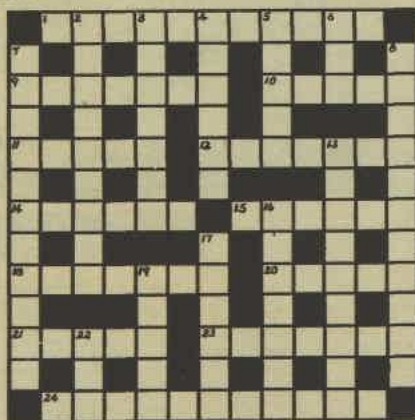
Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.D.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME _____	DESIGN _____	SIZE _____
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Morbid dread of public places (11).
- Dwelling place of well-known diligent workers (3-4).
- Immediately outside the bull's eye (5).
- Vertical in a strange rectory (5).
- Cycles kept in the mat's end (7).
- Regime (anagr., 6).
- These are claws (6).
- Symmetrical real rug (7).
- Revelations I make in a log (5).
- Send back in mitre (5).
- Dear tea (anagr., 7).
- Formality coming from the laundry (11).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- An assembly (9).
- I rest or behave turbulently (7).
- Ball game popular in the Basque country (6).
- The hunter in the sky (5).
- A pub in no-man's land (3).
- They carry clubs, but they are not necessarily golfers (4-7).
- A mannequin is a living one of these (5-6).
- Extends (9).
- Lateral-control flap at rear of aeroplane's wingtip (7).
- Deliver a sermon in her cap (6).
- Longer delayed so it may alter (5).
- Dull part of dermatology (3).



Solution of last week's crossword.



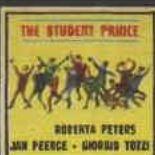
292—Half Heaven, Half Heartache; Mr. Moon; others.



490—Concerto No. 2 Opus 4; No. 5 Opus 4; more.



368—500 Miles; If I Had a Hammer; This Train; more.



600—Complete score. Golden Days; Drinking Song, etc.



282—Mr. Lonely; Please Help Me, I'm Falling—12 in all.



273—Until I Met You; Take The "A" Train; Seque In C.



167—Also features Haydn, Symphony No. 92 ("Oxford").



540—Summer-time in Venice; Quando Quando.



108—Dites-Moi; Some Enchanted Evening; Bali Hai.



152—My Defences Are Down; They Say It's Wonderful, etc.



415—Two of the world's greatest violinists play.



474—Poor Butterfly; Day By Day; My Foolish Heart, etc.



188—Wouldn't It Be Lovely; Just You Wait; Show Me.



642—Hungarian Dance No. 5; Love's Sorrow, etc.



13—After You've Gone; Malibu Caravan; El Torito.



112—O! Man River; Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man, etc.



528—Walk Right In; Green, Green; Blue Grass, etc.



494—(Mono Only). Clancy Of The Overflow, etc.



457—Polonaise in E-Flat Minor, Op. 26, No. 2; and 6



652—Down With Love; Gotta Move; Who Will Buy?, etc.



630—I Want to Hold Your Hand; Please, Please Me.



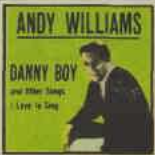
414—(Mono Only). Surfing Steel; All Aboard, etc.



181—Bright Mississippi; Sweet And Lovely; others.



143—Wonderland By Night; Vaya Con Dios; 10 more.



255—Misty; Secret Love; Tammy; I'm Old Fashioned, etc.



366—The Magic Flute; The Marriage Of Figaro, etc.



295—Love Walked In; Alone Together; Embraceable You.



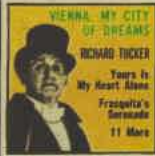
319—Seven Steps To Heaven; I Fall In Love Too Easily.



517—Our Day Will Come; Go Away Little Girl, etc.



353—Orchestral presentation of Verdi's opera.



707—Roses From Tyrol; Darling Trust In Me; 11 more.



66—(Mono Only). The Gremlin King; Glassy Walls.



146—A fine selection of these composers' works.



271—(Mono Only). Black And Blue; many more.



209—My Favourite Things; The Sound Of Music; Do-Re-Mi.



750—Living In The Country; We Shall Overcome; more.



38—3 masterpieces of impressionistic music.



269—Somewhere; Officer Krupke; Jet Song; Maria, etc.



724—Desafinado; Fascination; Adios, Pampa Mia, etc.

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IN REGULAR HIGH-FIDELITY OR STEREO

ANY 3 FOR ONLY £1 POST FREE

of the 12" L.P. records shown on this page

If you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 4 records from more than 150 to be offered in the coming 12 months.



44—Blue Rondo A La Turk; Take Five; Pick Up Sticks, etc.



329—Solitaire; Enchanted; Linda; Prima Donna, etc.



483—Brilliant performance of this coupling.

HERE IS AN EXCITING NEW SELECTION OF BEST-SELLING RECORDS to suit every musical taste—Classical, Popular, Jazz, Show Music, Country and Western—a selection typical of the wide range of recorded entertainment that will be available to you every month as a member of the Club. By joining now you may have any three of these best-sellers for only £1, post free, in your choice of either Mono or Stereo.

TO RECEIVE YOUR THREE RECORDS FOR ONLY £1—fill in and mail the coupon alongside. Be sure to indicate whether you want your three records (and all future selections) in Mono or Stereo. Also indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested: Classical, Popular or Jazz. (You can purchase records from any division, of course.)

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club Magazine which you receive free each month. You may expect the monthly selection for the field of music in which you are mainly interested,

or take any of the wide variety of other records offered, or take NO record in any particular month. Your only membership obligation is to purchase four records from the more than 150 superb 12" L.P. records to be offered in the coming 12 months... and you may discontinue membership at any time thereafter. The four records are mailed and invoiced to you at the regular retail price of 52/6 (Classical 57/6), plus a small mailing and handling charge.

FREE RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing four records, you will receive—FREE—a bonus record of your choice for every two additional selections you buy. A 50% dividend on your record purchases! Club membership is limited to one member per household.

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a Stereo record player.
* The Stereo version of this record is electronically rechannelled.

AUSTRALIAN RECORD CLUB PTY. LTD.
P.O. BOX 275, DARLINGHURST, N.S.W.

SEND NO MONEY NOW—WE WILL BILL YOU LATER

AUSTRALIAN RECORD CLUB PTY. LTD. P.O. BOX 275, DARLINGHURST, N.S.W.

I accept your offer and have written in the boxes at right the numbers of the three records I wish to receive for £1, post free. I have also indicated below the type of music in which I am mainly interested, but I understand that I may select records from any field of music. I agree to purchase four records in the next 12 months from the more than 150 to be offered at the regular retail price, plus a small mailing and handling charge. If I decide to continue my membership after purchasing four records, I am to receive a 12" L.P. bonus record of my choice FREE, for every two additional records I purchase.

Send my three records and all future selections in (check one box)

REGULAR ☐ STEREO ☐

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (CHECK ONE BOX ONLY)

CLASSICAL ☐ POPULAR ☐ JAZZ ☐

NAME: MR. ☐ MRS. ☐ MISS ☐ (Please Print)

ADDRESS

STATE

SIGNATURE DATE

This offer does not apply to States where it contravenes the Act.

WRITE ONE NUMBER IN EACH BOX

Greatest Record Club Value Today!